THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE JOURNALS OF THE PROVINCES.

A TRAIN of reasoning is no longer necessary to prove the power of that portion of the periodical literature which has been entitled, *par eminence*, "the Press"—namely, the newspapers. Mr. Burke's dictum that they "form a part of the reading of all, and the whole of the reading of most men," obtains daily a wider and wider confirmation. When it is ascertained that upwards of thirty millions of stamps are issued annually *, to say nothing of the unstamped papers, the popularity of the vehicle is demonstrated. The tax is now reduced from fourpence (with a discount of twenty per cent. allowed for waste) to one penny, which is virtually to nothing, for the duty that remains is merely a compensation for the transmission by post. Thus, the advocates for the repeal of the taxes on knowledge have carried their main point. The circulation of newspapers can be little if at all impeded by the impost. The first consequence appears to be the starting of journals by companies and individuals for London and for the country—at prices that may or may not pay the projectors. If the tax gave (as we have formerly shown it did not give) a monopoly, the trade is now thrown open; expectation anticipates—and we are assured even Ministers themselves anticipate—an immense increase of the general circulation of journals. The numbers may and will increase in a degree, but not to the immoderate extent so sanguinely predicted. Should it even so turn out, the numbers of readers will be but little augmented. Partnerships in papers may dissolve, and clubbists no longer unite, but each man have his own journal. Some of the more wealthy may take two, where they now take one. Yet even these additions will, we conceive, be rare; for, judging by the failure of the late attempts to establish new journals, both in London and the provinces, it should seem that the country is already saturated.

But the portion of which we purpose to speak is the constitution, conduct, circulation, and effect of the journals of the provinces, which have now a sway and importance far greater than is commonly assigned to them; if not, indeed, individually, they possess it collectively.

Forty years ago it might fairly be said there was not a single provincial editor who would have hazarded an original article on public affairs. Their comments were confined to the events of their own town or district, so sparingly administered, with such obvious distrust of their own ability, and with such cautious timidity, that they were absolutely of no account. The London papers, a pot of paste, and a pair of scissors, supplied all the materials for the miscellaneous articles, and the local intelligence was detailed in the most meagre formularies. The provin-

* According to Marshall's Tables the duty paid for newspaper stamps, in 1831, was 554,789*l.*

cial journalist of that day was in truth not much above a mechanic—a mere printer—and intellect had as little as possible to do with the matter. When Mr. Pitt began to find a constant instrument for the inoculation of his views indispensable to bear along with him the force and currency of popular sentiment, a public officer, not long since dead, was instructed to open a communication with the proprietors of journals of large circulation, and the result was, that, to a vast majority of them, two or three London daily papers were sent gratuitously, certain articles of which were marked with red ink, and the return made was the insertion of as many of these as the space in the paper would allow. Thus was the whole country agitated and directed by one mind, as it were; and this fact accounts in no small degree for the origin, propagation, and support of that consent of public opinion which enabled the Minister to pursue his plans with so much certainty of insuring the general approbation. Such was the almost uniform course of these prints, except when the occasion of a contested election, or any other very exciting circumstance called some of the noblemen, the gentry, or the clergy into action, and elicited a letter or two, which were conveyed to the printer with great ostentation of patronage, and under strict injunctions of secresy—conditions that elated the poor man into vast self-sufficiency *, but which had little other effect, except there was some personal cause of quarrel connected with the topic under discussion to betray the parties to each other, or to the public.

The paper (a comparatively small sheet, then called a news demy) exhibited not that vastitude of space now demanded; the paragraphs were few and condensed—the debates in Parliament scarcely containing more than the names of the speakers, and they were always given with the most glaring partiality. When any speeches were detailed, they were those of the party to which the paper adhered, and all articles contravening their peculiar doctrines were religiously abjured. The insertion of every observation, or even fact, that made against the Ministry, was denounced as a dereliction of principle, as jacobinical and regicide on the one side, while on the other there was not a little violence to justify the spirit, if not the letter of the accusation. The clergy were very principal agents in this disposition of things, and, in multitudes of instances, the journals, whether directly or indirectly, were almost absolutely influenced by that body, some of whom made their writings in these papers, at a period a little subsequent, a ground of claim for clerical patronage, and in more than one case obtained it from the Government.

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* As the conduct of county newspapers improved, things began to alter, and editors were not always compliant. When there was an apprehension of scarcity in one of the years towards the close of the last century, Lord ——, one of Mr. Pitt's newest creations, called at a county newspaper office, and asked for the proprietor. A young man stepped forward and said, "I believe, Sir, I am the person you wish to see, for it was I who returned your Lordship's letter." "Oh, Sir, it was you, was it? pray let me speak with you." They retired to a private room, and the youthful editor told him plainly but courteously, that the letter was refused, because its contents were nothing more than the *crambe repetita* of the London prints, and, in his judgment, were more likely to alarm than to soothe the public mind. The nobleman departed in great wrath—walked about a hundred yards from the house—returned, and said abruptly, "You were not brought up to trade, were you?" "No, my Lord, I was educated for the Church." "I thought so, Sir, by your conversation." Away went his Lordship, and no further communications were ever sent by him to the journal.

The opposition felt the effect in its utmost severity. It diffused an antagonist feeling against them, more perhaps than a reasonable conviction—for invective but too often took the place of argument; it narrowed the field of action—for they could not obtain a hearing through the same channels. They tried pamphlets, but in vain; and it is to this political excitement, more perhaps than to the then scarcely nascent desire of political information, that Englishmen are indebted for the earliest beginnings of that large and wide stream of knowledge which now permeates all classes. The most enthusiastic, if not the master-spirits of the time, were then, as now, deeply imbued with republicanism, and they felt that nothing was so likely to produce the equality they coveted, as a nearer approach to equalization of intellectual power. If we may hazard a simile, the notions of these political philosophers took their analogy from one of the theories of light, which makes that fluid to consist of particles ubiquitously dispersed, but which are set in action by the sun. Thus it was indispensable that the matter should be universally distributed, by means of which the impulsive force of their (assumed) superior intelligence should afterwards give illumination and life to their universe. To this cause we owe the establishment of some of the earliest opposition (then styled jacobin or republican) newspapers, which have certainly, by their example, very much exalted the general character of provincial journalism; for they opposed original writing to the leading articles that issued principally through the Treasury, and thus instituted that taste for composition, and that independent elevation of views, which are now a capital, as well as a most creditable distinction of the provincial press.

It is a curious part of this progression, that the very circumstance which gives most potency to the London journal is unknown, nay, absolutely reversed, in that of the province; namely, the concealment of the editor, or the writer of the leading articles. The advantage of the mysticism which covers the metropolitan, and allows his observations to circulate unassociated and unincumbered with any knowledge of the person by whom they are produced, while it obtains the expansion necessary to the full force of their intrinsic merit, is not enjoyed by him of the country. The consequence is, that if he would rise to anything like reputation, he is compelled to inform himself extensively upon the topics he discusses, for everybody knows him. He stands alone and unsupported but by his bare ability. He treats of all subjects, both of general and of local politics, of art and of commerce. He must acquaint himself profoundly with the impulse and bearing of local interests, and he must above all things stand above the suspicion of being allured by private views from public purposes. The personal responsibility under which he is placed, generally speaking, renders him careful to guard himself against personal violence or invective; and there is scarcely an instance in which any attacks on private character appear, or that the war of words between journalist and journalist, which makes up so large and so vulgar a portion of the daily prints, rages in county papers. The reception of the individual in society depends much upon the gentlemanly conduct of his journal; and the effects Mr. E. L. Bulwer has so justly described in his discussion of the consequences of this preservation of the anonymous* upon public writing, are, in his case, made palpable. Mr. Bulwer miscalculates, indeed, in one respect only. He has not suf-

* In his "England and the English."

ficiently considered one weakness which besets persons of affluence and rank. They frequently dread to be thought to conciliate public writers, lest they should be supposed to purchase their praise by civility—a most degrading apprehension, and one which amounts to a denial of justice on both sides. It divides the man of power from his natural ally and most efficient agent—the man of talent; it forbids him the gratification of a gracious deportment, and it sinks him to the abject nature of the dastard who lets "I dare not wait upon I would," even in a good cause. It does more—it frequently compels him to solicit, by sinister courses, from the man he is by this false shame reduced to evade, the aid he might otherwise rightly and properly demand.

Persons unconnected with the press are little able to estimate the private importance of provincial editors; for such is the terror of exposure, not only in its worst sense, but merely in that of exhibiting the individual to public gaze*, that few can bear it; and there are still fewer whom some untoward family event does not at some period place under painful alarm. Personal responsibility is here, therefore, most vitally important to the peace of society; for were provincial journalists to

* Mr. Bulwer says, "It is in vain to hope that you can make the press so noble a profession as it ought to be in the eyes of men, as long as it can be associated in the public mind with every species of political apostacy and personal slander. It is in vain to hope that the many honourable exceptions will do more than win favour for themselves; they cannot exalt the character of the class. Interested as the aristocracy are against the moral authority of the press, and jealous as they are of its power, they at present endeavour to render odious the general effects of the machine, by sneering down far below their legitimate grade the station and respectability of the operatives. It is in vain to deny that a newspaper writer, who, by his talents and the channel to which they are applied, exerts a far greater influence on public affairs than almost any Peer in the realm, is only of importance so long as he is in the back parlour of the printing-house. In society he not only runs the risk of being confounded with all the misdemeanours, past and present, of the journal he has contributed to purify or exalt, but he is associated with the general fear of *espionage* and feeling of insecurity, which the custom of anonymous writing necessarily produces. Men cannot avoid looking upon him as one who has the power of stabbing them in the dark; and the libels, the lies, the base and filthy turpitude of certain of the Sunday papers, have an effect of casting upon all newspaper writers a suspicion from which not only the honourable, but the able among them, are utterly free—as at Venice every member of the secret Council, however humane and noble, received some portion of the odium and the fear which attached to the practice of unwitnessed punishment and mysterious assassination. In short, the unhappy practice of the anonymous is the only reason why the man of political power is not, also, the man of social rank. It is a practice which favours the ignorant at the expense of the wise, and screens the malignant by confounding them with the honest; a practice by which talent is made obscure, that folly may not be detected, and the disgrace of vice may be hidden beneath the customs which degrade honour."

We can confirm these observations by an anecdote. An editor was visiting at the house of a Peer in the country; he was placed at dinner next an enthusiastic Member of Parliament, who opened the conversation by asking what he thought of a matter then exciting much public attention? Many strong observations were made by the member. The next morning the nobleman came into the room laughing excessively. "Here," said he, "is an express come from ——, to beg of you, if you have sent any part of his remarks of yesterday to your paper, you will despatch a messenger to recall it, and he will pay the expense." "My Lord," replied the editor, "pray inform your friend that I should as soon think of stealing his handkerchief or his snuff-box as his conversation." Sir Walter Scott expresses (in "Paul's Letters," if we recollect rightly) his astonishment at finding London journalists avowing that they had a right to use information however and wherever obtained. If Sir Walter have not belied the Londoners, the provincials have a more honourable understanding of what belongs to the character and society of gentlemen.

indulge in those attacks which are to be found, in greater or less proportion, throughout almost all the London prints, with the continual aliment their knowledge of local history supplies, scarcely a family in the kingdom would be secure, or at rest*. Nor is this the only circumstance which invests them with power. They devote their hours to political reading; and it is no mean feature in the present literary character of our days, that the publication of the debates, and more especially of the reports of Parliamentary Committees, together with the vast concentration of statistical facts attached to the evidence so taken, have placed the knowledge which used to dignify the minister or the statesman alone, more, perhaps, within the grasp of the retired student than of those for whose especial use all this matter is most immediately collected. The editor is not only at least as much engaged by his interests as the member of Parliament in public inquiries, but he has more leisure for calm reflection, and the deductions of sober, undisturbed judgment, than the man who is involved and fretted in the feverous action of parliamentary and worldly collision. It is a fact, that a whole life passed without food or sleep would not enable one to course, in the most rapid manner, through the papers printed for the use of the House of Commons. The consequence is, that the members read few, if any, of the reports. The editor, who pursues his occupation creditably, closely examines most of those that bear upon the topics of the greatest public interest; and, in proportion to his diligence and ability, concentrates the facts and deductions. This accumulation of knowledge is further assisted and fixed by continual communications from persons of all ranks, upon all public transactions, both general and local, which, in the common course of his business, he is compelled to read, and perhaps answer. He becomes, therefore, the depository of a countless variety of particulars most interesting, not to individuals only, but to parties; and no one, not so circumstanced, would readily imagine or believe how often his opinion is sought confidentially, nor upon what a variety of concerns his pen is employed for others as well as his journal, when he has earned a character, by the evidence of a sufficient term of public employment. Thus is this influence silently but extensively maintained; and, of course, in multitudes of instances, one service is requited by another, often *sui generis*. The strongest proof, perhaps, of this reciprocating force is the return of Mr. Baines, the editor of the "Leeds Mercury," to serve in Parliament for that town.

At elections our statement is peculiarly confirmed. It does not certainly exceed the truth to compute that every copy of a newspaper is

* The editor of a provincial journal was some years ago required to insert an advertisement, addressed to the Chairman of an Election Committee, by an innkeeper, who complained in bitter terms that his bill had been curtailed unjustly. The editor, in courtesy, waited upon the gentleman, and laid the paper before him. He was a man of strong mind, liberal education, and independent fortune. He thanked the editor, and laughed heartily at the notion that such an attack could affect him. The advertisement appeared, it was repeated, a second, and a third time. The gentleman called on the editor:—"Sir," said he, "you had the civility to apprize me of this address; I now come to tell you I can bear it no longer. I am pointed at as I walk the streets, laughed at in society, and it disturbs my whole peace of mind. I will have nothing to do with the fellow who is the author; but if it appears again I will prosecute *you*." Thus it is, almost uniformly; no one unaccustomed to its *pressure* can bear the public eye. The proudest and loftiest tempers feel it the most severely. They are galled to death at the bare idea of the insolence of "*such people*" making them the subjects of public observation

perused by at least from ten to twenty persons. Thus, a journal which circulates two thousand, has an influence over the opinions of from twenty to forty thousand persons as was stated, (in a former article in this Miscellany,) of the London prints. The county paper is taken in all the inns, taverns, reading-rooms, and public-houses; and, on the night of publication, in the lower resorts of this kind, one man usually reads to a large circle. Our estimate is therefore probably a low one; and when it is recollected that not one village reader in ten ever sees the London journals, and if he does, that they contain no local intelligence, which is, to such persons, most spirit-stirring,—that, consequently, not only the local but the general political opinions are mainly formed by his weekly monitor, for the countryman reads little besides,—the power of the provincial journalist is immense. Experience enables us to assert confidently that twenty thousand addresses, printed separately, and circulated with the most energetic diligence, would not produce the effect of one advertisement, much less of a single leading article, upon the population of a rural district. There is this main difference between the power of the London and the provincial print:—The London acts chiefly upon the wealthy, and in cities; the provincial upon all classes much more indiscriminately; the London paper reaches only one or two houses, at most, in a village; the provincial is seen by the whole town. The influence of the one is modified by the various reading and connexions of its loftier portions; the other acts directly upon those who derive almost their entire information upon such points, from this one source. The power of the provincial is therefore far more extensive and absolute within its range. Hence it happens that, the moment an election approaches, an editor is beset by every sort of influence, and it requires no small firmness to resist the indirect menaces, and the direct importunities, the flattery, and the invective poured into his ears, and submitted to his eyes, through friends and enemies, through open and anonymous epistles hortatory. If he be a vain man, he is undone; if he be a weak one, he is made, *pro tempore*, perfectly wretched. Indeed, it requires no slight degree of self-respect to stand up at any time against the censure and scurrility anonymously heaped upon him; but one great public and private benefit results from all this. He must act fearlessly and conscientiously; if not, he will enjoy neither character nor repose*. He stands or falls with that "moral authority" which he exercises, and accordingly as he exercises it; and of which Mr. Bulwer has justly said, the aristocracy (meaning, thereby, persons of wealth as well as rank and title) are jealous, while they endea-

* The following anecdote will show how beneficial the temper and discretion of an honest man may prove to individuals. Late, one night, during an election, a very respectable tradesman, heated by party enthusiasm, called on an editor to desire the insertion of an article containing some very strong imputations against another resident of the town. The editor quietly declined to receive it. The partizan remonstrated; the editor was firm; and, at parting, the author took his leave, by saying,—"I think, Sir, one of us two is the greatest fool in this place." "I dare say you are right, Sir," calmly replied the journalist. Of course the two men looked at each other askance for some time. A few years had elapsed, when, one day, they met in the street. The author came up to the editor, and, laying his hand upon his arm, said,—"Do you remember my parting compliment to you on such a night?" "Perfectly; it was too remarkable to be forgotten." "It was true, I was the greatest fool in ——. Had you printed that letter, I now know it would have caused my total ruin in life." "The only difference between us," said the editor, "was, that I happened to know it at the time."

vour to render odious the general effect of the machine, "by sneering down, far below its legitimate grade, the station and respectability of the operatives;" but in the country, this cannot be achieved. Strength wins its place, and Mr. Bulwer's subsequent remarks* are now coming to be strictly applied to the editors of provincial journals—confirming, also, the general truth of his inference touching the preservation of the anonymous.

We will now proceed to show how the positive and comparative influence of provincial journalism may be estimated.

There were, *in England*, in the year ending April 1, 1833, one hundred and eighty-one provincial journals †, and the number of stamps issued to them somewhat exceeded nine millions in that period. Of these, fifteen only published more than two thousand per week—forty more than one thousand; so that the great majority of these papers (one hundred and twenty-six) circulate less than one thousand.

It has been computed that it is impossible for a paper to pay its expenses that does not average from forty to fifty advertisements; and as the journals of inferior circulation are very much in the habit of inserting advertisements at an under price, it is probable that a great many do not pay their expenses. It is curious to observe how capriciously advertisements are inserted;—indeed, the differences are only to be accounted for by the long standing of one journal, or the political prejudices of a district.

Indeed, when we look over the comparative amounts of these two data, it is matter of great surprise how a large proportion of the papers are supported at all; for the expenses are now enormously increased, not alone by the appetite for intelligence, but by the positive necessity which the general conduct of the journals, and the importance attached to public meetings, lay upon the proprietors to employ not only well-educated editors, but active and able reporters, and to incur very heavy

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* "It is quite clear, that if every able writer affixed his name to his contributions to newspapers, the importance of his influence would soon attach to himself.

'Nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,
Quàm sibi quæ vari præscripsit pagina nomen.'

He would no longer be confused with a herd; he would become marked and individualized—a public man as well as a public writer; he would exalt his profession as himself. The consideration accorded to him would, if he produced the same effect on his age, be the same as to a poet, philosopher, or a statesman; and now, when an entrance into public life may be the result of popular esteem, it may be the readiest way of rendering men of principle and information personally known to the country, and of transferring the knowledge, which, in order to be efficient public writers, they must possess on public affairs, to that active career in which it may be the most serviceable to the country, and the most tempting to men of great acquirements and genius. Thus the profession of the press would naturally attract the higher order of intellect; power would become infinitely better directed, and its agents immeasurably more honoured. These considerations, sooner or later, must have their due weight with those from whom alone the necessary reform can spring—the journalists themselves. It is not a point in which the legislature can interfere: it must be left to a moral agency, which is the result of conviction. I am firmly persuaded, however opposed I may be now, that I shall live to see (and to feel that I have contributed to effect) the change."—*England and the English*, vol. ii. p. 32.

† The Parliamentary Return made in June 1, 1836, contained—of English newspapers, 183; Welsh, 6; Scotch, 52: making together 241, exclusive of 79 journals published in London.

charges for their journeys from place to place. Without exaggeration, these two items in populous districts amount to more than the whole expense of printing a journal forty years ago, in its then meagre and contracted form. Hence has arisen a natural error in those who contended for the abrogation of the taxes on knowledge, in that portion of their argument wherein they insist that the monopoly, as they call it, would be ended simultaneously with these imposts. The capital vested in these concerns, whether metropolitan or provincial, is little enhanced by the duties. All there is done on credit. The proprietor is generally the printer; and, in addition to his stamps and duty, he has to find the materials for printing, as well as the charges for editing and collecting the ingredients of his publication, and the expensive machinery of its circulation. All these require a large capital; but in both instances the repeal of the taxes, though they will give some expansion to circulation, will not diminish, in any important degree, the hazard of establishing a journal, especially in the provinces, or reduce the capital necessary to its conduct. It is a computation borne out by experience and example, that if an adventurer of competent ability should desire to set up a provincial journal, even under the best auspices, with any hope of success, he must be prepared to expend 4000*l.* or 5000*l.*, and continue the experiment for five years at the least, before he would be able to estimate his chance of success. The capital would be all sunk, and it would still be a moot point whether the paper would be profitable. The difficulty is thus accounted for:—It is the interest of the advertisers of a district to limit the numbers of journals, because if two be established where one only existed previously, they, in point of fact, afford no more publicity than the one, because few, if any, *additional* readers are created. The customers of the new are taken from those of the old paper: the advertiser thus pays double to obtain the same advantage; and if journals multiply, his expense is augmented in the same ratio. Again, a newspaper is like an old servant—people are reluctant to dismiss either. The opportunities of comparison are also very few. If one paper exceed another in conduct, a long time elapses before its superiority can be generally known. Political prejudices interfere; the clergy, as a body, set their faces against liberal papers, and the new papers are generally ultra-liberal*. It is not less true that the very dullest prints retain their circulation on the ground of party.

From all these facts and circumstances, therefore, it seems probable that the journals of the provinces will not increase in number†. Indeed,

* According to Clarke and Lewis's list, the numbers of Tory and Liberal journals stand thus:—Tory, 163; Liberal, 121;—a proximity not perhaps universally known, and which shows the supporters of the two sides more equal than has been generally supposed, if the press reflects public opinion with the accuracy it is believed to do. It is, however, to be also observed, that the numbers circulated by the Liberal are considerably greater, in the aggregate, than those of the Conservative prints.

† A scheme, often tried, is in partial practice, and the experiment may perhaps be extended, though it promises little success. A London journal adopts a second title, adapting it to some particular district. An agent for the town sends up a column or two of the county news, and the paper thus assumes to be localized. These grafts were chiefly made on the unstamped papers, and their cheapness was the means of their introduction to some extent. The present Ministry do not stand very clear of imputation for encouraging these smugglers. One instance has been published, where an inhabitant of a distant city was convicted, some months ago, on the information of the Stamp-Office, of selling unstamped papers. It was

it may almost safely be predicated that they will diminish. The great argument to the contrary lies in the increase of population and of trade*. Papers flourish most in times of very prosperous or very adverse appearances. A brisk commerce furnishes advertisements—periods of ruin have the same tendency. In a word, periods when property changes hands, because these changes form the subject of advertisements.

The incitements to these undertakings are commonly found either in political opponencies, or in the estimate an individual forms of his own talents. The man of reading, ability, and enthusiasm, is but too apt to believe that he could with ease produce a journal far more able and attractive than that which he has been accustomed to read, to despise, in some sort to envy, and to condemn—little aware that the wise as well as the weak are subject to the law of the old distich, applied, by the courtezan, to Ben Jonson,—

"By line and rule,
Works many a fool,"

when they engage in pursuits which, though intellectual, are also commercial, and, in a sort, mechanical. He does not calculate upon any such impediments. With the fervour of genius, he "tramples upon impossibilities," and deems his triumph certain. He is alike unable to calculate the strain which is laid upon the faculties by a constantly recurring periodical demand, and upon the temper, by the continual controversies in which he is of necessity embroiled. He is assailable and assailed on every side, and, now-a-days, it is scarcely possible to refuse a hearing and a reply to antagonists of every size. He fails at first from want of the technical knowledge he despises; and the first failure is rarely to be redeemed, because his performance falls so far short of the expectations he has raised, and the reasons for which he is to be preferred. One class of readers anticipates the extreme of violence from the fresh and vigorous partizan—another, absolute wisdom and unerring truth—one, an entire devotion to the grave business and lofty concerns of law, politics, and philosophy—another, all the lighter topics, all the

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alleged that the penalty could not be levied, because he kept out of the way. He continued, therefore, the sale of the unstamped papers with more openness and hardihood than ever. Representations, and even legal proofs, of the most direct nature, were sent to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who expressed the anxious determination of the Government to put down the practice, but objected the insufficient powers of the existing laws. Soon after, the local magistrates laid hold of the man. He was imprisoned, and, though perfectly able to pay the fine, *immediately released by an order from the Treasury*. So hastily, indeed, was this done, that Mr. Maules's letter desired the gaoler to dispense with the customary warrant, which should be subsequently made out and transmitted. So much for good faith with the fair trader! Such a fact, and it is a published fact, will no doubt rivet the eyes of those who do pay the stamp-duties, on the part taken by the Government against those who do not.

* Bath has four journals; Brighton, three; Bristol, no less than six, but of very various circulation, the highest (the "Mirror") printing little more than two thousand; Bury, in Suffolk, had three, but one has fallen; Devonshire has ten, but all of low circulation, except one (the "Exeter and Plymouth Gazette"), which sells about fifteen hundred weekly; Hull has three; Leeds, five—the "Mercury" enjoying a circulation of no less than three hundred and eleven thousand annually, the largest provincial sale in the kingdom; Leicester has three; Liverpool, ten; Manchester, six; Norwich had three (one has fallen); Newcastle, Northampton, and Nottingham, each three; and Sheffield, four. Thus it is plain the numbers increase with the population.

levities and graces of composition. Nor is it within his computation that his labours are addressed, in the majority of instances, to those below mediocrity in station, intellect, and information. They live on the very food he contemns and detests—on the dull, coarse details and adventures of real life—deaths and marriages—murders and robberies—to say nothing of the stimulants and disgraceful contents of some of the London prints—fights, the pollutions of the police reports, and sheer political abuse; yet, if he would prosper, to something like a selection of these he must stoop. He gets weary of his task, and sickens at his failure. Then comes a dearth of matter—few advertisements assist to cover his immense sheet, for quantity is usually among his first engagements. He fills up with long, and therefore heavy, articles; and down goes the vessel in which he so joyously and so confidently embarked. From two to three years accomplish the destruction of his undertaking, and he is well off if he and his creditors come clear out with a loss of two or three thousand pounds. Such has been the history of most of the later attempts to establish provincial journals.

The profits of a paper circulating from one to two thousand, and averaging from eighty to one hundred advertisements weekly, may perhaps be taken at a sum between 800*l.* and 1200*l.* per annum, including the editor's salary *. This is no doubt a great inducement; but when it is considered that this business is environed by all the ramparts already described, and loaded with the necessary loss of much of the capital first advanced, it will be seen that it is not subject to the general rules which govern the application of capital to trade, and the interest attached. This peculiar profession partakes of the prerogative earned by talent—a sort of personal patenteeship—and still more, perhaps, by long prescription and political predilection.

Nor is the ability of the low degree which those who would "sneer down" the occupation wish to have it considered. The London editor is not only stimulated but informed by the various societies in which he moves. He has a thousand immediate sources of assistance inaccessible to the provincial. He has coadjutors in all departments—a voluminous correspondence, and a large and a diversified conversation with the world of letters and of business; while the latter has chiefly to rely for distinction on the accumulations of his own knowledge, his taste, and his own facility—since, if he merely follows in the wake of the metropolitan journals, he may be respectable, but he cannot be powerful. This observation applies to the (now few) journals which contain no original comments on public affairs. In these, greater attention is bestowed on selection and condensation, which constitute their recommendations. Most papers are now, however, supplied with original speculations, and

* The editor of the "Leeds Mercury" printed, on September 17th, a paper containing a fac-simile of that journal of March 3, 1729–30, and a page of the same paper of March 7, 1801. He computes the number of letters at the three periods, and shows that, if charged in the same ratio, the "Leeds Mercury" at the present time ought to be rated at one shilling and fivepence. He further states, that the journal of this date contains as much printed matter as an ordinary octavo volume of 380 pages. The fact is, that the price of newspapers has remained stationary, and the support supplied by increase of advertisements. Were the "Leeds Mercury" to receive no more than the profits on the number sold, although the journal of the largest circulation in England, Mr. Baines avers his loss would be between 300*l.* and 400*l.* per annum.

often of more comprehensive excellence than even those of London. The difference is, that the metropolitan editor doles out his matter in a small daily supply; the provincial, who publishes only once a week, endeavours to grasp the whole argument and exhaust it. Upon subjects of art and the drama, the journals of the provinces have often much more elaborate criticisms than any the London prints can exhibit. The art, indeed, seems to be this:—to write in a clear and modest style, yet with so much of force as to be at once irresistible and pleasing—irresistible as truth, pleasing as a display of talent, and a demonstration of power. To this extent, the writer must elevate the reader without exciting that jealousy of superiority which more or less lurks in every man's mind. The reader must be brought to say of the greater portion, "this is what I have thought a hundred times, but infinitely well expressed;" and for the rest, he must be led to new and stronger perceptions, both of facts and consequences. The subject-matter must, therefore, partake both of the scholar's vein and the tact of the man of business; if the writer pursues the one too classically, if he flies too high—

"Audaci fortiùs arte volat,"

he endangers the self-complacency of his reader and his own reception at once. If he be too practical, he loses the good report of the class-critical and sinks in the estimation of those who take their tone from others; for, from a single article of superior fabric, particularly in controversy, an editor will draw more court and authority than from the ordinary labours of a year. In short, his fate lies in a happy combination of ease and strength—of reasoning and taste—of argument and illustration; preserving always a steady bearing in politics, consisting, however, with an honest independence, and so far as possible with impartiality, and with an equanimity not to be purchased by praise nor disturbed by slander.

Such is the ideal perfection of a provincial journalist, and many such instances could be cited by name. Like everything else, the pursuit partakes of nature and habit. Perhaps there are few concerns in which practice is more essential, for it is a long time before a man attains the power of condensing and expressing his thoughts with the rapidity often indispensable upon the most trying occasions, or the courage and self-dependence (rather nurtured by experience than bestowed by nature) that brace him to the task*, for let it not be forgotten he has no shelter

* About twenty years ago the editor of a provincial journal was introduced by the tutor of ——— College into the combination-room. There were present some four or five of the most learned professors in the university, besides several distinguished mathematicians and scholars. The discourse turned upon the leading article of the "Times," when one of the professors (of law) said there was not a man in ——— could write as well. "Yes," said one of the tutors, quoting Johnson, "Many men, many women, and many children." The conversation grew warm, when one of the party said, "Here is a gentleman present who is in the habit of writing for the public, let us refer it to him." Thus called upon, the editor pronounced it to be very much a matter of habit, but agreed to submit to the following test:—"Between himself and the ripe and good scholars present there could be no sort of comparison, but he would venture a bet, that, if they then turned to the task, he would produce in a short and given time, say an hour, more and better newspaper matter than any one of them." This occasioned some mirth, and it was proposed to select four or five for the contest. The professor of oriental languages

from "the anonymous." It is only by long use he learns to wield his ponderous and massive weapon (despised by many as rude, but now known to be of terrible efficiency) with grace and certainty.

From the causes we have narrated, it will be conceded that the Provincial Press is come to divide, perhaps more than to divide, the power with the metropolitan. And it should seem, from the restraints as well as the incitements under which it acts, chiefly from the open responsibility, that the power cannot be better placed for the promotion of the purposes of society. The local journal is perhaps the safest and best vehicle for general politics, because moderation must, to a certain degree at least, be the rule. The comparatively limited circulation of the most violent papers on both sides demonstrates this truth*; and, indeed, unless the editor be a man of singular mould, did he indulge in violence, he would be wholly unable to live with any tolerable quiet, under the avoidance and disrespect he would bring down upon his name and family. If, on the contrary, he shows an anxious, active, and well-meaning concern for the interests, individual and general, of his district—if his exertions be directed to augment the knowledge, improve the taste, and promote its commerce, he will enjoy such means of conferring personal obligation and conciliating general respect, that his reception will at once be flattering and honourable. The prejudices to be overcome are the jealousy awakened by the necessary *surveillance* of his occupation, and the dread of suspicious motives on the part of those who, though above him in station, must still be often indebted to his activity or his forbearance. But since his usefulness is now rapidly making itself understood, the example of a few generous minds, and the commanding influence of a few eminent instances of honest ability and courteous manners, will place his exertions in their proper light, and assure to them their natural extension.

That these papers are chiefly to be valued as records of local transactions, is unquestionable; but they also have a very potent agency in modifying, aye, and moderating and equalizing the temper of the inhabitants of the provinces. They act, indeed, more as sedatives than stimulants; but in this lies their excellence. They may also carry very important information to statesmen, for they most certainly reflect a better portraiture of public opinion in their several districts, than can be seen from any other point of view. For though they in a good measure lead, they nevertheless follow, or rather take the tone from the opinions

protested he could not attempt it; the professor of divinity declared he should not be able, under the circumstances, to write a line; and the editor was left the master of the field, when he thus explained:—"The fact is, gentlemen, you would go to work by far too seriously; you would examine and weigh, select and reject—this you would deem not worth saying, and that you would consider too profound; while I should take my thoughts as they rise, and follow the current, content to hit the general level of my readers' ordinary understanding." Look into the leading articles of the journals, and you will find this mediocrity a little elevated. The subject is more fully treated, but carried forward from day to day—in a word, the cistern is emptied as it is filled, by the casual stream of events and observations, and thus the thirst of the multitude is slaked. This seems a low estimate, but, taken in its aggregate, a prodigious sum of information is thus diffused.

* The Parliamentary return proves that Cobbett's paper did not, in 1833, circulate three thousand; and by the last return it had sunk to one thousand—a number doubled by several of the provincials. We state this not invidiously, but as the most striking instance.

most generally entertained throughout their circuit. A skilful surveyor of public sentiment may, from two principal sources connected with provincial journals, extract a pretty accurate estimate—first, from the comparative numbers circulated, and secondly, from the powers of the editors. The first will show the general politics of the district; the last, the present and future workings of political causes. The balance, it has already been proved, is more equal between liberal and conservative than is suspected, though the first predominates. But the personal liability begets a temperance at all times—even in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of an election contest—which confers a character of independence, if not of impartiality, highly favourable to the peace of the country. The temper of our age bears strongly towards reform in all its shapes, and that it has not run riot in the provinces, is very much to be attributed to the good sense and moderation of the journalists, guided and protected, no doubt, by their personal responsibilities.

We have shown then what they are, and what they may be; and since a man's energy and respectability in his calling often depend very much upon the reception it procures for him in the world, and moreover, since this occupation is likely to be peculiarly affected in this manner, its exaltation depends much upon persons of rank and affluence. It lies with them, in no slight degree, to make the provincial journalist the benefactor or the corruptor of his readers—the honour, or the bane of his country. What has been said of the general instruction of the people, applies especially to him and his occupation. Whether for good or for evil, it is a power not now to be stayed. The good sense of the question then is, to give it its best direction. The merchant, the man of literature, the gentleman, the noble—nay, the Government itself—will find this is to be done most easily, and with most success, through the mild influence of urbane communication and friendly association.

We are still of opinion, not only that the repeal of these taxes has been injudiciously and unjustly preferred to taxes on many of the necessaries of life, but also that the reduction of the duty will add nothing to the respectability of the press. One thing appears certain, that it will conduce to something like a forced circulation of the wildest and most violent theories in politics. The reduction of the price of the papers of this description declares that profit will often be sacrificed to the propagation of political doctrines; and it is no slight or safe symptom, that this their cheapness will recommend them to the heads least capable of separating the good from the evil, and to hands the most prompt to execute the violence their counsels dictate. That the repeal of the duty was proposed, agitated, and even forced upon the Government (we may not say against their better judgment) by a few individuals, and those who advocate the most extreme measures—short parliaments, ballot, extended suffrage, and an elective House of Peers—measures which would substantially convert the mixed monarchy of England into a practical republic—is not to be denied or doubted. The metropolis will be the centre from which these combustibles will be chiefly supplied. From hence there may be deduced, even more strongly than we have put it, the important truth that the country must be, in no small degree, indebted for the timely extinction of this inflammable matter to the prudence, moderation, and ability of the JOURNALS of the PROVINCES.

THE CORN-LAW RHYMER'S PILGRIMAGE.

I.

To G. C. Holland, M.D.

Holland! thou lov'st the little songful lyre,
On which, well-pleased thy bidding to obey,
For the first time I now attempt to play,
Fretting, with skilless touch, the sonnet's wire.
Alas! the strings of this small harp require,
To bring forth half their worth, a master's hand!
Yet, as I wander through a lovely land,
And stop, at times, its marvels to admire,
May I not sing them too? Yea, while the breeze,
Sighing o'er moated grange or castle bold,
Awakes the music of their ancient trees,
The lyre—beloved of bards whose fires are cold,—
That sweetest lyre I'll place before my knees,
And make my theme the wonders I behold.

II.

Powers of the Sonnet.

Why should the tiny harp be chain'd to themes
In fourteen lines, with pedant rigour bound?
The sonnet's might is mightier than it seems.
Witness the bard of Eden lost and found,
Who gave this lute a clarion's battle-sound.
And lo! another Milton calmly turns
His eyes within, on light that ever burns,
Waiting till Wordsworth's second peer be found*!
Meantime, Fitzadam's mournful music shows †
That the scorn'd sonnet's charm may yet endear
Some long, deep strain, or lay of well-told woes;
Such as, in Byron's couplet, brings a tear
To manly cheeks, or o'er his stanza throws
Rapture and grief, solemnity and fear.

III.

Eugene Aram.

Knaresbro'! thou wilt be famous through all time,
Because poor Aram's history imparts
A dreadful, unsolved riddle to all hearts—
A half-told secret, in its gloom sublime,
Though trite and common are death, want, and crime;
But Bulwer o'er thy caverns, rocks, and trees,
Throws the deep charm of thoughtful melodies,
Heart-cherish'd, like a dim cathedral's chime.

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* See Sonnets by William Wordsworth.

† See, in Housman's collection, five most harmonious, yet not Petrarchan sonnets, by Fitzadam. They are composed of three four-line stanzas and a couplet, all disconnected in rhyme, but not in metre. I do not think, with Mr. Housman, that sonnets ending with a couplet are therefore faulty; on the contrary, a couplet at the close of a sonnet has often a fine effect. So thought, and so proved, Cowper and our eldest poets; and Fitzadam has fully shown, I think, that the measure of the sonnet, as he has managed it, is as proper for a long and serious poem as the Spenserian stanza itself.

That charm will live when rock-built towers decay,—
That charm, when rocks themselves are turn'd to dust,
Will, to the slanderers of the great and just,
And the grim ghost of buried Envy, say,—
"Though Time hath plough'd your graves, and ground thy bust,
I am not of the things which pass away."

IV.

PLUMPTON.

Who would not here become a hermit?—here
Grow old in song?—here die, on Nature's breast,
Hush'd, like yon wild-bird on the lake, to rest?
Then laid asleep beneath the branches sere,
Till the Awakener in the East appear,
And call the dead to judgment. Quietness!
Methinks the heart-whole rustic loves thee less
Than the town's thought-worn smiler. Oh! most dear
Art thou to him who flies from care, to bowers
That breathe of sainted calmness! and, to me,
More welcome than the breath of hawthorn flowers
To children of the city, when delight
Leads them from smoke to cowslips, is the sight
Of these green shades, these rocks, this little sea.

V.*

BOLTON ABBEY.

Spirits of wonder, loveliness, and fear,
Dwell in these groves, beneath o'er-arching trees,
With the dim presence of their mysteries
Haunting the rocks and mountain-shadows near:
They pass the lone enthusiast, wandering here
By strangled Wharfe, or Barden's ancient tower;
Pass him, nor shake a dewdrop from a flower,
But with their whispers soothe his soul-taught ear,
As with a dream of prayer; until he starts,
Awaken'd from deep thoughts of Time's calm might
And Nature's beauty, and in awe departs;—
When to the Abbey's moonlight-tinted walls
The demon of the spectred river calls *,
Mock'd by the voices of mysterious night.

VI.

THE VICARAGE.

The vicar's house is smother'd in its roses;
His garden glows with dahlias large and new;
"Bees murmur in his limes the summer through;"
And on the seat beneath them often dozes
A better man than calumny supposes.
His living is three hundred pounds a-year;
"But not of servants, wife, and children clear."
He gives away his common-right and closes,

* About three years ago, a young lady came from London on a visit to a relative near Bolton Abbey, and with a presentiment that she should be drowned in the Strid, of mournful memory. For some time she refused to visit it; but at last, overcome by the persuasions and ridicule of her friends, consented to do so. On approaching the water, which was forty-five feet deep, she threatened, with seeming levity, to leap in, exclaiming, "I am going!" A piercing shriek followed: she had taken the fatal plunge! A gentleman, a few yards below, seized her bonnet; but the strings broke, and she was drowned!

And keeps no horse. When winter strips the tree,
To poor men's homes his wife and daughters go,
With needful gifts of flannel, food, or fire,
And made-wines for the sick. Now, would not He,
Who deem'd the labourer worthy of his hire,
Have paid it to this faithful servant?—No.

VII.

POET *v.* PARSON.

A hireling's wages to the priest are paid;
While lives and dies in want and rags the bard!
But preaching ought to be its own reward,
And not a sordid, if an honest, trade.
Paul, labouring proudly with his hands, array'd
Regenerated hearts in peace and love;
And when, with power, they preach'd the mystic dove,
Penn, Barclay, Clarkson, ask'd not Mammon's aid.
As, for its own sake, poesy is sweet
To poets—so, on tasks of mercy bound,
Religion travels with unsandall'd feet,
Making the flinty desert holy ground:
And never will her triumph be complete
While one paid pilgrim upon earth is found.

VIII.

BRIMHAM ROCKS.

Rocks! sacred deem'd to eldest fraud, when fear
First darken'd death's reality with dreams!
The spirit of your cruel worship seems,
Like a wolf's shadow, yet to linger here,
Deepening the gloom with peril still too near;
For guile and knowledge long have been allies,
Most pious found when preaching blasphemies,
Most treacherous when most trusted. But the year
Whose seasons are all winters, soon must close:
Knowledge hath join'd the millions, and mankind
Are learning to distinguish friends from foes.
The eagle-ey'd give sight unto the blind;
The eagle-wing'd are chasing crime-made woes;
The mighty-voiced are heard in every wind.

IX.

TREES AT BRIMHAM.

Gnarl'd oak and holly! stone-cropp'd like the stone!
Are ye of it, or is it part of you?
Your union strange is marvellously true,
And makes the granite which I stand upon
Seem like the vision of an empire gone—
Gone, yet still present, though it never was,
Save as a shadow—let the shadow pass!
So perish human glories, every one!
But, rocks! ye are not shadows; trees! ye cast
Th' Almighty's shadow o'er the homeward bee,
His name on Brimham! yea, the coming blast,
Beneath his curtains, reads it here with me;
And pauses not to number marvels past,
But speeds the thunder on o'er land and sea.

X.

ROCK IDOL AT BRIMHAM.

Stone! did the hand of sacerdotal fraud
Shape thee into this vital type of things?
Or did a million winters, on their wings
Of scythe-like perseverance come abroad,
To bid conjecture stand before thee awed,
And almost severing thee from parent earth
Make thee a marvel? Vainly giv'st thou birth
To solemn fancies, building an abode
Around thee for a world of shapeless ghosts;
Vainly they rise before me, calling up
Kings and their masters, and imagined hosts
That fight for clouds. What then? The heath-flower's cup
With dew-drops feeds this fountain ever clear,
And the ring'd ouzle whistles, "God is here."

XI.

STUDLEY.

Behold! the Medicean Venus! Oh,
Is not this beauty? Yes, for it is truth.
See how she bends in her eternal youth!
Ev'n thus she charm'd ten thousand years ago;
Ere painting's magic bade the canvass glow,
Or soul inspired the marble; thus she stood
Before her own Adonis of the wood!
The master-piece of sculpture? Artist! no.
In all-divine perfection as she stands,
So came she, perfect, from th' Almighty's hands,
The masterpiece of nature. Everywhere
This spirit walks; but he who in strange lands
Seeks her fair form, turns homeward in despair,
Then seeks it in his soul, and finds it there.

XII.

CRITICISM.

Yet art hath less of instinct than of thought,
All instinct though it seems; for as the flower
Which blooms in solitude, by noiseless power,
And skill divine, is wonderfully wrought,
So from deep study art's high charm is caught;
And as the sunny air, and dewy light,
Are spun in heavenly looms, till blossoms bright
With honied wealth and sweetness droop o'er fraught,
And our eyes breathe of beauty; so the bard
Wrings from slow time inimitable grace;
So wins immortal music her reward,
Ev'n with a bee's industry; and we trace
The sculptor's home-thoughts through his labours hard
Till beams with deathless love the chisell'd face.

XIII.

FOUNTAIN'S ABBEY.

Abbey! for ever smiling pensively!
How like a thing of nature dost thou rise,
Amid her loveliest works! as if the skies,
Clouded with grief, were arch'd thy roof to be,
And the tall trees were copied all from thee!
Mourning thy fortunes—while the waters dim,
Flow like the memory of thy evening hymn;
Beautiful in their sorrowing sympathy,
As if they with a weeping sister wept,
Winds name thy name! But thou, though sad, art calm;
And time with thee his plighted troth hath kept;
For harebells deck thy brow, and at thy feet,
Where sleep the proud, the bee and red-breast meet,
Mixing thy sighs with nature's lonely psalm.

XIV.

PARTING TEARS.

Scenes which renew my youth, and wake again
Its earliest dream of love and beauty—here,
Ev'n as in heaven, found perfect, though the tear
Of frailty dims them with its earthly stain
Too often and too soon! I can remain
With you no longer: I must haste to things
That drink the ice which in a moment brings
The chill of fifty winters, and their pain,
To the sick heart. Already I grow cold
In spirit; and the thought of leaving you
For alien scenes, where nothing good or new
Remains for crowds to show, or men to say,
Instructs me—not that I in years am old,
But that the tresses of my soul are grey.

XV.

RETURN TO SHEFFIELD.

To swelter in the town's distemper'd glow,
Heart-sick to sleep, and weary wake to strife,
To make a curse of hope, a broil of life,
And blight the rose to bid the cypress grow,
Pain's angel calls me; and I rise to go
Back from the castled wood, the sainted tower—
Scenes where man's home is lovely as a flower,
And he himself still fair, though stain'd with woe!
Where Nid, and Aire, and Wharfe through Eden glide,
Or Brimham's rocks of Druid terrors tell,
No longer, little lyre, may I abide;
No more with Nature's lonely powers to dwell,
I leave thee here on Skell's all beauteous side:
Toy of the Titans, tiny harp, farewell!

ETON REVISITED,

IN AUGUST, 1836.

" Ye distant spires! ye antique towers!
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade.
* * * * * *
Ah, happy fields! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain.
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe;
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring."

So sang the poet Gray; and so do not I either sing or say. I remember when, as a schoolboy, I read this ode on the spot, I was ungracious enough to think it mere twaddle; and, sooth to say, (bating the poetry,) I am pretty much of the same opinion still. I now think, as I then thought, my childhood anything but " careless," or " a stranger to pain;" and as for " the gales," and all that sort of thing, having made the experiment of the fusty Long Chamber and the ill-ventilated school-rooms of Eton, I have long definitively settled the point with myself,—that they are " redolent " of nothing on earth that a well-constituted nose——But the less that is said upon that subject the better.

Among the multitude of commonplaces with which men supply the practice of thinking, there is none more provoking than the cuckoo-note dictum in favour of childish happiness—the perpetual recurrence to schoolboy pleasures. Childhood, the season of maladies innumerable—of small-pox, measles, hooping-cough—with all the hundred complicated diseases which bad nursing, neglect, or mistaken indulgence inflict on the tender, half-formed, and impressible frame! Childhood,—the era of kicks and cuffs, of arbitrary inculcation, and of necessitated submission to the caprices, ignorances, and ill-tempers of " pastors and masters, and all that are placed in authority over us,"—that is to say, of every human being nearly with whom childhood comes in contact! The child is only the unformed man; and to suppose him happier than the adult, is to place the imperfect animal above the perfect. True it is, that the cares of childhood may very often be baseless, and that they are almost always transient; while the spirit of childhood is elastic and yielding: but though the sorrows of infancy appear thus light in the apprehension of adults, it is equally true that, according to the experience of the infant sufferers themselves,—

" These little things are great to *little men.*

Exclusively that the child wants the experience which might give

him a just appreciation of things, he wants also that pride, that reflection, and that consciousness of inherent strength, which enable us, in maturer life, to grapple manfully with the worst that happens.

More than half of this cant of schoolboy delight is sheer humbug—delusion—propagated from generation to generation, for the mere pleasure of cheating; and the rest may be translated into the more general expressions, that past cares are the easiest borne, and that every one (man and boy alike) thinks his own sorrows the heaviest. Would that I could attribute it to a salving of the consciences of the adults for the neglect with which they treat the interests of the young; because that would imply a knowledge of error, and a hope of its redress. To believe children happy is far less troublesome than to take the necessary pains to make them so; just as it is easier to scourge children for the faults we make them commit, than to remove the causes which lead them into error. It is now universally admitted that education is beset with thorns and briers, which a little attention might remove; nor can it be doubted that great cruelty and oppression are still tolerated in public schools, because no effort is made to break through established usage; while the very idea of teaching the boys a more humanizing philosophy has not entered the heads of the pedants who preside over public institutions. It would be well, instead of sermonizing on schoolboy happiness, if those whom it may concern would take a little pains to make their youthful charges in reality somewhat happier.

These reflections were reproduced, with much intensity of feeling, by a recent visit, which accident induced the writer of this article to pay to Eton College,—a visit which revived the dormant recollections of many "juvenile miseries" (to use the word in Mr. Beresford's signification) long forgotten, or remembered only in their faintest outlines. Above forty years had elapsed since, with joyful heart, he quitted a place which, to him, (owing to circumstances partly inherent in the institution, and partly personal,) had been a scene of almost uninterrupted suffering,—where he had learned little of the lore there professed, though he had acquired, through his experience as a fag, enough of that knowledge of the worst corners of the human heart which is commonly attributed to a rough contact with the world, and to the experience of mature life. A public school has been called a world in miniature, and so, indeed, it is; but it is a world of anarchy and lawless violence, unpurged by civil rule, where, with the exception of a few false or doubtful maxims of a code of honour, the will of the strongest is law; where reason is held in abeyance, and the passions are fostered into a precocious development. The admirers of things as they are dwell with much complacency on this feature of our public schools; for they consider the "roughing it" in these establishments as among the principal causes of what they are pleased to call the manliness of the English character; as if manliness were peculiar to Englishmen, and, among Englishmen, confined to the pupils of public schools exclusively. Whoever has reflected on what he has seen in a public school, must admit that he has witnessed as much meanness, as much cringing to superiors, and insolence where it was safe to be insolent,—as much malice, falsehood, and hypocrisy within its walls, as he ever encountered in the society of adults. It is true that the circumstance of being left to find one's own level in a school of five hundred boys, and to carve out a place for oneself in

the general estimation, calls out all the latent energies of character,—if any such there be; but it at the same time case-hardens the heart, and engenders that isolated selfishness so prevalent in the upper walks of English life. Upon the gentler and more refined natures it operates with a crushing and ruinous effect. In them, it begets and confirms habits of submission to oppression, a yielding to all manner of resistances, a nervous timidity, and dread of contact with the world, its labours, and its contentions. The evil, it must be admitted, is to a certain degree inherent in any association of such large numbers. The perpetual intervention of masters in the maintenance of moral order is, in such a case, nearly an impossibility. But, without aiming at that molly-coddle interference, which is too often attempted in private schools, to the utter destruction of self-reliance, and the formation of effeminate characters, there is a middle term between such excess, on the one hand, and the unlicensed liberty of fagging, with the total neglect of all moral education, on the other, which a judicious *régime* might seize upon; and by which manliness would be attainable, without a sacrifice of other qualities, to say the least of them, equally valuable.

It is a fearful experiment to revisit, at the end of so many years, the haunts of the schoolboy, and to obtain such tangible evidence of the long interval which separates the actual observer from his former self. What of all that made the sum of the infant's existence remains to the mature man! How many mutations of character has he undergone! How little is there in common between the two moral entities, so diversified, yet still the same! What also has become of that other individual, the enterprising, passionate, mobile, and inconsiderate youth, who had strutted and fretted through the years which separate the two? Human identity—thou art an unfathomable mystery! Anatomists tell us that not a fibre of the original structure continues unchanged; but that many and many material bodies have succeeded each other,—each another, and the same. Conscience, too, declares that scarce a passion or a feeling of the primeval mind survives; that scarcely a motive retains its original value and moving influence on the will. What, then, continues? A few intellectual peculiarities—a few corporeal liabilities to special actions—a few moral and muscular potentialities—and a memory so imperfect, that, in many cases, it is difficultly distinguished from imagination!

In spite of all our powers of self-deception, there is no resisting the fatal truth which such a visit as this brings home to the man of more than middle life—that he has almost completed his allotted career—that the better and more enjoyable portion of existence, at least, is passed, and for ever! What years are reviewed in such a moment! What epochs, what events are, as it were, summed up in one instant of time! What a consciousness of the much that has been done in vain—of the more that has been left undone! The substance of human life (the period of existence for which all before it was preparation—all after it decay,) has been used and expended, (alas! how little enjoyed!) since last the foot trod upon the ground where now it is planted. What hopes have arisen in the interval, to be crushed; or, more cruel mockery, have been realized only to demonstrate their emptiness! What friendships have been formed—have been dissolved—and lie buried in the grave, or in that colder abyss, the selfishness of the human heart! Where, too, are the loves and the graces—where the

vows of eternal constancy—where their objects—where the feeling itself in which they originated? Have such things been? "or have we eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner?" What a world of thought and of memory is here, for one little association to call up! For all these recollections distinctly recur, or (more marvellous still), are blended in one vague sentiment of awe and melancholy, which invades the revisitor in the act of crossing the threshold that opens into the quadrangle of the time-honoured college. Then, if in such a moment one can lose sight of self, to think of those things which have been contemporary with these its mutations, what public events have occurred to load the page of history, to baffle previous conjecture, and to belie anticipation in their consequences! Where, now, is Napoleon—where the empire which he extended over nearly the whole of civilized Europe—where, too, are the millions who perished in the march of his chariot-wheels? Whole populations have, in the petty space of time thus recalled by a single glance at these "antique towers" of Eton, been nearly swept away by the sword and by the musket; a desolating disease, too, has encompassed the wide globe; navies have been engulfed in the sea, cities swallowed up by the yawning earth; and yet that frail and sickly boy, withdrawn from the scene he now revisits, because his infant frame was unequal to the shocks it there encountered, still lives, and has survived the chances and hazards which beset the path of the strongest. Then comes the fearful question—to what end? Is he wiser or better for his experience? Has he left behind him traces of his existence in good or in evil? or has he been a tree bearing no fruit—a cause pregnant with no permanent effect? Alas! how vain is it now to inquire. How vain the regrets for opportunities neglected, for faculties wasted or misapplied. Nay, are we even certain that if all our tardy wisdom could recall the past, and that we could recast our destinies according to the lights of halting experience, the result would be better for us than that which has taken place? "We know what we are, but we know not what we" might have been.

But diminishing space reminds me that we are still pausing at the gate, and that it is high time to enter on the scene of action. This visit to Eton occurred during the vacation time; and the silence of the desolate courts, unbroken by the fall of a single foot save my own, gave full scope for all the melancholy moodiness which the spot was calculated to call forth. My residence at the school, I have said, was not happy; and the first sensation on revisiting its *locale*, was the result of a vague but painful animal association. It was like one of those morning recollections which come upon us abruptly, on awaking in some scene of novel and sudden misfortune, when the actual sensation contrasts violently with the previous dream of more habitual images of pleasure and comfort.

The next impression was a strong conviction of the little change which had come over the venerable edifice. The aspect of the interior had nearly faded from the memory, but its images, though dormant, were not extinct. The first glance of the eye, therefore, was a perfect recognition. There, stood the beautiful chapel, the statue, the clock turrets of antique mould, and the dingy barn-like brick structures which complete the square, precisely as they were left; not a stone changed—scarcely a stone forgotten. Even the quarterly chiming of the bells was as a well-known music. There, too, stood the nitch in the chapel where

the boy of nine years old played ball, the day he was first numbered on the books of the college. There, also, stood the cloisters intact—there the hall with its everlasting smell of mutton; and behind the hall, unchanged in its minutest details, stood a certain well-remembered dreary back-yard, surrounded by its offices, where the overworked child had so often sought rest and shelter from the ever-renewing labours of that most odious of servitudes, fagging; and where he had so often eaten his heart with longings after home—its ease, its comforts, and *its affections*. In ascending to the long chamber, also, there was still in existence the identical step, on the right side of the door, where forty and more years ago it was his nightly task to clean knives. Within, the chamber is exactly as the night when last he slept in it. There, was to be recognized the bed, whose sheets (in failure of a surplice) once served for a towel to wipe certain plates, which, as fag to the supper-table, he had (not) washed—those sheets, whose tell-tale stains procured him so sound a thrashing. There, again, the last in the long row, was the very bedstead in which, on the night of his first entrance, he cried himself to sleep; that bed from which he had so often hurried at the arbitrary and dreaded summons of "last goes." Verily, if at the moment of this visit any one had uttered the cry, he would still have started to obey its call. In the right-hand corner at the bottom of the room, there is still to be seen the little study whence a furtive outlet had once been contrived for the stealthy, nocturnal visit to Windsor. How few probably are now alive to remember the consternation excited by Davies's unexpected presence, after the doors had long been locked; when he walked directly to the spot, and drew without hesitation from its concealment, the knotted rope which had facilitated the nightly escape! How few remember the plays secretly performed in this chamber, which lasted till the dawn of day, and to behold which the oppidans were smuggled in without detection!

Well, indeed, may Eton be regarded as the head-quarters of conservatism. The genius of immutability seems to preside over all its particulars; not an item of the rude and unaccommodated details of that dormitory has disappeared. Its coarse, clumsy, hard, and worm-eaten bedsteads, black with dirt and with time, maintain their ancient places as they did forty years ago; and as they might have done the night when Henry VI. finished his pious arrangements for founding the school. Everything in the chamber breathes of the olden times—of their discomfort, their neglect of order, and of what should be considered as the decencies of life. What a contrast for the exile from some splendid mansion in a London square, or from some rural palace, the pride of its county, between his neat and curtained couch in a well-ordered and well-ventilated chamber at home, and the hard and filthy crib, with its unaccommodated environage (amidst a noisy, reckless, and disorderly band of companions), which here awaits him. Nor should this difference be disregarded, as a mere matter of epicurean refinement. All savagery and incivilization are but a similar absence of the accommodation which makes life sweet and healthful. To what purpose is society labouring through all its complex departments, but to create and to satisfy such wants as those here neglected—wants which experience has proved to conduce in their gratification not less to virtue than to happiness. Like the literature which Eton professes to teach, a

respect for the decencies of life, "*emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros*;" nor can any satisfactory reason be given why the children of the nineteenth century should be retained in the barbarism and rudeness of the fifteenth. The same remarks apply, also, to the schoolrooms. "As you were" is there, as everywhere else in the institution, the word of command. It seemed as if but yesterday (so wholly unchanged was the scene) I had occupied that seat in the dark and dismal corner in the lower school near the door, whence the usher of the black rod was wont to tread his slow and reluctant way, backwards, with a message of woe to some idle or incapable student, from the teacher of the class to the redoubtable Dr. Langford, the then head of the executive for that portion of the school. Yes, there still stands the block, there lies the birch —that instrument of an immodest and disgraceful punishment—that monument of "ancient night," and of the inapprehensive conservatism which reigns over every department of our national education! Is it not strange, that while public opinion is putting an end to corporal punishment in the army,—as debasing and brutalizing even to the very dregs of society, whose destitution and vices have driven them to embrace the disagreeable and servile condition—is it not strange, I say, that this punishment should be upheld and applauded as applicable to the feelings and condition of "ingenuous youth!" As a means of discipline, it is notoriously inefficient; no lad of spirit regards for an instant the mere pain of the infliction. It is a point of honour to despise it; and when the sense of its disgrace is overcome—when delicacy is blunted, and shame replaced by effrontery, the influence of the punishment is at an end. But here, again, the indolence of the master is consulted at the expense of the pupil: it is easier to flog than to teach—it is easier to inflict stripes than to form the character: and accordingly flogging is still the order of the day.

From the dirty and frowzy interior, it was pleasing to escape to the open air, and to the cheerful scenery of the play-ground, with its delicious verdure, and the pleasant murmur of the silvery Thames that skirts it. The position of Eton is, indeed, a noble site. The munificent founder seems to have had a prudent jealousy of the tendency of all stipendiaries to neglect their functions, and to have established his school, as it were, under his own eye, that he might himself

> "From the stately brow
> Of Windsor's heights, th' expanse below
> Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,"

and be satisfied that every man he there employed was doing his duty. The reward to his descendants (how little soever they may care about the school) has been great. The proximity of this great national establishment to the residence of the monarch forms an early and a lasting link in the chain of associations, which binds the aristocracy to the throne, and contributes more powerfully than all Dr. Hawtrey's inculcations and example, to the prevalence of Toryism in the rising generation. Here, on the bench which overlooks the Thames, and skirts the brook where we used to catch craw-fish, I lingered for a time, while busy memory exercised itself in retracing by-gone themes, and in endeavouring to recall persons whose forms had faded into indistinctness. Of all the many companions, my equals in age and station in the school, a few only have attained to distinction, save those with whom dis-

tinction is hereditary, and who "had taken the trouble to be born" to greatness. Mediocrity and obscurity are the common lot; and I can scarcely cite a form-fellow who is now known beyond the boundary of its owner's parish. The unfortunate Lacon, whose career was still more melancholy than it was brilliant, was a contemporary; and there are perhaps a few not wholly unknown to fame, whom the Church has raised to its places of eminence. Many (probably the larger portion) are already gathered to their fathers: some represented in the school by their children—still more by their grand-children. Nature, assiduous in the pursuit of her own ends, has amply provided for the continuance of races; but, indifferent to individuals, casts them aside and destroys them when they have served her turn.

There exists in the library of the college a memorial of past generations that possesses a deep interest. It is a bound volume of exercises, which, in the jargon of the school, were "sent up for good;" that is to say, which were considered as above the average excellence. In this volume may be seen, in the rude and ill-formed characters so distinctive of Etonian penmanship, the productions of boys whose genius has since delighted the nation, and on whose glowing thoughts senates have hung enraptured; but whose political errors, and ill-directed philosophy—whose ignorance of all that science which is not taught, and all that wisdom which is scouted and denounced by the paid teachers of the public—have worked the woe of their contemporaries, and filled the pages of history with characters of blood. Among these is an exercise of Canning's (a copy of verses on the corrupting influence of gold), and its illustration is—"What for a ducat?—The canvassing of a rotten borough!" That Canning, in after-life, closed his eyes to the evil he there so smartly exposed, and that he ranged himself with the decided enemies of reform, is matter probably of the gravest reproach that has been urged against his memory. In taking up this position, he has been accused of sinning against the light of reason, and of knowingly upholding the profitable abuse, at the expense of honesty and the welfare of his country. If, in any degree, there is ground for such an accusation—if, at his outset in life, he indeed wilfully sacrificed the just to the expedient—who shall say that the seeds of that depravity were not sown alike in what was not taught at Eton, and in what was?

Much stress is laid, in general estimation, upon the liberalizing tendency of classical reading; and on the whole, perhaps, the notion is not altogether erroneous. What, however, is the moral of the history of the Roman republic, as understood and taught in these countries?—A supercilious contempt of popular rights, and admiration of the overbearing despotism of an oligarchy. But whatever of generosity and of true greatness is disclosed by the writers of antiquity, must fall dead upon imaginations fixed closely upon longs and shorts, and from which all lights are shut out, save those of a scanty and imperfect philology. It is not merely that the sciences and that modern languages (including even our own) are banished from the course of scholastic education in our public schools, but that the most simple and elementary instruction in morals is sedulously avoided. For the formation of the heart, nothing, absolutely nothing, is attempted, beyond the dull sermons of the college chapel. In the society of the school, the practical morality of the higher orders of adults sets the tone; and in its discipline, there is no instruction in principles to rectify the false judgments of coteries and of fac-

tions. Indifferentism and selfishness form the moral atmosphere of the place; and charity is bound, in condemning the great mistake of Canning's life, to remember that the taint of that atmosphere was in his veins from his early youth. Let me, however, not be misunderstood. It is not the absence of *ex cathedra* instruction merely that I deprecate. Upon the whole, it may be safer to leave the young mind an absolute blank, than to fatigue it with catechismal maxims, and to make it an acquiescent receptacle for moral dogmas, which it is forbidden to question. The proper object of education is truth, not the particular opinions of any men, or set of men. Its aim should be, not to load the memory, but to exercise the reason. It is not alone a code of particular practices, but an examination of general principles which is wanted to form the early character of youth—to habituate it to weigh the consequences of actions—to understand and to feel the hidden sources of the just and the unjust, the real and efficient motives that make one line of conduct preferable to another.

I know not how it may be at present, but in my time the mere practical morality of the school was at a low ebb. Debt was the common vice of the place; and among the little boys, certain species of theft were allowable under the mitigated appellation of "cribbing." Books, for instance, were commonly thus appropriated, and torn and disfigured to prevent reclamation. The covers of books were likewise in requisition to make candlesticks—the pasteboard being bent in the middle, and a notch cut at the bend to receive the candle. So, likewise, surplices were abstracted and concealed, to serve, as has already been hinted at, for towels. But it is not so much the permission of a few such peccadillos, which ulterior experience may correct, that is matter of regret: it is the total neglect of this department of education—the utter ignorance which is left in the youthful mind as to the whole domain of the right and the fitting.*

When it is considered, that to the public schools is committed the education of our statesmen, our lawyers, and our divines, and that in their walls the foundation is laid of the character of the entire upper classes of society, the evil must be regarded as of the last national importance. It is a generally-received opinion abroad, that the educated classes of Englishmen, taken as a body, are the most unprincipled people of Europe: that is to say, the people least governed by principle. They are a people influenced, indeed, on certain moral points, by habits and by opinion, with considerable closeness and severity, but continually committing a vast multitude of vices (when not thus guided) by mere lack of a just sense of the iniquity. But this is no place for details. Suffice it, that the system of our national education is deficient and erroneous—that it is centuries behind the illumination of the age—and that it leaves those who trust to it, in morals and in profitable instruction, far below those classes whose information is forced on them by the necessities of their daily avocations. To the people at large, the reformation of the public schools is a point of immense importance, inasmuch as it is essential to them, that the persons charged with the management of the nation's affairs should be more competent and trustworthy; but to the aristocracy it is still more so; because their very

* If nothing more can be done, why are "Tully's Offices" not admitted into the school course? The Latin (that main point) is "Ciceronian," and the matter might advantageously be made level to third-form capacities.

existence as a corps, the tenure of their supremacy in the state, depends upon their not sinking below the average intellectual level of the general population.

Let it not be imagined that these things are said in anger—that they are the ebullitions of a mind diseased by early painful recollections. Their author is personally unacquainted with any individual engaged in tuition. He is not insensible of the benefits which he has derived from a scholastic education; but, on the contrary, is anxious that the still greater benefits of which the public institutions are susceptible, should be rendered available to future generations. He may in truth say with Petrarch,—

> "Io parlo per ver dire,
> Non per odio d' altrui, ne per disprezzo."

With this protest, farewell to thee, Eton! That a recurrence to thy long-forgotten scenes was fraught with melancholy recollections, was not altogether thy fault; but that it was so, is sufficient guarantee that the visit will not be repeated. Fare thee well, then, and for ever! That thou mayest long continue the haunt of the Muses, and become indeed the nursing mother of our English youth (and to that end, that thou mayest be speedily, ay, and radically reformed), is my parting wish! I could scarce wish thee worse, than that, in these days, thou shouldst continue what thou hast been!

μ.

WRITTEN AT THE CLEPSYDRA, MESSENE, IN 18—.

A LITTLE stream came sparkling from the stone,
And went away, amidst the flowers to die;
And festal chaplets on the branches nigh
Still seem'd to hang, and wither, one by one,
As if the revellers had lately gone.
And through the tall, red laurels sadly shone
A single shaft of all that temple pile,
Marking the sea of green, like some bright isle
Twinkling far seaward; and huge masses lay
Heap'd round it, by some earthquake's sudden play,
Taking the city on its banquet day.
Friezes and urns, with centaur-looking men,
And gentle shapes entwining them, and Loves
Crowning the disport, and from sunless groves
Fauns glancing forth, were strew'd along the glen.
And, over all, a spread of tossing trees
Rose, with wild rocks for rampart; and before
Lay the smooth-throbbing sea; and in the breeze,
With shepherd-voices, came its soften'd roar.—
And this was once Messené's crowded shore!

And near that fountain stood two maidens;—how
Came they, or went they, none but they might know.
One stoop'd to gather from the wet leaves near
A dripping wreath, and hid, perchance, a tear
Beneath th' unblushing locks, which earthward flow'd,
And veil'd her round, whene'er the maiden bow'd.

The other stood more stately: her full eye
In ardent stillness through her lashes beam'd;
O'er her clean brow the raven tresses stream'd,
Wrought with rich coins, there cluster'd heedlessly;
And the calm brow in gentle orbs bent down,
And touching, seem'd to touch not perfectly;
And through ripe lips the half-closed teeth were shown,
And sounds were heard of half-breathed minstrelsy;
And with each sound, across the kindled brown
Of the young cheek, no sooner seen than flown,
Pass'd nameless thoughts and blushes,—yet scarce known
For whom, or what, or whence,—tumultuously;—
And in the swelling form, life, fully blown,
Gloried with gentlest might; and yet was thrown
O'er all the weakness of some inward grief,
Which had no words, nor, on this earth of woe,
Hoped, look'd, or ask'd for earthly man's relief;—
But God still reigns above, though man must bear below.

And now we near'd and spoke her. Shy, yet kind,
Seem'd the fair peasant, as she brush'd and show'd
The hereditary gem, and tried to find
Words which might teach us whence its wonders flow'd;
For, in her childhood, did her mother bind
The jewel on her, for a watch and ward;
(Alas! it fail'd, when most she ask'd such guard;)
And now she barter'd it for bread! No praise
Dropp'd from her; but she watch'd, with patient gaze,
And half-smile trembling on her changeless lip,
The words quick-mirror'd in our stranger-face,
And gestures,—and the same still look did keep,
E'en till she parted. So she seem'd the nymph
Of that old fountain, with its dripping flowers,
And little sparkling stream, and ruin'd towers,
Still faithful to the last—if not too high,
Too largely fashion'd for such deity.
And Flora's self had not come back to earth,
Mourning the wasted garden, or the birth,
Nursing of young flowers where the old had died;—
So god-like seemed she by our earthly side.

They both were orphans!—On the self-same night
They fell—the father and the mother died,
Each on the other: for the freeman's right,
The Christian's faith, the peasant-warrior's pride,
Fought they and perished. Samuel was a priest;
And she—the black-eyed, beautiful, the young,
The dauntless—was his chosen. In one list
Strove they, and perish'd;—in the one hour flung,
By the same arms, down the same crags, they died,
Faithful to God and Greece; and, side by side,
Now dwell above with martyrs. They were tried,
And proved, and rest; and from yon heavens look down
Still on those maidens by the fountain-stone:
The orphan'd upon earth have still o'erhead
Fathers and mothers; and the glorious dead
Leave memories behind them, which shall shield
Where armies fail and fortress ramparts yield!

THE PLAY-HOUSES AND THEIR PROSPECTS.

A WEEKLY writer, whose honesty and general good taste in dramatic matters demand a respectful treatment, even of his errors,—in a late disquisition on his favourite subject, attributes the present melancholy state of things to the character of the persons appointed by the several managers to read the "two hundred" MSS. annually presented to each theatre. Two hundred are the average number offered to the Haymarket, as delivered in evidence by Mr. Morris, and to be found in good open type in the *Report from the Select Committee on Dramatic Literature*, that golden volume containing touches worthy of Rabelais, and furnishing to a future Cruikshank the richest subjects for graphic illustration. Indeed, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge may take some little shame to itself, that under its auspices the "Report" has not re-appeared in cheap and portable volumes, edited by Mr. Winstan, Mr. Morris, or any other gentleman, whose like intelligence and disinterestedness under examination, might have pointed him out as equal to the labour. Mr. Morris avers that two hundred MSS. are annually left with himself, or his footman, for perusal; who reads them in the present case, it matters not. Now, unless the Haymarket—from the wisdom and liberality which have ever distinguished its manager—be a favourite house with the desperate hundreds who write plays, other theatres, from the length of their season, are, it is fair to calculate, visited with a still heavier number than that inflicted on the suffering Mr. Morris. The writer upon whose text we propose to hang a few remarks, says, "Each theatre has a reader, that is, a gentleman appointed by the manager to select from two hundred MSS. plays eight or ten for representation. Now, if these readers do not dip into the mass of papers as they would into a lucky bag, and select the required number of new pieces at random, we give them credit for more patience than we are ourselves possessed of; indeed, we should think them, in such case, unnecessarily laborious, because we feel perfectly convinced that a random dip into two hundred MSS. would be quite as satisfactory and successful in its result, as any method of reading by one gentleman can possibly be. If the reader does read any of the MSS., it can only be a few of the topmost ones of the pile, or those which come to him strongly recommended by some influential persons, or those whose titles may fix his attention. *Hopeless must be the condition of the playwright whose piece is the twentieth in the heap! Men of education and talent, who are aware of these facts, will not attempt to write for the stage; they know that in such attempts weeks and months of constant labour would be wasted; consequently, they turn their attention to more certain and profitable pursuits.* Notwithstanding that two hundred MSS. are annually submitted to the managers of each of the principal theatres, we have *no additions to the list of the playwrights*, at least no additions that have been made by the 'readers' in the exercise of their professional discretion. The writers for the stage at present are Mr. Sheridan Knowles, Mr. Jerrold, Mr. Planche, Mr. Peake, Mr. Buckstone, and Mr. Fitzball. There are a few others, but their productions are of so inferior a character that we may be well excused for forgetting their

names." And then the writer proceeds to lament that "there is no inducement for men, who can make money otherwise, to enter the field in rivalry with these *fortunate* gentlemen!" Does the writer know what he is about? Is he aware of the mischief of his temptation? What! would he maliciously beckon a "mob of gentlemen" into the dramatic Hesperides, when, even for those by his own admission high up in the branches, there is not one golden apple left? Would he actually seduce novelists from venison and claret to come and scuffle with the "fortunate" six for small beer and brown bread? Make more dramatists! when there are at least three to many—using the term, "dramatist," in the sense affixed to it by Johnson, *i. e.*,—"the *author* of dramatic *compositions!*" Why did not the writer run his finger down the list of novelties for the past twelvemonth, ere he indirectly accused the fortunate six of the wickedness of wealth, won from the treasuries of the theatre, to the total exclusion of unhappy writers doomed to poems, tales, and novelists? Let him now do so, and in his next, we pray let him inform us how much under the salary of a Birmingham traveller has fallen to the lot of three of *the six*, during the past year, for the exercise of their "fortunate" monopoly. The Brahmins, we have somewhere read, will not use the ink of Europeans, lest there should be any wine in it.—The standish of the English dramatist—as a dramatist—would not pollute the pen of Vishnu himself.

The English stage in now a by-word of contempt. Gentlemen high and learned in the law—(of late, to be sure, a voice hath shaken

"The *Temple's* inner shrine"),—

boast their ignorance of the modern theatre with a proud look of superiority—men of all professions, who know by heart the opera-bill, resent even a suspicion of a dramatic yearning: the intellect of the country no longer sits in judgment on the novelties of the stage,—and why? because in nineteen cases out of twenty, there is nothing worthy its consideration. Middle-aged gentlemen now speak of a new play as of their peg-tops, a thing of another time and other thoughts. "Ion," it is true, was applauded to the echo on its first representation; but its poetic subtleties were addressed to half the congregated intelligence of London—the work was stamped by the judgment of, it may be said, an illustrious audience: and Mr. Morris has been spared the dilemma of taking into his consideration for the first time, and at a short notice, a tragedy of the Greek school. But how if "Ion" had been left, the work of an unknown man, with the footman of the "spirited proprietor?" At this time of day, who is there so bold—though ever so ignorant—as not to admire the Elgin marbles? The jury that tried "Ion" was composed of precisely the same class of individuals who, thirty years ago, sat in judgment on every new play—whose verdict weighed with the town, led, instructed it. Had "Ion" been played for the first time to an audience such as is usually gathered together by the announcement of a new drama, what would have been the result? Applause, certainly,—much applause. The tragedy would have been repeated once—twice—thrice, aye, perhaps four times; and then would have been produced in its place some opera, cut from a novel by the job scissors-man of the house, and composed against the stock-musician's timepiece—an opera, which "had been a considerable time in preparation;" and the destiny of

Adrastes would have been quavered into nothing by the mellifluous warblings of Mr. Collins! Happy are we to say it is otherwise. It is to us an unaffected gratification to see its gifted author emancipate himself from the conventionalities of a profession—to vindicate the great truth—by narrow, half-wise minds, chuckled at as a fallacy—that the exercise of creative poetry is compatible with the most energetic efforts of daily life—and that the laurel of the dramatic bard is neither baneful nor ridiculous to the coif of the lawyer. It is a peculiar delight to us to record this triumph of Sergeant Talfourd; for it is a triumph in which all men sharing a poetic sense must participate, knowing that by its faculty our perceptions are quickened, as our minds are elevated and our sympathies enlarged;—

"It gives us eyes, it gives us ears,
A heart the fountain of sweet tears,
And hope, and peace, and joy!"

And this may apply as directly to the judge upon the bench, as to the loiterer in field or grove.

Yet a few words on the success of "Ion." Could an author secure for the first few nights of his drama, an audience of equal intelligence to the jury that tried the learned Sergeant, the whole mass of the public would be leavened with the good old faith, and, or we greatly err, cast away the new religion for "black, white, and gray" spectacles and melodramas, with all the trumpery of pageant and procession. We should then have forced upon journalists, what Voltaire admirably calls "the tenth muse," wholesome criticism. At present, with a few, very few honourable exceptions, dramatic criticisms are written very much in the spirit of Bow-street reports; a dramatist—especially if he fail with the present audience—and a pickpocket are treated with similar courtesy. If he be applauded, the report says as much—if hissed, the historian of the night is certain not to conceal the fact; but for any analysis of character—any minute development of passion—any championship by the critic of the wrongs of the writer against the ignorance, the caprice, or the injustice of the audience—it never enters into the brain of the censor, who contents himself with his two sets of stereotype phrases, applause or commendation, as the case may be. The piece was hissed, "but the ayes had it"—or it was given out for repetition "without a dissentient voice;" and then for the actors, they "exerted themselves with their usual ability"—or, "even the talents of Mr. Turnour could not redeem the drama," which, we are sure to be told, is "gone to the tomb of the Capulets." Where *is* Mr. Leigh Hunt? And when such things are done, what "time has he" to be even a little poorly? We conjure him, by the subjoined parallel cases, to take pity on the playgoer:—

"Bow-street.—Yesterday, a man named *Edward Wiggins* was brought before Sir Frederic Roe, charged with having stolen from the auction-rooms of Mr. George Robins, the following articles: a fish-slice with a mother-o'-pearl handle, curiously carved; a cream-jug, one of the legs much bent, it is supposed by the thief; a pair of sugar-tongs (the king's pattern); a peculiar thimble-case, said by Mr. Robins to have belonged to one of the maids of honour to Queen Anne; a bottle of brandy (real Cognac), and a prayer-book. All the articles were taken on the thief.

"Mr. George Robins stated, that he was in his rooms about dusk on the previous night. The prisoner was present, apparently viewing the articles for the sale of the next day. He thought there was something suspicious in the appearance of the man, as he asked one of his (Mr. Robins's) assistants, when any of Drury-lane shares were to be sold; and therefore resolved to watch him. Presently, he saw him put the fish-slice with the mother-o'-pearl handle in his left coat-pocket, the cream-jug with the leg much bent, next followed it. On this he (Mr. Robins) accused him of the theft, when he resisted considerably, and at first offered to be searched. After much struggling, however, the above-named articles were found upon him, and he was lodged in the hands of Ledbitter.

"Sir Frederic Roe asked the prisoner what he had to say for himself, cautioning him (very constitutionally) to utter nothing that might compromise him.

"The prisoner observed, that what he had to say he should keep for his defence. He was fully committed for trial. The unfortunate man was dressed in the first style of fashion, and is slightly marked with the small-pox. He stood in an easy attitude leaning one arm upon the bar, and resting his right-hand upon his hip. We are given to understand (and on the best authority) that he is distantly connected with a certain Baronet, whose affair at Crockford's excited so much attention last season. Wiggins is not his real name."

The other report:—

"Drury-lane Theatre.—Last night, a new tragedy in five acts was produced here for the first—and judging by the sentence of the audience—we should say, the last time. It is, we hear, from the pen of Mr. ——; and is sufficiently dull to warrant the report. Plot it has none; of characters it is wholly deficient—and the language never rises above mediocrity. It is however due to all the actors to state, that they exerted themselves to the utmost, but all would not do to redeem the author, whose friends, by the way, mustered very strongly on the occasion. At the fall of the curtain there were many hisses, though in common justice we feel ourselves strictly bound to say, that perhaps 'the ayes had it.' We had almost forgotten to notice the dress of Miss Tree; it was very superb, and will, we trust, be reserved by her for a drama more worthy of its beauty."

We put it to the reader, accustomed to the "police" and the "theatres" of a journal, whether the above be any burlesque on the literature displayed in the case of John Wiggins and the tragic poet? Such is the care—the knowledge bestowed on the drama in England; whilst in France—as the reader of the Paris journals will immediately allow—a vaudeville of some forty minutes obtains an elaborate essay; is not despatched in thirty lines for the next morning, but receives sentence after three or four representations. Two or three months since we read in the "Gazette des Tribuneaux" a review of a translation of Shakspeare of consummate skill and beauty; but then the author was not employed, in his more important moments, in reporting the cases of the Conciergerie or the Morgue.

We shall, perhaps, best display the present condition of the stage, by exposing the principles of management of individual theatres. As,

unhappily, there is but little difference in the *spirit* with which they are severally conducted, we will begin eastward, with that urn of light, the Pavilion, Whitechapel. In setting out, however, we protest that we bear no malice towards the gentlemen permitted by Government to rule the destinies of the modern drama. We repeat—permitted by Government; for were the unjust, absurd, and injurious restrictions removed, the people—with solitary exceptions—who now, by the grace of luck and ignorance, lord it over the English theatre, would in three years be supplanted by intelligent, practical managers. Competition would produce worth and knowledge. To proceed:

Pavilion Theatre.—This theatre is under the management of a Mr. Farrell. His play-bills triumphantly attest his peculiar ability for such direction; they are an admirable specimen of the literature of the dramas produced under his auspices. Should a very atrocious murder be committed, the assassination is, in a few days, represented in a manner very little short of the original horror. The "Amphitrite" convictship, it must be remembered, was wrecked off Boulogne. Mr. Farrell, the "spirited proprietor," touched with gain and sympathy, embodied the circumstance in, we believe, a piece of his own; and, at "an immense expense," engaged some fifty supernumeraries to lie on the beach, dead and stark, "every evening until further notice." And this is a fair specimen of a Pavilion drama! And what says the Government to this? It smiles consent on the atrocities of Mr. Farrell, permits him to proceed in his crusade against the common sense and decent feelings of the people of Whitechapel, by placing the right of license in a bench of magistrates, assailable by importunity, interest, and intrigue. A short time since, Mr. Farrell produced a piece called "Fifteen Years of a Tradesman's Life,"—a drama from his own golden pen, in which was presented a bagnio with all its mysteries. One of his actors ventured to hint at the impropriety of the scene, when the author, laying his hand upon his heart, and smiling very blandly, in a voice of rich falsetto assured the fastidious, that "the scene was faithfully *taken from nature!*" And the Government says, "Very right—proceed, Mr. Farrell."

Garrick Theatre.—This Thespian nook is in Leman-street, and has, we believe, descended through all the tribes of Israel. On its first opening, the proprietor of the Pavilion—trembling for his monopoly of absurdity and horror—tried every means to destroy it; the surrounding public, however, supported the new theatre, and, after many struggles with the bench, money is now, at least when it is offered, "taken at the doors." Its original pieces are not quite so highly spiced as the dramas of Mr. Farrell, and stock-plays—the "marks" being "picked out," like Mrs. Peachem's handkerchiefs—go off tolerably well among "the sailors at Redriff." There is one, if we may be allowed the adjective, gorgeous incident connected with this theatre; Mr. Braham received thirty pounds for singing two or three songs. Except this gratifying circumstance, and a drama produced on the book of "Esther"—a drama which aroused the Bishop of London into remonstrance—the Garrick has put forth no peculiar claims to public censure or applause. Many of the pieces produced at the Pavilion and Garrick are from the pen of a person named ———, who may be seen, in his hours not employed in composition, on the pavement of Whitechapel, with a green

shade over his face and a placard on his breast, soliciting the charity of the passengers for "the successful author of a hundred dramas!"

Surrey Theatre.—"I found the crown hanging on a bush," said an English usurper; "I picked the Surrey from the gutter," exclaimed the equally regal Robert William Elliston, who was, in truth, a magnifico of the first order—a hound of the first breed: his successors are "petty larceny" potentates—trundle-tails. Robert William lived in open war with usurers, and did not combine the arduous duties of a manager with the anxious employment of a bill-discounter; he paid, but he never *took*, thirty per cent.; he looked a sheriff's officer into dust, and would have expired with virtuous horror at an exchange of monetary courtesies with his opposite neighbour of Charlotte-street, the bailiff for Surrey. The people of St. George's Fields should raise a monument to Elliston for the Falstaff that he brought among them. Nor before nor since have they of the Surrey beheld aught worthy of the knight's shoe-leather. On his second appearance in the part at Drury-lane, Elliston fell down in speechless intoxication; but he fell, only to rise at the Surrey. Elliston's Falstaff! What a combination of the wit, the humourist, the sensual feeder, the worldly philosopher, and the *gentleman!* At once his manner redeemed the taste of Prince Hal; in a moment, his tones, his look, and carriage, convinced you that he could on occasion rise above the mere bolter of capons and swallower of sherris: he proved, what every other Falstaff has failed in, or rather, what they never attempted, considering it no part of the character—that he could be a courtier. The Falstaff of other actors is the mere cookshop Falstaff; the Falstaff of Elliston might, if he pleased, have attended levees. We fear that few, very few, critics crossed the bridge to see the fat knight, which, it is our faith, was the highest triumph of Elliston as an actor, inasmuch as it combined, heightened, and enriched all the qualities which he severally displayed in other parts. We shall never forget his look, attitude, and voice, when narrating the famous Gadshill fight. As he proceeded, detailing his prowess, like a true liar, he became a convert to his own falsehood, and his frame dilated, and his voice deepened and rolled with his imaginary triumphs; and, for the time, he stood in his own conviction, the breathing Hector of his own lie. Nothing could be more exquisite—no expression could more perfectly catch the subtle spirit of Shakspeare than the glance of Elliston,—his flushed face, quivering with conquest, and his whole mountain of a body big with the hero, as he cried, "Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me!" Of a piece with this was his rallying under the exposure of the Prince; and when asked by Hal, "What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?"—gathering himself up, fairly melting his face with a smile, and his eye glowing like a carbuncle, Elliston fulmined rather than spoke, "By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye!" Poor Elliston! he sleeps in lead in St. John's Church, and the Surrey is governed by Mr. Davidge. Our business is now with one of Robert's successors. Elliston and Davidge! A declension from Falstaff to Nym!

Since the death of Elliston, murder has been the staple article at the Surrey. "Jonathan Bradford" was written according to the order of

Mr. Osbaldiston, who, by the result, we presume, commanded the dramatist to his work, in the language of the prompt direction of an old play, that all might "die, leaving the stage as bloody as it might be." The success of "Jonathan Bradford" is a matter of even historical authority. The manager put thousands in his pocket, and presenting the author with a silver cup, with the affecting motto, "Respect to the respected," crossed the bridge with his money, and took Covent-Garden, whence he occasionally appeared by deputy in the Court of Chancery, pleading himself "a rogue and vagabond," (a plea which was of course allowed,) in bar of partnership, set up by a credulous plaintiff. Mr. Davidge has kept to the "good old plan" to an alarming extent of prosperity. We believe it is the peculiar boast of the "spirited proprietor," and the assertion may be believed, as it is borne out by other evidence, that "he makes more money than any manager in London, and that with the poorest company and worst pieces!" Would this be the case were present restrictions abolished? Would a theatre be made little more than a chapel of ease to Horsemonger-lane gaol? Would a manager of a theatre be on a level with the under-deputy of that metropolitan cage? For the original dramas produced by the money of Mr. Davidge, they may, with a rare exception, be judged by the following lines of a song popular with the Surrey boxes, called "Jim Crow." We quote them, though with an earnest hope that they may escape the eyes of Mr. Colman:—

"Cain he was de first man,
Abel was de oder—
Dey put Adam on de tread-mill,
For killing of his bruder."

This, we know, is a negro song; it is, however, quite as good—nay, much better, than the original dramas ordered by Mr. Davidge; who, however, if we may believe green-room stories, is something of a Buonaparte. "Bless me," cried a play-wright, "why, you have had that scene very quickly painted." "Yes, yes," replied a portly, bilious man, "there is a great deal of Napoleon about *me*!"

One more word on the literature of Surrey dramas, and the reward thereat of literary men. The manager sends for a hack, and offers him the astounding sum of ten pounds for a piece to be "expressly written" for an actor, to whom the said manager covenants to pay sixty pounds per week. The piece is done; is worth the money, and—no more. The drama is brought out, and played to "overflowing houses." In fact, under the management of Davidge he has always played to an overflow—that is, the gallery has continued to run into the boxes. It is no very agreeable task to write of these people, but they are made mischievous by the Government, and their mischief must be thoroughly exposed, ere we can hope for a remedy. The monopoly destroyed, such persons as the Surrey manager would cease to have a professional existence.

Victoria Theatre.—What shall we say for this lot? Simply this,—it is under the management of an officer of the sheriffs for "Middlesex, Westminster, and Surrey," who, to vary and soften the asperities of his legal labours, indulges in the *dolce far niente* of dramatic management. Now a writ, and now a tragedy—now an execution, and now a comic pantomime! Thus much, however, we must state.—We understand that it is an especial clause in the articles of the actors that

none of them shall be "taken" while in business. A writ may stand over for a comic song—a declaration be withheld for a horupipe in chains!

Astley's Theatre.—It is reported of Mr. Ducrow, that, superintending a grand equestrian spectacle, he addressed a biped offender, who was a little too forward in the picture, in these words (omitting a few intensities)—"Get out of the way, Sir; get back, Sir; would you have the impudence to stand *before a horse?*" And in the spirit, conveyed in the reproof of the manager, the spectacles are produced at this house. This is as it should be; it is a house for horses, and piebalds may lawfully assert their supremacy; it is only when the said piebalds gallop over tragedy and comedy—when, in fact, they are not hidden by men, but canter over actors, that we are out of temper with the pretty, docile creatures. If all theatres were conducted like Astley's, with the like fidelity to their original purpose, we had never attempted our present essay.

Haymarket Theatre.—Crossing Westminster Bridge, we proceed towards the establishment governed by the leaden sceptre of Mr. Morris. What a jade was Fortune to take him from the War-office!—what could have put the baggage in such ill humour with the unfortunate drama? However, the deed is done; and let us now consider its lamentable effects. Mr. Morris, after a long series of complaints, obtained an extension of licence. He is now permitted to keep his house open from Easter until November. Has he once availed himself of the new privilege? No. He has simply the enlarged power of doing wrong; but—and we must give him this praise—he has rarely availed himself of the new mischief awarded him by the Lord Chamberlain. The Haymarket—though, beyond all hope of parallel, the worst planned theatre in London, the power of seeing the stage being granted by the architect only to the *juste milieu* of the audience—should be the house of comedy. What—take the past three years—has Mr. Morris produced?—what unknown writer has he brought forward?—what provincial actor has he snatched from a barn? Has he not, in every instance, either in case of author or actor, awaited his success at other theatres, ere the proprietor has opened to him his stage-door? At the Haymarket, everything is transplanted—it is a soil where nothing originates; if a tragedy or a drama be eminently successful at Covent-Garden, Mr. Morris has no objection to risk it on his boards; and for this profound reason—it costs him comparatively nothing; until within these past three years absolutely nothing: and he has for forty, fifty nights availed himself of the successful labours of men, whom he has neither enterprise nor liberality sufficient to employ originally for himself. Last season, many and painful were the negotiations carried on between Mr. Mæcenas Morris and a successful dramatist; and what the argument?—this: whether Mr. Morris should give the sum of one hundred pounds—a sum frequently paid for an article in a review—for a five-act comedy! Mr. Morris has this season produced "Ion:" yes, it was stamped with success at Covent-Garden. The tragedy came into his hands a tested pearl. Had he scratched it from a heap of MSS., the cock in the fable had found a brother in intelligence. Mr. Morris complained most pathetically before the Dramatic Committee of the minor theatres: not confining themselves to what he sagaciously called a burletta, *i. e.*, "a piece with

songs in it,"—they dared to play the legitimate drama, which was any piece in five acts. (Thus, "Hamlet" might be a burletta, and, with a little amplification,—a little beating of the ingot,—"Jonathan Bradford" might be legitimized.) Does Mr. Morris show any disposition to compete with his encroaching rivals? Does he hold out any rewards worthy the consideration of any man capable of aught beyond the conversion of sprightly French into sober English? He has this season refused the tragedy of one of the first writers of the age; for the good old breeches-pocket reason, he would not pay for it. And we are to have a monopoly—we are to place the hopes, nay, the very bread of men who would write for the stage, in hands such as these! During the present season, Mr. Morris has certainly produced some novelties from the—French; and he has moreover produced a ballet in opposition to the dancers of the Opera—(leaden Mercury against the winged son of Maia)—a ballet, which, with the full-blown air of a patron, he boasts has cost him two thousand pounds! Two thousand pounds for a ballet, and one hundred pounds for a five-act comedy! Monsieur D'Egville is most courteously bowed into the theatre, and the door is shut in the face of Mr. Bulwer! And the wisdom of the legislature claps Mr. Morris on the back, and says, "unto David, *thou* art the man" to foster and exalt the English theatre!

St. James's Theatre.—"You are not the proprietor"—thus ran the question put to Mr. Braham by the Dramatic Committee—"you are not the proprietor of any theatre?" Mr. Braham answered and said—"Thank God! I am not." Mr. Braham is now, however, the proprietor of the St. James's, for which pretty house he has obtained a licence, and at which he has managed one season. We will not rigourously examine the dramas sent forth under his auspices during his first campaign. They were mostly importations from the Coburg, with two or three verbal translations from the French. This season, we hope he may do better. Should he, however, disappoint us, we trust the theatre will pass into abler hands; and that, when we are asked if Mr. Braham be still a proprietor, we may be able to avail ourselves of his own words, and to answer—"Thank God! he is not."

Drury-Lane Theatre.—What are we to expect of this season, when the heralds of Mr. Bunn lift up their silver trumpets, and, sounding the note of triumph, declare that "he has secured the services of Taglioni?" Taking breath from the important announcement, they blow again, and proclaim the probability of an "engagement with Madame Malibran!" A third time the trumpets flourish, and, amidst a great waving of caps, and clapping of hands, we are expected to leap with joy, on hearing that "Mr. Bunn has concluded a treaty with Mr. John Barnett, for the composer's new opera of *Rosamond!*" Do we blame Mr. Bunn for his huge cauldrons—his processions? Do we, with some of our contemporaries, call down upon him the penal fire, for that, somewhat like Abel Drugger, he hath caused horseshoes to be magnetized, "to draw in the gallants by the heels?" By no means: we think Mr. Bunn is just as right as the Government is wrong. We believe Mr. Bunn would not care the value of one spangle if the monopoly were abolished to-morrow. We are convinced he does not look upon Drury-Lane as a national theatre, but as a large arena for shows; and the enormous rent demanded for it—the theatre having been built with

materials at war prices—justifies him in the attempt of making what money he can out of the speculation. It is, in fact—if the government would be but honest—a purely commercial matter. It is not Mr. Bunn's fault, if the law insist on fastening upon him a privilege which is of no use to him, and to which, it is clear, he attaches not the slightest value. "The Provost of Bruges" was played to—in theatrical phrase—'ninety-pound houses;" leaving, of course, a ruinous balance against the manager, in consequence of his rent, and the four companies—namely, tragic, comic, operatic, and pantomimic—engaged. The tragedy was immediately withdrawn; and the author, we presume, took little more than a few encouraging criticisms to write on, and——get nothing! Abolish the monopoly, and theatres will be built, and companies engaged, at which and to whom ninety-pound receipts will be amply sufficient for every purpose of proprietor, actor, and author. The writer of a tragedy at one of the theatres is in this predicament: his play must attract not money enough to pay those engaged in it, but those who are of no service to it. Tragedy must pay comedy, opera, and pantomime, or tragedy is bankrupt. The ensuing season at Drury-Lane is to be devoted, like the last, to opera and show. Young, play-stricken gentlemen, and our well-meaning grandfathers, may rave and shake the head at the desecration of the national temple—at the introduction of horses "where Garrick and Siddons," &c. &c. &c.; but the fault rests not with the man who takes the theatre as a shop for his trade—not upon the showman himself, blustering in his laced coat and white plumes—but in the government that insists upon making Mr. Merriman "his Majesty's servant," to the loss of worthier people. Destroy the monopoly, and the chances are, that, in a very brief time, the horses of some Barclay and Co. would supersede the stud of Davis at Drury. To fasten any exclusive privilege on any proprietor of Drury-Lane or Covent-Garden, under present circumstances, is about as ridiculous as it would be absurd to present Ramo Samee with a patent of nobility.

Covent-Garden Theatre.—We think Mr. Osbaldiston more calculated to perpetuate the mischief of monopoly than Mr. Bunn, inasmuch as, by continuing to have what is called the legitimate drama sometimes in the bills, he affords the champions of the present system some arguments for its continuance. Last season, Mr. Osbaldiston might have done somewhat to retrieve himself with the public; yes, even after his courageous defence in the Court of Chancery. But nominally lowering his prices, though really doubling them—he giving us Surrey pieces and Surrey actors at twice their previous amount—he sank the credit of the theatre, and Covent-Garden became the greatest barn in the country. The wretched novelties that were produced—the concoctions of a Somerset, and a Mr. Pibdin Ditt, late of the Surrey—with cuttings from novels, and translations from the French by the stock author, Mr. Fitzball! And these things, contemptible in themselves, were contemptibly produced. Osbaldiston has not even spirit to thoroughly gild his gingerbread, but puts here a spot and there a spot of Dutch metal, the baseness of the under substance peeping, in fifty places, through. We have heard a story of a modern manager who was wont to mete out his gas in proportion to his audience. If the house was tolerably filled, the light was very endurable; but if the people came in slowly, the gas was as slowly turned upon them,

and thus it sometimes happened that the pieces were played in a very pictorial *chiara scura*. The plan had this advantage: it kept the poverty of pit and boxes from the eyes of the actors, who were thus not discouraged in their efforts by the oppressive signs of "bad business." We forget the name of the manager, but two or three visits last year to Covent-Garden almost convince us that it was Osbaldiston! Another anecdote of the present Surrey manager may illustrate the present management of the ex-king, now removed to Covent-Garden. The great originator of "My Poll and my Partner Joe" (for the manager, we have somewhere read, declares that work of genius traceable to himself) had bought some theatrical dresses. "There," said he, displaying a Richard's robe, and pointing, with triumphant finger, to the broad fur adorning it—"There," said he, "all real!" "Real!" exclaimed the gentleman to whom the dress was exhibited—"What! real ermine?" "No, no," rejoined the manager, "real *rabbit!*" This touch of management is worth a whole essay. As it was and is at the Surrey, so is it at Covent-Garden—everything is "real *rabbit!*" But Mr. Osbaldiston, it will be said, has set his heart upon better things: look at the golden names enriching his play-bill. The question is—how will he employ the few good actors he has done a violence to his purse to get around him? Will he have spirit to pay for the best pieces that can be produced, or will he trust to the Ariosto-like genius of his one-retained play-monger to fit with sock and buskin, Farren and Macready? We can only take the past as a presage of the future; and our goose-quill to a "beggarly denier," the close of the season leaves Mr. Osbaldiston in public estimation *not* "a shade higher."

The English Opera-House.—We cannot predict when the British Apollo will attain even his youth, but at present he is certainly in his cradle. We hear him crying now and then—now and then, too, we hear him scream; but we fear the day is distant, when he shall

"Sing of summer in full-throated ease."

The Government, however, with wise foresight, has suffered a very handsome palace to be built for the prince, whilst yet in his swaddling-clothes. In the meantime, it is said, the mansion is—under the management of Mr. Bunn—to be tenanted by an Apollo from Germany. To this we do not object, if the Government will suffer the friends of the English infant to erect another house for their little pet. We should not despair of having oak, whilst we have an acorn; but then we require patience to wait for the timber.

The Olympic Theatre.—This little temple, if we except the Amphitheatre, is the best managed house in London. What Madame Vestris professes to do, she does admirably. Her pieces are, to be sure, "milk for babes;" but then it is milk of the very best quality. The Olympic is a kind of dramatic confectioner's: we cannot be content to dine there; but Madame's cakes, and jellies, and "maids of honour" melt in the mouth very agreeably. One can call at the Olympic for a burletta as for a custard; and the custard is served upon plate, in a cup of the most delicate china, and with a spoon (to quote Mr. Cox Savory) of "the king's pattern." Now and then, as in the case of "A Loan for a Lover," we meet with something more solid—a pigeon-pie, or *perdrix aux choux*; but the general run of entertainment is sweet, light

and toothsome. There is nothing powerful, to discompose our nerves—no violent attack on our sympathies; but everything is turned into "prettiness and favour."

The Adelphi Theatre.—We hear the promise of amendment by the managers of this house, which, whilst it was confined to domestic dramas, flourished, and deservedly flourished. When, however, it began to produce "Vampire Bats" in three acts—"Black Vultures" in no less,—when the manager, like Pelisson, had his pet spider in the shape of O. Smith, and was ever breaking up his stage into pieces no bigger than cards, for earthquakes, floods, and volcanoes,—the Adelphi became a raree-show, and injured its own manager, and—the gallery of the Coburg. (Ducrow, by the way, has been heard to boast that *his* gallery sensibly affects the boxes of Mr. Morris.) Nor were these pieces assisted by the extemporaneous grossness of the principal *improvisatore*, at present, as we have heard, on his way from America, lured by only forty pounds a week from the treasury of the Adelphi. They *do* say that Mr. Yates promises to behave very prettily all the next season. We hope so.

New Strand Theatre.—We are disarmed of any criticisms that we might have indulged in upon the management of this theatre, by the farewell address of the proprietors, who plead the "suddenness of their undertaking" in extenuation of past deficiencies. As they say that they are—

> "Very sorry, very much ashamed,
> And mean next season to be quite reclaim'd,"

we will pass them, expending our last words upon—

Sadler's Wells Theatre. This house is under the management of Mr. Osdaldiston, who, during the summer, has played many pieces of "the regular drama," for the which, he, as patentee of Covent-Garden, has been informed against by his late assailant in the Chancery case, and has incurred penalties to the amount of some thousands. This is delicious; here we have—"the *miner*, lifted by his own petard." We rejoice at these informations; for they will be the means of accelerating that measure of justice, too long, with ignorant apathy, withheld by the legislature. For the original pieces produced at this house, they are, we believe, the joint production of a Mr. Campbell and a below-bridge waterman.

We have now glanced at all the theatres. No—we had forgotten "The Queen's." We doubt not, everybody who has had to do with it would be happy to arrive at the same oblivion. The Queen's Theatre is like Carisbrooke Well: any gentleman who wishes to get rid of his money, may "throw in," for he will never get it out again. At the well, however, one ass is enough to draw—at the Queen's, and it has been tried, fifty at least have failed.

The Government is now called upon to do something. If it conceive the represented drama to be an art of combination, let it restrict the number of theatres, and selecting two for the higher order of composition, let it carry a grant for the support of the national stage. If, on the contrary, the legislature have no solicitude whatever for the theatre, do not let it carry restrictions into that which is to be considered a mere trading speculation. Why not shut up certain bakers' shops at certain seasons, as well as certain theatres? Why show a half-anxiety, only to

be mischievous? With the abolition of the present monopoly, the stage would become regenerate, through what are now called minor theatres; they would insensibly become classified, and each would gradually attract to itself that which was the very best in the market for its peculiar entertainment. That free trade in the drama will ultimately be allowed —and we have earnest hopes, in course of the next session,—we are assured of, from the advancing intelligence of the times; but, whenever the measure shall be brought to pass, we shall think it imperfect if unaccompanied by the abolition of the office of deputy licenser. Never, in the court at Timbuctoo, was there a more solemn mockery! Compared to him, the blue monkey of the Indians is the eighth wisdom.

M.

'TWAS BUT A WORD!

'Twas but a word—a little thoughtless word!
The wind hath ta'en it with the rose-leaves strown;
And art thou angered so soon, mine own?
Oh! canst thou not that silly thing afford
Should pass thee by, well knowing thou art lord
Of all the rest? I would have shut mine ear,
Nor looked upon the thought I would not wear
Around my heart as being part of me,
Ensolved in our deep love's intensity;
A shadow should not fall where I adored.
What is a word that it should come between
To darken where the quiet light hath been
Shining so steadfastly?—and now 'tis past,
Let not the pulse beyond the passion last!

"'Twas but a word—a little thoughtless word!"
'Twas but a word!—and what then do we mean
By love, and all those things on which we lean?
Why do we tremble at the wild wind's chord?
Why are fresh tears fallen on an old record?
Because we treasure all things from the hour
That gave us love, for an immortal dower—
An' thou wouldst have the heart in aught believe,
It must believe in words; and so receive,
With bosom bare, or truth or falsest sword.
Call nothing little;—let there be a thought
Of holiness in words; for they are fraught
With many meanings to the list'ning heart;
So tune them of thy soul to be a part.

GOG AND MAGOG, AND THE WALL OF DHOULKARNEIN.

By Leigh Hunt.

A shadow seems to fall upon our paper at the very mention of the words, "Gog and Magog,"—fine, mouth-filling, mysterious names; and of whom?—Nobody knows. The names, we doubt not, have helped to keep up the interest; but the mystery is a mighty one of itself, and is found in reverend places. The grand prophet Ezekiel has a long mention of Gog and Magog, and describes them as a terrible people; but nobody has yet discovered who they are. They have been thought to be Goths, Celts, Germans, Tartars, &c.; but the most received opinion is, that they are Scythians; and there is a curious chapter in Bochart, which would corroborate a notion that is said to have prevailed among the Turks, and to which late events have given additional colour: to wit, that the Russians are a part of their family *. At all events, dear reader, Gog and Magog are *not* the giants of Guildhall; albeit the latter, like the former, are unappropriated phenomena—supposed, we believe, to represent an ancient Briton and a Roman, and to be the reliques of some quondam city pageant.

It seems agreed, however, that although nobody knows who Gog and Magog are, they are mixed up somehow with the region about Caucasus; and the Orientals, who call them Yàjouje and Màjouje †, think they are to come out of the mountains on the Caspian, and overrun the world. Some hold them to be giants; others say they are an innumerable race of pigmies. Bruce was asked about them during his travels, and informed that they were horribly little. "By God's help," said the traveller, "I shall not be afraid of them, though they be a hundred times less."

An old tradition, at strange variance with prophecy, says that Gog and Magog are Jews, and that they are to appear at the time of anti-Christ, and do great harm to believers. Hear Mandeville on the subject, whose old language adds to the look of seriousness and mystery:—

"Among thes hillis that be there," quoth the knight, "be the Jews of the ix. kyndes enclosed, that men call Gog and Magog, and they may not come out on no syde. Here were enclosed xxii. kynges, with her folke that dwellyd ther before, and between the hilles of Sichy (Scythæ? Scythians) and the kingdom of Alisaunder. He droffe hem theder among thes hillis, for he trowed for to have enclosyd hem there thourgh strength and worckyng of mannys hond, but he myght not. And than he prayed God that he wold fullfill that he had begon, and God hard his prayer, and enclosyd thes hillis togedyr, so that the Jews dwell there as they were lokyd and speryd inne (sparred, *i. e.* shut up); and there be hillis all abought hem but on one syde. Why ne go they not out? seist thou. But therto I answer, thou yt be soo that yt be called a cee, yt ys a stanke (standing water) stonding among

* *Geographia Sacra*, cap. 13.

† It is a whim of the Eastern nations, when names are familiarly coupled in history, to make them rhyme. Thus, Cain and Abel, are Cabil and Habil; and there are several other instances, but we have not time to look for them. If Beaumont and Fletcher had written among them, they would have tried hard to call them Beaumont and Fleaumont.

hillis. And yt ys the greatest stanke of all the world, and yf they went over the cee, they wot not where to aryve, for they wot not to speke but her owne langage; and ye shall (knowe) that the Jues have no lond of her owne in all the worlde, but they that dwellen in the hillis, and yet they bere tribute to the quene of Ermony. And sometyme yt ys soo that some Jewes gon on the hill, but they mey not passe, for thes hillis be so heigh; nevertheless men seye of that cuntre ther bye, that in the tyme of Antecriste they shall comen out, and do mochyll herme to Cristen men. And therefore all the Jewes that dwellen in dyvers partise of the world lern to speke Ebrewe, for they trowe that dwell amonge thes hillis schall com out, and (if) they speke Ebrewe and not ellis. And in tyme of Antecriste shall thyse Jewes comen out and speke Ebrewe, and leden other Jewes into Cristendom for to destroy Cristenmen; for they wotte be her prophecies that they shall com out of Cristenmen, shall be in her subieccion, as they be now under Cristenmen. An yf ye will wit howe they shall com and fynd passage out, as I have hard saye, I schall tell you. At the comynge of Antecrist, a fox schall com and make his den in the sam place where that kyng Alisaunder ded make the gattes, and schall travaille so on the erth and perce yt thorowe till that he com among the Jewes; and whan they see thys fox, they schall have great marwell of hym, for they seye never such maner of bestes, for other bestes they have amonge hem many, but non such; and they schall chese the fox, and pursue him till he be fled agen to the hole ther he cam out of; and than schall they grave after hym tyll the time they com to the gates that kyng Alisaunder dyde make of gret stonys will dight with symend (cement); and they schall brek thes gates, and so schall they fynd issue."*

The story of the fox is idle enough; but in the Pecorone of Sir Giovanni Fiorentino, quoted by the same authority, is a version of this story, in which a very romantic manœuvre of Alexander is mentioned. In order to keep his captives in subjection, "he fixed a number of trumpets on the top of the mountains, so cunningly framed *that they resounded in every breeze.* In the course of time certain birds built their nests in the mouths of the trumpets, and stopped them up, *so that the clangour gradually lessened. And when the trumpets were quite silent, the Jews ventured to climb over the mountains, and sallied forth.*"

It is curious to fancy the imprisoned nation listening year after year, and finding the sound of Alexander's dreadful trumpets grow less and less, till at length they are "silent." What has happened? Is the king dead? Have his army grown less and less, or feebler and feebler, so as to be unable to blow them? Are they all dead? Let us go and see. And forth they go, but cautiously—climbing the mountains with due care, and many listening delays. At length they arrive at the top, and see nobody—only those mighty scarecrows of trumpets, their throats stuffed up with the nests of birds!

In these traditions there is a confusion common in the East, of Alexander of Macedon, called by the Orientals Dhoulkarnein, or Zulkarnein (that is to say, the Two-horned, or Lord of the East and West), with another Dhoulkarnein, who lived before the time of Abraham, and is styled Dhoulkarnein the Greater. Powerful as they think the former, the latter was still more so; and was, besides, a prophet. He was a Mussulman by anticipation; and lived sixteen hundred years. It is supposed, however, that the Greek Alexander is both Dhoulkarneins in-

* Quoted by Mr. Weber in the notes to his *Metrical Romances*, vol. iii. p. 323. It has long been supposed that the Jews had a national settlement somewhere about this quarter. See D'Herbelot, *Bibliothèque Orientale*, art. *Jahoud*; and the late English travellers, particularly Elphinstone in his *Account of Caubul*.

clusive; and that in consequence of the figure he made in the East, he threw that mightier shadow of his greatness upon the mists of antiquity.

The essay towards a history of old Arabia, by Major Price, contains a summary of this Dhoulkarnein's adventures with Gog and Magog, taken out of an eastern historian, and containing the best account hitherto given of this awful people. The following is the amount of it:—

Among the children of Japhet was one of the name of Mensheje, or Meshech, who was the father of two sons called Yàjouje and Màjouje. From these descended a progeny so numerous, that, according to Abdullah, the son of Omar, if the inhabitants of the whole earth were divided into ten equal parts, nine out of the ten would be found to consist of the Yajouje-Majouje. They were so long-lived, that no one died till he had seen a thousand descendants of his body; and as to their stature, the race might be divided into three classes:—the Kelim-goush, or *cloth-eared*, only four cubits big; the class a hundred and twenty cubits in height; and the class who were a hundred and twenty cubits both in height and breadth. Had there been any more, we suppose that they would have been measured by the square mile. They were of enormous strength; and, though their ordinary food was the wild mulberry, were eaters of men. Agreeably to these bodily symptoms, they lived without a god, government, or good manners; and made horrible visitations in the countries about them, who lived in constant dread of their enormities.

Dhoulkarnein, in the course of an expedition which he took to survey all the countries of the earth, arrived at a territory bordering on these people, and was met with great reverence by the king of it, who, after becoming a convert to the hero's faith, begged his assistance against his dreadful neighbours. The Two-horned gave his consent, but it appears that even he had no expectation of being able to conquer them, for he did not attempt it. He contented himself with building a mighty wall, called by the eastern historian *Sedde-Zulkarnein*, or Bulwark of Zulkarnein; the remains of which are supposed to exist in certain ruins still visible, near the city of Derbent, on the Caspian. This wall fills the imagination almost as much as the race whom it was built to keep out; and the details of its construction are worth repeating. The monarch commenced by causing an immense ditch to be excavated between the two mountains through which the Yajouje Majouje were accustomed to pass. He then filled up the ditch with enormous masses of granite, by way of foundation; and upon these (though we are not told how he contrived it) he heaped huge blocks of iron, copper, and other metals, in alternate layers like brick; the whole of which being put in a state of fusion by great fires, became, when cooled, one solid bulwark of metal, stretching from side to side, and on a level with the mountains. "On the top of all," says our author,—

[*Hiatus valde deflendus!*—We had made a memorandum of this passage some time ago, and cannot on the sudden again meet with the book, not even in the British Museum.]

The length of the wall was "one hundred and fifty parasangs, or five hundred and twenty-five miles; its breadth fifty miles; and its height two thousand eight hundred cubits, or about the height of Ben Nevis."

There is no doubt that an important barrier of some kind existed in the defiles of Caucasus, on the Caspian; there are considerable remains of one. According to some, Nouschirvan, King of Persia, a prince of the dynasty of the Sassanides, had the honour of completing what Alexander began. Others have suspected, that by the account of its magnitude the wall of China must have been meant. But these questions, into which our hankering after the truth is continually leading us, are not necessary to that other truth of fable. The wall may or may not be a truth historical; Gog and Magog are a fine towering piece of old history fabulous.

In D'Herbelot,* is an account of a Journey of Discovery made by order of a caliph of the house of the Abbasides, to inquire into this structure. With the exception of a story of a mermaid, which we have transferred to its proper place, Warton gives a better account in his "History of English Poetry†." We have taken the best circumstances from both, and proceed to lay the result before the reader.

About the year 808, the caliph Al Amin, having heard wonderful reports concerning this wall or barrier, sent his interpreter Salam, with an escort of fifty men, to view it. Salam took the route of Nouschirvan, or Northern Media, in which Filan-Schah reigned at that time. From Nouschirvan he passed into the territory of the Alani, and thence into the district of the lord of the marches, who dwelt in the city of Derbent, and whose title was *Lord of the Golden Throne*. For the extraordinary fish which he caught in company with their ruler, see the article which lately appeared in this Magazine upon "Sirens and Mermaids."

The Lord of the Golden Throne furnished our travellers with guides to conduct them farther north, into which quarter, having marched twenty-six days, they arrived at a land which emitted a fearful odour. They beheld as they went many cities destroyed by the Yàjouje Màjouje, and in six days arrived at that part of the mountains of Caucasus, in which was the strong hold, enclosing those *captives* of Dhoulkarnein. They saw the tops of the fortress long before they reached it. On coming up, it was found to consist partly of iron and partly of a huge mountain, in an opening in which stood the gate, of enormous magnitude. This gate was supported by vast buttresses, and had an iron bulwark, with turrets of the same metal, reaching to the top of the mountain itself, which was too high to be seen. The valves, lintels, threshold, lock and key, were all of proportionate magnitude. The governor of certain places in the neighbourhood comes to this castle once every week, with an escort of ten men all mounted on horseback, and striking it three times with a great hammer, *lays his ear to the door and listens.* A murmuring noise comes from within, *which is the noise of the Yàjouje-Màjouje.* Salam was told, that they often appeared on the battlements of the bulwark.

Do you not fancy, reader, that you take a journey to that awful place, and that after waiting there a long time you behold some of them looking over—huge, black-headed giants, looking down upon you with a shadow, and making you hold your breath?

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* Art. "Jagionge et Magionge," tom. iii. p. 270.

† Vol. i. Dissertation I. (Quoted by Weber in the notes to his Metrical Romances, vol. iii. p. 325.)

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

By Leigh Hunt.

On a Pen.

A reed was I:—my thin and fruitless shape
No fig put forth, no apple, not a grape:
When, lo! one took me, polish'd me, gave lips
Of slender point, and made me take small sips
Of some strange, black, and Heliconian wine;
Since when, as though I were a thing divine,
Drink puts all speech in this dumb mouth of mine.

On the Tomb of Two Brothers.

Paulus and Latöus, brothers,
Thought no lot like one another's:
Common was the life they led,
Common is their last, low bed:
For they could not rest apart;
They must needs together start
For the race which all must run.
O, sweet pair! with hearts in one,
In a tomb like yours we dress
An altar to one-mindedness.

Cupid swallowed!

A PARAPHRASE.

T'other day as I was twining
Roses, for a crown to dine in,
What, of all things, 'midst the heap,
Should I light on, fast asleep,
But the little desperate elf,
The tiny traitor, Love himself!
By the wings I pinch'd him up
Like a bee, and in a cup
Of my wine I plunged and sank him;
And what d'ye think I did?—I drank him.
Faith, I thought him dead. Not he!
There he lives with tenfold glee;
And now this moment, with his wings
I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

PRECEPTS AND PRACTICE.

THE LITTLE MAN.

It is an admitted axiom that the romance of real life is more romantic than that of fiction, and it is also allowed that the distance between the sublime and the ridiculous is excessively small.

In order to illustrate both these positions, I have abridged the following case from the original report of M. Gayot de Pitival, the Advocate, published in his collection in the year 1746. I have never met with a translation of it, but it seems quite worthy of attention.

It appears that in the year 1733, the Sieur Thomassin, canon of the Cathedral of Verdun, departed this transitory life, leaving the vacant canonry at the disposal of the Sieur Houvet, whose turn as canon it was to nominate a successor to the vacant stall.

The Houvets, like the Whigs of the present day, had an instinctive desire to provide for their relations in the best possible manner, and the old priest thought that whatever humble merit might deserve or demand, his own flesh and blood were first to be looked after; and, accordingly, on the 11th day of the aforesaid month of September, the Sieur Houvet nominated his nephew, M. Duret, to the dignity.

The moment the chapter heard of the appointment, a general feeling of alarm and indignation filled their else tranquil breasts. M. Duret was an amiable man—his character was unblemished, his manners were amiable, his life was irreproachable. He might not perhaps have had a regular collegiate education, and, in point of fact, he had been apprenticed to a button-maker—but neither of these circumstances weighed with the chapter—who, nevertheless, determined not to receive him amongst them.

The Sieur Houvet, naturally mortified and surprised at this proceeding, was most anxious to learn the grounds of such extraordinary conduct towards his irreproachable relation, and was accordingly informed by the reverend and venerable body that M. Duret might be amiable, pious, learned, and excellent in all moral and mental points, but that they had unanimously agreed that he was TOO LITTLE to be a canon of the chapter of Verdun.

This announcement still more astonished the Sieur Houvet, who attempted to show that, however objectionable his nephew's diminutiveness might be in a company of grenadiers, it could have nothing to do with his qualifications for a chapter of canons, which might be considered, if they pleased, a sort of spiritual militia, in whom the qualities of the mind were certainly more to be considered than the appearance of the body.

The remonstrances of the Sieur Houvet, however, were made in vain. The chapter addressed letters to the Archbishop of Paris, who had ordained the Sieur Duret, and also to their own bishop, entreating that they might be spared the disgrace of having so little a man as the intended canon associated with them. The Sieur Bourck thought it would be better to let the stall lapse to the crown than sanction the appointment. To this the King consented, and granted the Sieur Bourck the presentation, and hence arose the cause which was tried, and which M. Gayot de Pitival has reported. The bishops dissented from the course the chapter had pursued. The lawyers whom they

consulted were equally disinclined to agree with their clients; nevertheless the chapter was resolved to try the case, and ascertain whether a little man ought or ought not to be a canon of Verdun.

All this seems so incredibly ridiculous, that one cannot record a much stronger example of the romance—or rather the absurdity of real life.—It is however truth. The cause came on, and its discussion occupied several days. M. Aubry, who was retained on the part of the chapter, stated that the choice of M. Duret had equally surprised and shocked the learned body whom he had the honour to represent; that the Sieur Houvet, who had been forty-three years a member of the chapter, ought to have known the principles and discipline of the body of which he was a component part; that his nephew had not completed his studies;—and that he was always so averse from learning anything, that his uncle had apprenticed him to a button-maker in Paris, where he had been at work for three years. But, setting all these matters aside, he was of such a diminutive figure that his appearance in the cathedral at Verdun would be a disgrace and an abomination.

M. Aubry then put in the declaration of the chapter, which contained a statement of their conviction that M. Duret was too little to perform the duties of his sacred office with decency—that the nomination would deeply injure them,—that they had, upon a former occasion, rejected a nominee upon the same ground, and that a very little man of high character had, on account of his low stature, been excluded by the chapter of Toul, and their rejection had been confirmed.

M. Aubry supported this declaration by quoting from the 21st chapter of Leviticus, where may be found the divine authority itself for prohibiting certain persons from exercising the ministerial functions; in which, amongst other disqualifications, the being "a dwarf" is one. And, furthermore, the learned counsel showed that the chapter of Verdun had invariably acted upon the Levitical law in all their previous proceedings.

M. Aubry showed that, on the 8th of April, 1432, a candidate for a canonry was refused, on account of inability to perform the duties; and in the same year the chapter had refused to admit a barber, who had no pretension whatever to learning. Why then should a button-maker be preferred after such a precedent? M. Aubry, however, admitted that a little cock-eyed, bandy-legged fellow of the name of Tardiff, *had been* admitted—but, to the honour of the chapter of Verdun and its zeal for the church, he had, in consideration thereof, to contribute largely to its funds, seeing he was rich, and he paid off mortgages for the church and got valuable effects of theirs, out of pawn. Thus, although M. Aubry did not dwell longer than necessary upon the obligations imposed upon the candidate, M. Gayot says, "It seems to me that then, as now, gold hid a heap of deformities, as charity covereth a multitude of sins."

Jean Latey, M. Aubry said, named as canon coadjutor by the Pope himself, was refused by the chapter of Verdun, on the 23rd of January, 1710, because he was lame of both legs. It is true that when the Illustrious and Holy Infallible insisted that Latey should be installed—"nolus bolus," as the Dutch innkeeper said, whether they would or no, the refined chapter of Verdun admitted him—but they coquetted about it until the 15th of May, 1711, and then would not have had him at any price, only that at that period the refined chapter of Verdun had not the

happiness to be under the domination of France; and had not sufficient influence to maintain itself against the decrees of the Court of Rome.—As if any Popish chapter had?

M. Aubry proceeded to prove by precedents, that at Metz and Treves the same discipline existed—that at Toul a very lame, sinuously-formed priest, of the name of Domangin, having got—by some trickery—a dispensation to hold preferment in all collegiate and cathedral churches, probably as we say, "unsight, unseen,"—was stopped in his attempts to install himself in the cathedral of Toul; the chapter having, on the 7th of May, 1658, obtained in the Parliament of Paris a sentence of ejection from his prebend and canonry under precisely similar circumstances.

The learned counsel proceeded to show that the extreme delicacy of the chapter of Verdun upon this particular point was not confined to the admission of canons or prebendaries, but extended even to the chaplains; and contended that this punctiliousness of attention to the Levitical law was not peculiar to the chapter of Verdun, but was equally observed and attended to by every chapter in the ecclesiastical province of Treves. He felt assured that the Court would not decide against what must be considered a devout adhesion to the text of Scripture, which had for its object nothing but to render more decent and more impressive the celebration of divine service in so fine a cathedral, and which adhesion to the Levitical law had already been sanctioned by the Parliament in the case of the chapter of Toul.

"Will any one say," said M. Aubry, "that the Sieur Duret has no deformity of person which incapacitates him from the occupancy of the canonry of Verdun? One glance will decide that question; and not only decide that question but betray the pains he takes to conceal his deformity. If there remain any doubt upon the mind of the council, let them name some medical man to visit him in the presence of two of the canons of Verdun, and they will soon find out the deformities which he endeavours now to hide with his priestly robe; but which were perfectly evident to everybody while the height of his ambition was attained by being the limping 'prentice of a button-maker."

It was soon evident, notwithstanding the zeal of M. Aubry, supported as it was by his talent, that the cause he had in hand was a bad one. In fact his case very much resembled M. Duret's in one respect, for M. Aubry could not conceal its weakness—even by covering it with *his* long robe. So true is it, that upon certain matters, weak in themselves, all the powers of art and eloquence are unavailing.

After this address of M. Aubry, the Sieur Duret put forth a reply. As no advocate's name appears to it, we are to presume it was his own, although written in the third person.

This reply sets forth that M. Duret is a little man—a very little man; but that littleness is not deformity—that little as he is, he is not a dwarf—that he has no fault in his face—no "flat nose"—no fault in his legs, and that he is neither "broken-handed nor broken-footed;"—nor, indeed, anything else Levitically proscribed.

Besides, says the reply, if M. Duret were in any shape or manner disqualified from the sacred offices of the ministry, why did the Archbishop of Paris ordain him?—if he is worthy to be a priest out of a chapter, it is perfectly clear that he is equally worthy to be a priest in

a chapter; and it never could be intended that the chapter of Verdun should in such a manner erect themselves into a committee of taste, in order to set aside the judgment of an archbishop!

Gibert, in his 'Ecclesiastical Institutions,' p. 204, says, as have all the authorities whom he quotes, "that the bishop alone is to judge of the excluding disqualifications of a candidate for holy orders. He is also to examine him as to his classical and theological attainments, and if he find him a fitting subject for a dispensation he grants it, either by ordaining him at once, or conferring upon him some letter for future ordination, even to persons whom the bishop sees and of course knows to be physically disqualified; hence comes the opinion that these disqualifications no longer render ordination irregular—but this is an error."

It is quite clear by this passage that the question of what is or is not a dispensable deformity is in the breast of the ordinary. But Gibert says again, at p. 224, "There are several deformities which the bishop has the power of overlooking, such as those which concern the legs and feet—if the legs are too little for the body and unable to support it—one longer than the other, or, as the Irishman would put it, one leg shorter than the other—feet turned in, and many other similar failings, are all at the disposal of the prelate;—and canonries *are* amongst the benefices (p. 203) for which the bishop is able to grant his dispensation."—These authorities are surely sufficient to prove that after the Sieur Duret, button-maker or not, had been presented for ordination to the bishop, and that the bishop had ordained him, little as he was, M. Duret had a perfect right to the stall in the cathedral of Verdun, to which his kind and fatherly uncle had promoted him.

In addition to all this, little Duret went before the council, in order that they might decide whether he was big enough to fill the stall, or too little to do his duty. The council decided that he was no beauty, but that he might do well enough for what he proposed himself, and although not an Apollo to look at, might, by disclaiming any pretension to the figure of a heathen divinity, do remarkably well as a Christian divine.

But to their great objection the chapter still adhered,—that however pious and well disposed, and by no means deformed, he might be, still he was too little to do the duties attached to the canonry with decency.

Roscommon says—

"Want of decency is want of sense,"

and so seemed to think the chapter of Verdun, for, because M. Duret was so small as not to be able to do his duty with decency, they attacked his proficiency, and denounced him as a button-maker, not three parts bred to the Church. Duret has them, there—he says, the service of the altar and choir belongs to the canons, to the entire exclusion of the subaltern clergy; but, says he, the duties belong to us canons collectively, not to any particular individual canon alone; and then he goes on not only to point out the different duties which he may and must be called upon to perform, and produces a statute which ordains, that if there be any part of the service which a canon cannot perform without exciting scandal or laughter, *on account of any infirmity*, he may perform such part of the service out of sight of the people—a provision in the highest degree favourable to deformed canons; and the existence of which pro-

viso, alone, and of itself, determines the eligibility of such persons for that particular office—the fiat of exclusion being final and fatal only to those who are altogether incapacitated from celebrating the holy mysteries of the Roman Catholic religion, either privately or publicly.

The memorial goes on to state, that, as assistance at the divine office constitutes the chiefest part of the duty of a canon, the essence of his state, and the form of his profession, he who is able to fulfil that duty cannot be regarded as incapable of performing those functions even if he were incompetent to the performance of any others; and after detailing the constitution of the clerical body, claims for M. Duret the option of performing certain parts of the service, or of having them performed—those which the chapter assert he is too little to perform decently—by any of his canonical brethren.

M. Gayot observes that, with the natural yet reprehensible disposition of idle, thoughtless persons to laugh at things which good and wise men hold most sacred, it would be extremely dangerous to fill twelve stalls of a cathedral with a dozen blind, squinting, crooked, lame, or limping functionaries; but nevertheless, says M. Duret, such things have been in the chapter of Verdun itself. Old M. Pierre was a canon, and *he* could not walk without crutches; he was permitted to sit in the choir without his robes; he was ordained sub-deacon and deacon before the eyes of this sensitive chapter, and no objection was made to *him*.

As to the charge of his not having completed his studies, or having quitted them entirely to pursue a trade, M. Duret denies it, and he declares himself to have always possessed a mind and feelings much above buttons—that he quitted college because he had been appointed to keep clean the sacramental vessels, and other utensils of the altar, in this very church of Verdun—and that, although he left that particular college, he did not abandon his studies, but merely changed his masters.

The reply, in conclusion, says, that with regard to the declaration that the admission of M. Duret, on account of his diminutiveness, would be injurious to the chapter, not according to its constitution, but in violation of its holy decrees—if such be the case, the chapter must place all its future hope of eminence in the height and symmetry of its members. "Whence," says Duret, "comes the point of discipline which directs that candidates should be measured as horses are?" Much as our modern political cry may have been abused, these worthies of Verdun certainly seem to have anticipated us in the support of "measures, not men." The honour and character of other churches do not depend upon the gracefulness of the canons—why Verdun? Neither was Eliab chosen for his good figure, nor Zaccheus rejected for his bad one; and, exclaims M. Duret, "How many illustrious bishops and priests have done honour to our church and our faith who were no beauties!" Monsieur de Talleyrand was not born when this case was argued, or his Highness would have afforded M. Duret a splendid addition to his list of ornaments to religion who laboured under the suspicion of not being perfectly beautiful.

But, says M. Duret, "I know what it is; it is not because I am little or lame that these magnificent grenadiers of the church-militant object to me.—No! it is because I have been apprenticed to a button-maker. And why? Is there anything derogatory or disgraceful in making buttons? Amongst those who enter the Church, are there not

many men from the army, from the bar—artists—tradesmen—provided they have never shed human blood, or exercised any infamous calling, such as actors or buffoons, and others specially named by law—and who reproaches *them?*

"Is a soldier who has never shed blood, better than a button-maker? —is a briefless, brainless barrister better than a button-maker?—is a painter, who has been only successful in oil when making a salad, better than a button-maker? No!—I deny the fact; besides, when was it ever heard that to have learned an honest trade before admission into the Church was a crime? or that having received orders from laymen at one time was to prevent a man taking orders from a bishop at another? If, indeed, the chapter of Verdun could be exclusively composed of nobility as some chapters constitutionally are, that might be a good and sufficient reason for denying admission to a plebeian, or a gentleman who had sunk in the world so far as to have become a tradesman.

"On the contrary, the very laws which have excluded the professors of certain infamous and disgraceful callings have expressly set forth those which may be admitted; and far from reproaching the clergy with having exercised any honest trade before ordination, M. d'Hericourt, in his 'Analysis of the Decree of Gratian,' says, at page 22—'It was held in other days highly desirable that the clergy, paying every proper attention to their duties, should, in order to procure the means of supporting themselves, and increase their power of distributing alms, betake themselves to the exercise of some honest trade, or to the cultivation of the earth.'"

This statement of the worthy Benedictine, who spent four-and-twenty years upon his work, is strengthened by the words of St. Paul, in addressing both the Thessalonians and the Ephesians; and in the same spirit is couched the decree of the Council of Carthage, which says, canon 5, "Clericus quantumlibet Dei verbo eruditus, artificio victum quærat—However able the priest may be in spiritual labour, he may gain his bread by the work of his hands." And the 52d canon of the same decree says, "Clericus victum et vestitum artificio vel agriculturâ absque officii sui detrimento paret—The priest may gain his food and clothing by the work of his hands or agriculture, without permitting them to interfere with his ministerial duties." The Council of Chalcedon held similar doctrines; and the principle has been acted upon for ages. The ecclesiastical historians furnish many instances of bishops and other ministers of the Church, who have applied themselves to different trades. St. Augustine has left a treatise, "De Operâ Manuum quotidianâ," for the use of his priests. St. Benoit has ordained it for his monks, as one of his most essential rules; and St. Thomas praises and authorizes the same practice.

"Upon this ground," says Duret, "the chapter cannot shut me out. If, since the time of these Councils, the priesthood have been forbidden to trade, that does not touch *me*,—that prohibition cannot affect those who left off trade before they were ordained."

Had M. Duret possessed the advantage of a knowledge of that beautiful Principality which forms so bright a jewel in the British crown, he might, at the period of the trial of his case, have cited the Cambrian clergy, of small incomes, as having increased their worldly goods, not by trade or agriculture, but by playing the fiddle at rural dances. This

sounds strange to "ears polite," and there is no such anomaly to be found existing at present. However, if Dr. Johnson is to be taken as an authority, the Welsh parson's calling is infinitely superior to either that of the ploughman or the button-maker. "There is nothing," says the lexicographic leviathan, "in which the power of art is shown so much as in playing on the fiddle. In all other things, we can do something at first. Any man will forge a bar of iron, if you give him a hammer—not so well as a smith, but tolerably: a man will saw a piece of wood, and make a box, though a clumsy one; but give him a fiddle and a fiddlestick, and he can do nothing."

It is clear that, upon this point, there have existed differences of opinion. "Can you play the fiddle?" said Frederic the Great to one of his soldiers. "I never tried, Highness," answered the man, touching his cap. Another proof of innocence upon the theory and practice of stringed instruments occurred once at Godalming, in Surrey. A sailor, on the top of a Portsmouth coach, saw, sitting near the window of a respectable-looking house, an elderly gentleman playing the violoncello. The rattle of the wheels over the stony pavement entirely drowned the sounds which the respectable performer elicited, and the sailor only beheld the operation, without hearing the effect it produced. Three years afterwards, returning to London, after being again paid off, he again passed through Godalming, and again beheld the elderly gentleman, now grown a little older, in his accustomed place, playing as before. "Hang me!" says the sailor to a companion; "but there he is: why, to my certain knowledge he has been sawing and sawing at that old thing for the last three years, and arn't got through it yet!"

This digression and joke should be apologized for—the one on account of its length, and the other on account of its antiquity. However, after expressing our conviction that, amongst the clergy of Wales, there exist no Fiddle D.D.'s at present, we will return to our "little man," and his claims upon the chapter of Verdun, who still stuck to their objections to his person, and not to his button-making, as fatal to his admission amongst them.

Out of this arose another point. The chapter having refused to admit M. Duret, the King had been induced to nominate another person—the stall having, by that refusal, lapsed to the crown. It was, however, contended, that if M. Thomassin, the late canon, had died in June, the King could have named his successor, inasmuch as June was one of the months during which the patronage of the cathedral was in the King, as Ordinary; but as M. Thomassin died in September, the vacancy which was caused in June, by the refusal of the chapter to admit M. Duret, did not give the King the right of presentation, inasmuch as the stall was not twice vacated by the refusal of the chapter; on the contrary, it remained unoccupied, and would so remain, until the decision of the case; and therefore, whether M. Duret were eventually admitted or rejected, the appointment was still in M. Houvet, in whose month of patronage M. Thomassin died.

This was the argument of M. le Paige, who was retained for the Sieur Houvet, and who treated the refusal of the chapter with perfect ridicule—and ridicule, well placed, is a formidable weapon. It gratifies every man to laugh at another; and when this inclination is gratified

in the support of truth and reason, all the world, except its particular objects themselves, are delighted.

"If one did not know," said M. le Paige, "what was really laid to the charge of M. Duret, what should we imagine? Such agitation in the chapter—so many consultations and deliberations—letters-missive to the prelates—appeals to the King—deputations to Paris! What do not such alarms, such rumours, such activity, seem to announce!

"Should not we think that religion itself had been attacked?—that not only the chapter of Verdun, but the church universal throughout the world, had been dishonoured, and that all the cathedrals of Europe had become objects of contempt, and subjects of abuse, by the nomination of M. Duret? Would anybody imagine that all this commotion, all these troubles, all this excitement, have been occasioned because M. Duret happens to be a *little man?*

"All these proceedings—the disgrace with which three dioceses are at this moment threatened—are ascribable to the single fact that M. Houvet has appointed a priest to a stall in his cathedral who is not tall enough to please the chapter! Horrible attempt upon the dignity and character of the other canons!—an attempt denounced by the reverend body and their statutes on the 13th of January,—a denunciation which, to be serious, I shall forthwith proceed to overthrow."

M. le Paige then proceeded to argue that the ordonnances contained in the Book of Leviticus were made only for the Jews, and that it was perfectly absurd that Christians, seventeen hundred years after the destruction of the synagogue, should appeal to them in regulating the conduct of their churches, even in the face of St. Paul's Epistles to the Galatians and to the Romans against those who permitted the use of any Judaic ceremony.

The chapter of Verdun demanded, as a right, to cause candidates for admission to be inspected by physicians and surgeons—a demand which it was left for themselves to make public in open court. M. le Paige said he did not envy them the possession of their power, nor did he appreciate their delicate attention to the personal appearance of their reverend brethren; and if they proposed, according to their declaration, to abide by the disqualifications decreed by the Jewish doctors, he thought the chapter would seldom be full, inasmuch as any one, of two hundred and forty-two deformities named and expressed by them, would exclude the minister from the altar. In the nose alone, six faults are declared, which debar the candidate from the priesthood—"And these perfect creatures," said M. le Paige, "are the canons which this chapter insist upon having amongst them."

What, according to Sozomenus (Hist. book 6, chap. xxx.), did a bishop of the fourth century say upon this point?—"Hæc lex in usu sit apud Judæos: mihi autem si vel truncatis naribus adduxeritis qui sit bonis moribus, eum ordinabo"*—Although this law was in use amongst the Jews, if you will bring me a man of irreproachable manners for ordination, I will ordain him whether he has a nose or not.

Upon the highest authority, we are directed not to pay attention to personal defects in candidates for holy orders, but to their lives and morals; and in the 76th and 77th canons of Vanespen, part 2, tit. 10,

* *Synodica apud Othan. Apol.* p. 728.

"De Irregularitate," it is said, that if blind men, or deaf or dumb, are excluded from the ministry, it is not because of their bodily imperfections, but because their bodily imperfections render them incapable of performing the duties of the priesthood.

In the five first centuries, the loss of an eye was reckoned a deformity, although, towards the beginning of the sixth, it was set down as an exclusion. In the "Historia Lausaica," we find that a recluse, who desired not to become a bishop, cut off one of his ears in order to disqualify himself; but he failed in his purpose: *for* it was not judged to incapacitate him. On the other hand, let it be recollected with what eagerness those men were raised to episcopacy who bore upon their persons the marks of persecution! What can be stronger upon this point than the reproach of Potamo to Eusebius of Cæsaræa, that he had preserved both his eyes during his persecution? Or what more savagely heroic than the conduct of Paphnuceus and Maximus, who indignantly quitted the Council of Tyre, because it was not composed of bishops who had not lost an eye each? They gloried in the deformity; and Eusebius of Cæsaræa could not endure the shame of not being so distinguished.—Such were the spirit and conduct of the Church in the earlier and glorious ages, now never to be recalled!

After a lengthened display of wit and learning on the part of M. le Paige, in which he distinctly and elaborately explained the constitution of the Church, and defined the different duties of its various members, he proceeded to insist upon the admissibility of any man, however little, inasmuch as there was not one word in any of the canons setting forth the requisite height of a priest. It was true, the Athenians were rather particular as to the good looks of those who were to make the sacrifices. The handsomer and larger men presented the victim to the Gods—the next in size carried the weapons—and the third and smallest carried the incense. But it was the pride of Christianity to abolish all such follies, and demonstrate to the world, by the choice of its ministers, that true religion is spiritual, and accounts nothing great but that which is good*.

If the numerous authorities which he quoted were to be believed—as who should doubt them?—St. Paul himself would not have been admissible into the chapter of Verdun. St. Martin de Tours was as little a man as M. Duret; Denis the Little, to whom the Church is indebted for the first complete collection of the laws of the Universal Church, although not a canon of Verdun, was one of the most eminent abbés of his day, deserving a pre-eminence above the bishops, and even some of the popes themselves.

M. le Paige proceeded then to observe, that if a certain height were considered necessary for a canon, the canon of a cathedral must be so many inches taller than a collegiate, and so on; but, at all events, with regard to M. Duret, the archbishop evidently considered him tall enough for a priest, or he would not have ordained him.

"But," said M. le Paige, "M. Duret was a button-maker. To quit

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* Under Tiberius there was much discontent exhibited, because an ugly, ill-made priest had been appointed to the Temple of Augustus. The Persians would not obey an ill-looking prince; and the Lacedemonians, according to Plutarch, deposed one of their kings for having married a little wife, because they said they wanted to have kings, not extracts—diminutives of kings.

the counter for the chapter-house—what feeling man but must be shocked at the contrast?" M. le Paige then quoted the authorities to which we have already referred, and others which we omit. Was a button-maker less respectable than a fisherman—yet have we not on record the name of a fisherman who quitted his nets to fill the pontifical chair? Was a button-maker worse than a tent-maker? Who was St. Alexander, but a man who passed from the dust of a coal-shed to the fragrant fumes of the censer, and exchanged his sack for the pontifical habit? And who was St. Eloy, the glory of the Church of Noyon, but a goldsmith?

M. le Paige concluded a long and learned speech by remarking, that in order to impress the minds of the judges with the excessive diminutiveness of M. Duret, the chapter had deputed two of their tallest and largest members to attend the proceedings.

M. Cochin, who followed M. le Paige, cited the application made of the text of Leviticus by Pope Gregory the First, who, instead of adopting it literally, rendered it metaphorically, and acted upon it in that sense.

"He is blind," said the Pope, "whose mind is not enlightened with the light of sublime contemplation.

"He is lame, who knows whither he should go, but who, from the weakness of his mind, is unable to follow the path of a perfect life which is open to him.

"He that is said to have a short nose, is one who has not the power of exercising a judicious discretion.

"He that is said to have a long and crooked nose, is one who is too cunning and disingenuous.

"He that is deformed, is he whose solicitude for human advantages keeps his mind bent upon worldly things, which prevents his turning his eyes to Heaven.

"Whoever is under the yoke of any of these vices is incapacitated from administering the Sacrament; for how shall they hope to expiate the sins of others, who are groaning under the weight of their own?"

"Thus," said M. le Cochin, "we see that the discipline of the church is conformable with that of Leviticus, only spiritually."

With regard to M. Duret, if the chapter of Verdun considered him, to use their own phrase, "indecently little," he ought to have recollected that the chapter of Clermont rejected their Bishop because he wore a large beard.

William Duprat, son of the Chancellor Duprat, Bishop of Clermont, who was present at the Council of Trent, and built the Jesuits' College in Paris, had the most beautiful beard that ever was seen. Having presented himself at her cathedral on Easter Sunday, he found the gate of the choir closed against him. Three canons, of whom one was the dean, and another a chorister, attended the prelate on his entrance. The dean held in his hands a pair of scissors and a razor, which, as soon as he saw the Bishop, he held up. The canon, who was not a dignitary, carried the book of statutes of the chapter, leaving it open at the place where it was written that he must be shaved before he could enter the choir—"Barbis rasis." On the other side came the chorister, holding a small candle in his hand in order to throw a light upon the words; at the same time chaunting at the top of his voice, "Barbis rasis,

Reverendiss—Barbis rasis;" and as the Dean immediately proceeded, scissors in hand, to begin the desired extirpation, the Bishop, alarmed for the fate of his beautiful crinosity, represented that Easter was too good a feast to be sullied by such an operation. The Dean was obdurate, and resolved to have the Bishop but not the beard, when Duprat, feeling dreadfully excited, cried out, "Mr. Dean, spare my beard, and I will give up my bishopric."

This compromise had its effect, and Duprat set off, post haste, to his house at Beauregard, about six miles from Clermont, where he not long after died; having however sworn never to visit Clermont again. From this occurrence comes the proverb, "Officium propter barbificium."

There is another fact connected with clerical beards on record, which ought to be given here.

The custom of shaving amongst the clergy—we do not mean that close-shaving which the anti-tithe faction in these days attribute to them—but the personal shaving of themselves naturally renders a long-bearded priest an object of considerable curiosity. A curate who had a prodigiously beautiful beard was, as is the case with such people, as much devoted to it as a fond father is to his heir apparent. The Bishop who, unlike Duprat, was an anti-barbist, told him that he could not allow him to carry about his favourite bird's-nest under his chin, for that it created very odd sensations in many of his congregation, and besides was very unseemly; but no—in this case the curate was as obstinate as the Bishop in the other, and shave he would *not;* whereupon the Bishop sent him a *lettre de cachet*, banishing him from his cure. But in copying this formidable document, the clerk either accidentally or purposely omitted to state the place to which he was to be banished, whereupon the curé (a Sidney Smyth of his time, probably) filled up the blank with the word "Versailles," to which he immediately repaired, beard and all. He took care to throw himself in the way of the King—the brilliant Louis Quatorze—who was so much astonished by the prolific beauty of the splendid appendage, that he desired to know who its fortunate owner was. The curé had an audience of the King, to whom he gave the history of his disgrace and its cause. Louis Quatorze ridiculed the prejudice of the Bishop, and commanded that the curé should return to his cure bearded "like the pard" as he was, and despite of the Prelate.

As for a standard whereby to judge beauty, there can be no such thing so long as tastes luckily say—

> "Ev'rything 's a matter of opinion,
> Some love an apple—some an *inion*."

The Blacks have so high an idea of their own beauty that they paint the devil white; and any man who has been in Lisbon within the last few years, may have seen, for a few days preceding the anniversary of the Festival of Nossa Senora d'Atalaya, the brotherhood of negroes collecting supplies for the occasion.

An extremely agreeable contemporary, rejoicing in the initials, or whatever they are, A. P. D. Q., tells us, that upon this occasion the images of the Saviour and the Virgin are black; as indeed a clever plate affixed, exhibits. "This," says the writer, "is easily accounted for. The same feeling which induces Europeans to attach ideas of superiority and advantage to those of their own colour, operates with negroes in favour of theirs; so that not only they cannot persuade them-

selves that the Deity would condescend to assume any earthly form but that of a negro, but they also fully believe that the devil is of our colour, and represent him accordingly."*

How different is this feeling from that expressed by Lord Brougham, the eminent writer on Natural Theology, author of Peter Tomkins's Letters, and some time Lord High Chancellor of England, who, in a work written in his best days—now thirty-three years since—on Colonial Policy, at vol. ii. p. 432, after ridiculing, in his sharpest strain, the nonsensical theory of making black apprentices and expecting them to work, says,—"It will be vain to think of securing the privileges of the negro vassal *so long as the hand of nature has distinguished him from his lord.*" This sounds almost equal to the blacks; Lord Brougham's vanity as to personal superiority over a well-polished nigger falls very little short of the Portuguese Mumbledy Jum's belief in the blackness of "Nossa Senora d'Atalaya."

But to return to M. Duret; on the 31st of December, 1734, the Grand Council to whom the case was referred declared, "That the attempt of the chapter to refuse the admission of M. Duret was highly blameable; that M. Bourc be removed from the stall to which he had been promoted as a lapsed benefice by the Crown; that M. Duret be forthwith installed, and that the chapter of Verdun pay all the costs."

It seems to us that this case, as we said in the outset, is one of considerable interest, as exhibiting the small means that men, resolved upon arbitrary proceedings, will employ to carry what they consider their important objects. Besides this, we have an object in consoling, by the decision of this cause, any diminutive Ministers—not of the Church, but of the State—who have been admitted into—not the chapter, but the Cabinet. Suppose the Right Honourable Lord John Russell had been objected to by the country on account of his diminutiveness, and that the wonderfully well-looking Melbourne, or the exceedingly well-preserved Palmerston, had been placed on either side of him while undergoing the ordeal of an inquiry whether he was of a sufficient height and breadth to become Secretary of State for the Home Department, who would have accepted him? We have now registered a precedent which must set his Lordship at rest.

The *Precept* which this report of French *Practice* goes to inculcate is —"HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES;" and it gives us infinite pleasure to know that M. Duret the button-maker, and Lord John Russell the objected-to elector for Middlesex, both overcame the disadvantages of nature by the strength of their mental claims upon patronage, and that the one obtained a stall in the graceful chapter of Verdun, and the other a seat in the moral Cabinet of England, and a comfortable—if not respectable—income in Downing-street into the bargain.

* Sketches of Portuguese Life, Manners, Costume, and Character, chap. xvi., p. 286.

VIOLET; OR, THE DANSEUSE *.

In the department of fictitious narrative numberless volumes are lost in the crowd of publications, and die, "giving no sign," which would have made an author's fortune during the war, when literature was less overstocked, and enterprise found other roads to distinction besides that through a bookseller's parlour.

If talent be thus abundant, genius is about the rarest commodity to be met with; and a single grain of originality is more refreshing than that standard refresher, water in the desert, or even than Roman punch in an august assembly. It was therefore with no common pleasure we discovered in the first pages of our perusal of "Violet" that we had stumbled upon something "quite out of the common." Most gracious was it to our feelings, and of happy augury for the fortunes of the work, to learn that the author had the taste and the moral courage to take his subject from middle life, and to dash "the gentility," without which no work of fiction can now go down, with a smart savour of human nature and human feeling. If we are not much mistaken, the time is near at hand when it will be found that the true sources of the humorous and the pathetic lie, not in the dead-level waters of refined, polished, and *fainéant* society, but in the troubled ocean of an humbler life, in which men are forced to labour, to struggle, to think, and to feel, in order to obtain their daily morsel.

The Danseuse, as the name implies, belongs to that description of fiction which the Germans have christened a novel of art; for the Germans alone have thought that the position in life, and the development of intellect and of morals of the children of art, merit a distinct examination; or have imagined that the excitable temperament which enables the actor and the musician to delight and transport the world, is a modifying cause, in the moral complex, worthy the scrutiny of a man of genius. The view which the author before us has taken of his subject, though perhaps the least genuine, is far from being the least interesting, or important to the welfare of society. The point which he illustrates is the peculiar relation in which amusing talent stands to the great—patrons, as they call themselves, of this species of excellence; and, probably, in the whole round of life there is none which places the heartlessness, worthlessness, and selfishness of the spoiled children of fortune in more salient relief.

In this attempt the genius of the author is manifested in his having *brusqué* the prejudice of his reader, by selecting the dancer, rather than the singer, for his heroine. It is the misfortune of the danseuse, that the formal mode of her appeal to the senses of the spectator seems to imply an abandonment of womanly modesty, such as throws her beyond the pale of civilized existence. The common belief of the unobserving multitude in all ranks is that an *artiste* of this class is, by her station, divested of all virtue, and, consequently, to all claim to respect; and it is a noble daring on the part of a novelist to take such a person as a representative of feelings and refinements, which do honour to the sex, and render the possessor a fit object for the sympathy of the virtuous and the elevated. In doing so, he has declared a great truth. Generally speaking, it cannot be denied that there is in the profession itself something tending to degrade. Independently of the imputed indecency of an unusual exposure of the person, (which, by-the-bye, is a mere submission to the demand of the public,) the employment of so much time in the acquirement of a power purely muscular must stand in the way of intellectual culture; while the contempt which mankind have showered on the profession has lowered its average morality, and produced an atmosphere

* Violet; or, the Danseuse. A Portraiture of Human Passions and Character. In 2 vols.

behind the scenes highly prejudicial to those habitually exposed to it. The common herd of dancers who fill up the scene are indeed little likely to evince much delicacy of sentiment, or much refinement of character; though even among these may be found persevering industry, patient endurance of the ills of poverty, aye, and sexual purity into the bargain. When, however, the caprice of fortune casts a woman of genius and of moral energy into this department of art, producing one of those rare creatures who enchant by their grace, and take the public captive by a faithful portraiture of nature and of passion, it is possible that she should rise altogether above the peculiarities of her profession, and that she should be in every particular as worthy of that respect and esteem which are denied her, as she is of the admiration and adoration (we might almost say) which she fails not to inspire. When such a being is so placed, or rather misplaced, in life, the war between character and circumstance is fearful—society cannot produce a contrast more pregnant with high moral, nay even with epic, interest; and in the hands of a master painter the hypothesis, whatever practical consequence is deduced from it, is susceptible of yielding results the most striking. The exposition of such a combination is a new page opened in the history of human nature—it is a valuable lesson of tolerance, humility, and candour. "*Où la vertu va-t-elle se nicher?*" is the narrow-minded comment of a coterie, or a caste. There is no stage in human life which excludes its exhibition; and wherever it exists, in opposition to external influences, its light is only the brighter for the surrounding obscurity.

If the struggle of a gifted and susceptible woman with the degradation in which she is thus enveloped be a theme of deep and legitimate tragedy, the peculiarities of an artist's life,—the contrast between his mobile temperament, his sense of the beautiful, and his defective education and vulgar *environage*,—contains the seeds of much comedy and humorous absurdity. A common-place observer may see nothing in a fiddler but his fiddle—nothing in the *prima donna* but a forty-horse power machine for manufacturing notes: but, to a nicer eye, they exhibit as much of humanity as any other class of beings, and of a humanity, moreover, quite as illustrative of the *genus homo* as others of its varieties, ranking the highest in general estimation.

In developing the peculiarities of the *coulisses*, and marking the finer shades of difference which vary the character of the professional artist, the author of "Violet" exhibits great acquaintance with his subject, and no ordinary powers of observation to avail himself of this local knowledge. We have seldom read, in a modern novel, anything more racy than his descriptions of its broader peculiarities, or more faithful and delicate than his observation of its more minute characteristics. The delineation of Dupas, the French dancing-master, in particular, is a beautiful sketch, bearing, in every trace, the strong impress of truth; so much so, that did we not know the impossibility, we could be tempted to point to more than one individual as the original from whom the author drew. The devoted attachment which the lonely bachelor-man of art bestows on the children of the family that has supplied to him the place of a home is no uncommon phenomenon among the warm-hearted children of the Continent. In the mixture of kindly feelings and amiable dispositions, with the numerous peculiarities of an unsuspicious nature, there is something touching and delightful. In good sense and knowledge of the world, Dupas is anything but deficient; yet the gentleness of his nature, and the total absence of selfishness, give to the old man a simplicity of mind that frequently provokes both a smile and a tear. In bold and Rembrandtish contrast with this well-imagined and well-drawn personage, figure, in every variety of folly and of vice, the English heroes of the *coulisse*,—the seekers of amusement—of sensual gratifications in the society of theatrical artists. This class the author knows *intus et in cute*; and there are minute pencil-touches of satire in his narrative, full of the most refined truth and fun. The bashful boy-peer, for instance, the

embryo of a future exquisite and dandy, who blushes with delight and with apprehension at the unexpected honour of an introduction to a third-rate actress; or the reply of a man upon town, when told that his friend meditates a match with a figurante—"Does he? Then I will tell Crocky to give him good advice, and desire him not." Nothing can be in better keeping than this selection of Crocky for a conscience-keeper—a "bosom's counsellor." The hero, looking now as if he wished to knock *hardly any one down*, instead of everybody, "so that it was plain he was at once in better humour," is truth itself; and the *double* of Signor Spada, the second tenor of the Opera, is unquestionably a personal hit—as Lady Grace says—of the Wronghead family, "Methinks I see him go by me." We may quote, too, as whimsically faithful, Mademoiselle Celeste's idea of the Gaelic, that it is the language of the Druids—"Des gens qui existoient avant le temps de Louis Quatorze."

Among the graver insights into character, the following remark is drawn from the innermost recesses of observation:—"Few men stand the trial of being bored. Ill-treatment of any description, manual and moral, they will bear with infinite patience and infinite love; but to be bored—to be roasted, by means of one person, on the slow fire of self-reproach—no man's love will stand that, or woman's either, I fear."

In all the various characters of the men of fashionable notoriety which this novel presents, there is a reality, and a living, breathing fidelity, which clearly distinguishes them from the commonplace insipidities or vile caricatures sometimes palmed on the public by the would-be satirical novelists, for portraits of the times. To those who have any personal acquaintance with that part of the great world thus represented, they will be cognizable at once, as perfect and accurate types of the habits, mind, and bearing of the *caste*. As a decisive specimen of the author's power in this way, take the reasonings of two young men on the subject of marrying a dancer:—

"What do you think of her?" inquired Mr. Harcourt, in an agitated tone of voice.

"As to looks?—that she is beautiful."

"D'Arcy, I am desperately in love with that girl."

"Yes—it is a pity she thinks she can marry you."

"Oh, but she has no reason for thinking so, and I doubt if she does: in fact, I have to-night been playing a desperate game with her. I talked of going abroad, and dropped a few words as if I meant to cut her."

"Have you ever thought of trying her affection? It does answer occasionally, you know. Have you flattered her sufficiently? have you adored her sufficiently?"

"Oh, everything! She is proof against every attack."

"Then she must think you a marrying man. How very unlucky you are, my poor fellow! It is the worst notion she could have taken into her head. I do not know how to advise you."

"I am passionately in love—there is nothing I have not done."

"Why, I am not so sure of that—you are so d——d indolent. Have you sworn oaths enough? Good Heavens! I would feign Catholic, and bring to the hammer every saint in the calendar."

"Oh, don't be a fool, D'Arcy, when I am distracted."

"Seriously, then, have you tried suicide?"

"No; I have not yet."

"Well, then, go on that tack to-night,—blowing your brains out—mind, poisoning or drowning does not much touch a woman now-a-days;—but they don't like fire-arms."

"But if that fail?"

"In that case, I cannot help you. With those eyes, the girl has no business to be coy; and I am much mistaken if her mother ought not to be put in the pillory for her very virtue."

"But my Emily!" exclaimed Harcourt, in a love-sick voice; "give me your candid opinion of her, D'Arcy. I can bear to hear anything from you."

"Well, I think her very handsome; magnificent eyes, and the figure of a goddess. I should like her myself."

"But would you marry her?"

"Marry her! I marry her?—*No!*—My ideas on that point may be uncommon, but they are unalterable."

"Then, what would you say if I told you I had serious thoughts of it?"

It was a faint but bitterly-sneering laugh with which D'Arcy replied to this appeal.

"Simply," he answered in words at last, "that if you ever found reason to repent your choice, you would deserve no pity. The world would despise your weakness—I should, for one; and you would live to curse the most irretrievable folly you could possibly commit. For Heaven's sake, Harcourt, do not be such a fool!" continued Mr. d'Arcy, with hushed vehemence;—"Marry that girl!—an opera-dancer! and the daughter of that woman, whose very outside better-seeming is a greater abomination than the undisguised profligacy of that little French devil I showed you last night! Never—never! I beseech you, Harcourt! Think twice of such perdition as this act of madness would be!"

"Ah! you have no heart, and are incapable of comprehending me."

"Possibly, in your acceptation of the term; but you asked me for the truth—I have given it you in all its nakedness, and would tell it you, again and again, to save you from such a fate as this,—a fate in which it amazes me that you can even dream of involving yourself."

"But you make no allowance for circumstances. She is virtuous; and would not such a creature as that make venial any error I might commit?"

"No; there are some things that not any number, or any quality, of *such creatures* can palliate."

"You are a brute, D'Arcy."

"Thank you," replied Mr. d'Arcy, calmly: "you requested my advice, and I bestowed it generously; if the truth offend, I am blameless. So now let us go and hear 'Jephthah's Daughter.'"

Or, again, what can be better than D'Arcy's sarcastic, cold-blooded indifference to the woman he is tired of?

The lady, such as she has been slightly pourtrayed, started up on seeing Mr. d'Arcy, and flew towards him.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed.

"Surely you expected me," said D'Arcy, in answer to this exclamation.

"Yes, but my nerves are so shattered, my feelings have been so wrought upon; but, thank God! it is you."

"Why, certainly it is; did you want me particularly to-day?"

"Is that what you say to me?"

"I really only asked a very simple question."

"I am most miserable;" and the speaker, in testimony of her words, dived her head into a heap of sofa cushions.

"Do you want your salts?" asked D'Arcy, coldly.

"Monster!" murmured the lady.

"I had better leave you at present,"—and he rose.

In an instant a shriek was uttered, and his knees were clasped by the softest white hands.

"Don't scream so, I beg," cried D'Arcy, looking round with a most alarmed countenance, "you totally forget that your servants will hear you."

"You don't think they did, I trust?" replied the lady, in a suddenly rational tone of voice.

"There's no telling,—I wish you would learn to be quieter,—you know I hate scenes."

"Be kind to me then, George," was said by the lady in an imploring tone.

"Oh! of course; but you are so very unreasonable, and you have no sort of discretion; I cannot stand it—you compromise me as well as yourself, and by your folly you lose your reputation, and, some of these days, your husband will be as wise as you choose to make the rest of the world. But this is not all; I must, in kindness to you, express now, as I have before done, my determination to give up our intimacy. The world will talk, and if it would not, you would force it. The end must be something unpleasant, and I wish to save you from that, and also myself from being the object of your greatest hatred, as the cause. You never will remember that the race of Lydia Languish is extinct; that is, they have long ceased to be the fashion; and as you are particularly a lady of fashion, this part does not

become you at all. I do not want to offend you, but you do oblige me to tell you that I never could see wherein consisted your misfortunes. You have always dwelt upon them, and out of common complaisance I would not always contradict you; but really——"

"What!" at length exclaimed D'Arcy's companion, "is it not enough to be married to a man I cannot endure?"

"Then why did you marry him?"

"I was persuaded into it."

"And allowing you were, then, is your husband's whole life to be the sacrifice of your weakness of mind? But who persuaded you?—the most indulgent of parents, if I knew anything of Lady Glanmore: her sole desire was to form your happiness, so that, I will answer for it, had you preferred it in the very least degree, you might still have been Miss Glanmore, with a very legitimate right to make as many men unhappy as you could, instead of the one most illegitimate object of your present caprice."

"You are very severe, Mr. d'Arcy; and from you, at least, I did not expect—"

"If I am, I beg your pardon—I feel I have no right to be so; but I can't help wishing, for your own sake, to point out where I think you exaggerate your miseries; and you remember you declared it was against them that you said you clung to me for refuge."

There is nothing in French memoir superior to this trait of English manners. We talk with horror of the heartless libertinism of the Richelieus of Louis the Fifteenth's times; but it is often more than cast into shade by the superior cynicisms of one portion at least of modern aristocratical society.

Of the story of this novel we keep clear, in charity to those of our readers who will peruse it. All we can say is that it is replete with genuine pathos, and that (properly read) it developes a moral of no trifling importance. It is not merely as a lesson against seduction, but as a general portraiture of the nature and tendency of that course of idleness, self-indulgence, habitual vice, and abandonment of the active duties of life, which make up the routine of a London life of pleasure, that it is pregnant with instruction.

In point of style, "Violet" is written with a lively, rapid, and graphic pen. The author indulges in frequent, smart, laconic, and pithy data of his own, introduced in his own person, that sometimes put one in mind of Byron, and constitute a sort of Don-Juanish prose, infinitely pleasant. The language, often eloquent, and generally fluent and terse, is occasionally too ambitious, and now and then faulty, abrupt, and unfinished. Take, for instance, the following passage:—

> At least, there is one word in the English language that has music in its sound—Love! Who can pronounce it, and not say it is a gentle word, soft and beautiful as its meaning? Oh! breathe it how, and when, and where you will, is it not always a touching word? and, should it be uttered by one whose affection we delight in, it is a dream of bliss to hear it, and one that will be unforgotten while every other joy lies buried beneath the sorrow that fails us not: covering with its heavy mantle the happy hours that have gone before. But, as first uttered by a loved being, the memory of that word will endure.

Here is a paragraph of great beauty spoiled by the "heavy mantle" that drags on both the sentence and the idea to an unmeasured length.

From both the faults and the excellencies of this style, and from the superabundance of quotations from writers in many languages, we presume the author to be a *débutant* in literature; though, perhaps, in this our "wish is father to the thought." If we are right, few *débutantes* in our times have given a brighter promise of future excellence. The question may probably be raised, whether the principal characters are merely imaginary, or copies of certain well-known individuals whose adventures are before the world. On this point we do not care to enter. In the present instance, at least, the tampering with individual character, if it has been committed, finds a ready excuse: the parties have made themselves *publici juris;* and, moreover, we do not imagine they have any feelings to be injured by the exposure.

EVIDENCES OF GENIUS FOR DRAMATIC POETRY.

NO. III.

In our last paper on this subject we characterized Mr. Walter Savage Landor, as "a poet for poets." In this phrase, we would have it understood, we desire to include not only the highest tribute we can pay to his genius, but also the strongest detraction we can make from it. The power, the variety, and the rapidly-associating thought, which belong alone to the poetical perceptions, and by a combination of which it is that the eye of the poet is enabled to glance in an instant from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven,—these are in some sort necessary to him who would understand Mr. Landor's poetry as a whole. That masterly connexion of the remotest analogies which is constantly to be met with there, and never with the help of any of those long intermediate processes which are requisite to the perceptions of ordinary readers, demands, for its entire and proper appreciation, the creative, scarcely less than the percipient faculty.

While this, however, is, on the one hand, an evidence of the most vivid conception and the most perfect faith to which a poet can attain, it is no less, on the other hand, open to very serious objections. So subtle a principle of association must frequently refine itself into a fault, and it may happen, at times, with the most docile disciple of Mr. Landor, that he shall recognize nothing but a series of thoughts or feelings, each evidently in some way dependent on the other, but according to some system which he is unable clearly to ascertain. The association, in fact, is liable to spring too hastily from a non-essential quality, rather than from the acknowledged and inseparate aggregate;—as sometimes, we venture to think, and more particularly in his minor poems, from the word rather than from the thought it expresses.

It is then a necessary result, from the nature of Mr. Landor's genius, that he can never become a popular poet. A writer of verse, after Sir Walter Scott's mode, who, acting under the broadest and most obvious law of association, merely reproduces, in a higher and illustrated form, the ordinary impressions, will as surely never be unpopular. It would be curious, indeed, to take one of the grandest passages from "Gebir," and observe the running and connecting commentary that would be required to make it continuous and intelligible to a reader very capable of mastering the mysteries of "Marmion." When Mr. Coleridge said,—as he is reported to have alleged, in explanation of the circumstance of Mr. Landor's poems not being popular,—that "Landor had not, after all, the power of expressing his thoughts in lucid and perspicuous English;" he seems to us to have exactly mistaken the cause. We hold, on the contrary, as we intimated in a former paper, that it is more likely to be found in Mr. Landor's too thorough sensitiveness on the subject of language—in his too precise apprehension of the vehicle of his thoughts. His light is diverted, and glances excentrically off from the facettes of his gem-like words. This is his grand fault in the midst of enormous beauties.

How different from Shelley's, with whose "obscurity" it has been the fashion to class the "puzzling verses" of Landor! Shelley's error

was that of presenting a vast array of synchronous images relating to the same thing. We do not know that it has ever been remarked, but there is a curious illustration in the poems published after his death, of that over-abundant wealth of imagery which pressed upon, overlaid, and diverted from their more direct course, the fancies of this great poet during his time of composition. We allude to a piece called the "Woodman and the Nightingale," which opens thus:—

"A woodman, whose rough heart was out of tune,
(I think such hearts yet never came to good,)
Hated to hear, under the stars or moon,
One nightingale, in an interfluous wood,
Satiate the hungry dark with melody;—
And, as a vale is water'd by a flood,
Or as the moonlight fills the open sky
Struggling with darkness—as a tuberose
Peoples some Indian dell with scents, which lie
Like clouds above the flower from which they rose—"

—but so thickly does a torrent of imagery of this kind rain in upon him, that, after suffering it to drive him on through about twelve stanzas, at its own wild will, he forces himself to come to a dead pause in the midst of a line, separates the passages with a mark of his pen, and again resumes:—

"And so this man returned with axe and saw,
At evening close, from killing the tall treen,
The soul of whom, by Nature's gentle law,
Was each a wood-nymph, and kept ever green
The pavement and the roof of the wild copse,
Chequering the sunlight of the blue serene
With jagged leaves, and, from the forest tops
Singing the winds to sleep,—or weeping oft
Fast showers of aërial water-drops
Into their mother's bosom, sweet and soft,
Nature's pure tears, which have no bitterness—"

—and again, after surrendering himself to nine more verses of this description, he makes another halt in the midst of a line, for the purpose of getting back into his original train of thought. This it is to be admitted to the posthumous papers found in the desk of a poet!

All Mr. Landor's reflections and images are, on the other hand, successive. The very reverse of these we have just quoted,—each one of them has a body and distinctness of its own. Each one of them is also obviously dependent on the other, though at times somewhat inexplicably so—"far-fetched" we might say. And how pregnant with meaning, and in what a dress of words—*splendidior vitro*, is each in itself! For, in the most apparently obscure parts of Landor's poetry, the sections, the passages, that bewilder the reader most *in succession*, are, when viewed abstractedly, as "one entire and perfect chrysolite." Nobody's single lines are nearly so good as Landor's. How grand is this from the "Count Julian—"

"Guilt hath pavilions, but no privacy!"

And take an image from the same tragedy:—

"Not victory, that o'ershadows him, sees he!
No airy and light passion stirs abroad
To ruffle or to soothe him; all are quell'd
Beneath a mightier, sterner stress of mind:
Wakeful he sits, and lonely, and unmoved,
Beyond the arrows, views, or shouts of men;
As oftentimes an Eagle, ere the sun
Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,
Stands solitary, stands immoveable
Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye,
Clear, constant, unobservant, unabash'd,
In the cold light, above the dews of morn."

Or Egilona's description of the escape of Roderigo and Julian's daughter, where we actually follow the fugitives in their journey:—

"Past the little brook
Toward the Betis...from a tower I saw
The fugitives, far on their way; they went
Over one bridge, each with arm'd men...not half
A league of road between them..and had join'd
But that the olive-groves along the path
Conceal'd them from each other..not from me:
Beneath me the whole level I survey'd;
And, when my eyes no longer could discern
Which track they took, I knew it from the storks
Rising in clouds above the reedy plain."

Or that tremendous reproach of Julian to Roderigo:—

"Is any just or glorious act in view,
Your oaths forbid it: is your avarice,
Or, if there be such, any viler passion,
To have its giddy range, and to be gorged,
It rises over all your sacraments,
A HOODED MYSTERY, holier than they all."

In "Gebir," all the splendour and all the peculiarities of Mr. Landor's genius have scope. Its successions of wondrous imagery, and of sweet and delicate fancies, are set down without pause or doubt, and as though the very objects were at hand to be referred to by any gainsayer. What instances shall we give? We may quote the first that opens to our hand—the description of the witch, Myrthyr, preparing the poisoned vest for Gebir:—

"Dalica stept, and felt beneath her feet
The slippery floor, with moulder'd dust be-
strewn;
But Myrthyr seized with bare bold-sinew'd
arm
The grey cerastes, *writhing from her grasp*,
And twisted off his horn, nor fear'd to squeeze
The viscous poison from his glowing gums.
Nor wanted there the root of stunted shrub
Which he lays ragged, hanging o'er the sands,
And whence the weapons of his wrath are
death:
Nor the blue urchin that with clammy fin
Holds down the tossing vessel for the tides.
Together these her scient hand combined,
And more she added, dared I mention more.
Which done, with words most potent, thrice
she dipt
The reeking garb; thrice waved it through
the air:
She ceast; *and suddenly the creeping wool
Shrunk up with crisped dryness in her hands.*
'Take this,' she cried, 'and Gebir is no
more.'"

Or that startling picture of the general horror when Gebir sinks down poisoned, which is likened to the wonders of the feast where Phineus was transformed to marble:—

"All eyes were fixt;
All stricken motionless and mute. The feast
Was like the feast of Cepheus, when the sword
Of Phineus, white with wonder, shook re-
strain'd,
And the hilt rattled in his marble hand."

Or the image which is used to convey the utter wilderness of woe in the midst of which the once fair city of Masar stands:—

"Her glory so gone down, at human step
The fierce hyæna frighted from the walls
Bristled his rising back, his teeth unsheathed,
Drew the long growl, and with slow foot re-
tired."

Or the noble allusions to Cleopatra, called up by the wretchedness of Queen Charoba:—

"Charoba, though indeed she never drank
The liquid pearl, or twined the nodding crown,
Or when she wanted cool and calm repose
Dreamt of the crawling asp and grated tomb,
Was wretched up to royalty—"

Or the picture of the Gadite men selecting their houses in Charoba's city:—

"Some heedless trip along with hasty step
Whistling, and fix too soon on their abodes:
Haply and one among them with his spear
Measures the lintel, if so great its highth,
As will receive him with his helm unlower'd."

Or the most delicate fancy:—

"Thus the damsel's bosom heaves,
When from her sleeping lover's downy cheek,
To which so warily her own she brings
Each moment nearer, she perceives the
warmth
Of coming kisses fann'd by playful dreams."

Or the most perfect of similes:—

"The long moonbeam on the hard wet sand
Lay like a jasper column half-uprear'd."

Or the course of the gilded galleys through the Nile:—

"Sweet airs of music ruled the rowing palms,
Now rose they glistening and aslant reclined,
Now they descended, and with one consent
Plunging, seem'd swift each other to pursue,
And now to tremble wearied o'er the wave."

Or the face of the water-nymph:—

"More of pleasure than disdain
Was in her dimpled chin, and liberal lip,
*And eyes that languisht, lengthening, just like
love.*"

Or, finally, the description, by that same water-nymph, of one of her pearly shells:—

"Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polisht lips to your attentive ear,
*And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.*"

We stop these quotations reluctantly, but we refer the reader to the

poem itself, which is a masterpiece. Through all its wonderful imagery there is not a pause or a doubt. Why should there be? The poet speaks of *existing* marvels. He does not call them up in the reader's presence. The task of creating is already accomplished, and his office is simply to describe. It may be said, at the same time, that all optics are not sufficiently acute to bear this sort of sudden exhibition; and it may admit of a reasonable doubt whether, in all cases, such tardiness of vision should be unprovided against. These questions, it will be seen, connect themselves with what we have said of the exacting nature of Mr. Landor's poetry, and of its continual demand on the imagination, almost creative, of its readers.

But what has all this to do, we may be asked, with a "GENIUS FOR DRAMATIC POETRY" in especial? We have just come to that. The questions suggested by "Gebir" cease to be questions here. There can be no doubt that the broad characteristics we have attributed to that great poem are those that belong to the true art of dramatic composition. In the drama all that is *material* is already upon the scene and actually present to the eye. We, the audience and spectators, have the passion bodily before us; we pursue its living progress, and watch its palpable results. It follows, therefore, for these reasons, that in the drama all which is *etherial* should be absolutely discharged from the task of setting forth what is, or ought to be, already visible. We do not want words, for instance, to assure us that this passion, and all its results, do exist. Virtually indeed words assure us of it, and that in the highest degree, because it is from the existence in question that they have at once flowed. But, as words, they are there because of the passion, not the passion because of them; and it is in this *effluence* of words, as a pure effect of passion, that the genuine art of dramatic writing consists.

Now—disjoin such an effect from the material agents that have produced it, from the actors, from the scene, from the very audience, and it instantly becomes as "obscure" and "unintelligible" as Mr. Landor's general poetry, to all but those who are capable of supplying those materials from their own imagination. It is in this, we have thought, that the secret of the indifference, if not repugnance, of the old dramatists to publishing their plays, will probably be found. And it is certainly in this that we are to seek for the causes of the perfect neglect of those old dramatists by the thousands like Mr. ———, and of the almost exclusive admiration paid to them by the *few* (!! do not mathematicians hold that there are numbers infinitely less than nothing?) like CHARLES LAMB. They who can bend Ulysses' bow, will hardly amuse themselves with that of Lord Antinous, if he should please to set up one.

Is the greater of these reading audiences worth securing? Write a modern dramatic poem.—Would you please the selecter audience of readers, and strike at the very heart of the crowds actually assembled in a theatre?—then produce a tragedy on the principle we have ventured to describe.

We will illustrate this in more vivid and immediate contrast. It is the easiest thing in the world to exhibit the author of one of these modern dramatic poems, *writing in* the action; filling up gaps; taking care all is explained; doing here a little bit of background scenery;

doing there something like portraiture;—and, instead of "subtle passes of pathos," treating us with a "one, two, three and under" of very different peril.

Take the plays of Lord Byron, *passim*. We speak with all respect of them, be it understood, as containing some of his Lordship's best bits of poetry; but as for the merest dramatic writing—not to go so high as passion and the grander attributes—it is even curious to note how in the least matters he is obliged to be at the elbow of his character, ekeing out his speech, and fearful he won't tell you the "rights of it:" —playing Launcelot Gobbo to old Gobbo. "Bring the mirror," says Sardanapalus to his attendant, as he goes out equipped for battle. "*The mirror, Sire?*" returns Sfero. "Yes, Sir," rejoins Sardanapalus—

> "*Yes, Sir, of polish'd brass*
> *Brought from the spoils of India*"—

and then a foot-note from Juvenal tells us the rest. In one of his Venetian plays a noble is thus addressed—

> "Is it true
> That you have written in your books of commerce,
> *(The wealthy practice of our highest nobles?)*" &c.

And, in "The Two Foscari," the gentle Marina elaborately observes—

> "We say the 'generous steed' to express the purity
> Of his high blood. *Thus much I've learnt, although*
> *Venetian (who see few steeds save of bronze)*
> *From those Venetians who have skimm'd the coasts*
> *Of Egypt, and her neighbour Araby—*"

In all these cases, which, if it were worth the while, might be infinitely increased, the poet really stops the play to do a little for his ignorant auditory. Contrast them with the Venetian similes in the "Merchant of Venice"—with the lines in which the Rialto itself starts into sudden life before you—with the associations, as in the image of the ship going and returning, which issue naturally from minds imbued with Venice:—

> "All things that are,
> Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
> How like a younker, or a prodigal,
> The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
> Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet-wind!
> How like the prodigal doth she return,
> With overweather'd ribs and ragged sails,
> Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet-wind!"

Where is the comment here? the help to the ignorant? Only in the presence of the scene, in the air of Venice. So evidently are Shakspeare's descriptive bits suggested by scenery actually present, that many of them have been adduced to prove the existence of *scenes* in his time. What maker of comments is it that has settled the fact, that Banquo *could* not have pointed out the "pendent bed and procreant cradle" of the martlets on Macbeth's castle, unless they had been actually visible? This is it to have the soul of a commentator! Was an aviary in request at the passage—

> "Light thickens; and the crow
> Makes wing to the rooky wood."

Or is any elaborate commentary necessary to indicate the persons and the action that belong to these few intensely dramatic lines—?

> "Stay! spare him! save the last!
> Medea!.....is that blood? again! it drops
> From my imploring hand upon my feet...
> I will invoke the Eumenides no more..
> I will forgive thee...bless thee..bend to thee
> In all thy wishes...do but thou, Medea,
> Tell me, one lives.
> "And shall I too deceive?"
> Cries from the firy car an angry voice;
> And swifter than two falling stars descend
> Two breathless bodies...warm, soft, motionless,
> As flowers in stillest noon before the sun,
> They lie three paces from him..."

This is from one of Mr. Landor's minor poems, addressed "To Corinth." But let us now introduce the reader to some of those full and splendid embodiments of what dramatic writing ought to be, which will justify our special and emphatic connexion of Mr. Landor's name with this great subject. Our extracts shall be made from "dramatic poems" less known than "Count Julian." The reader to whom the celebrated story of "Ines de Castro" is familiar, will need no explanation of the scene which follows:—but to those who are not so familiar, it may be necessary to intimate that on the marriage of Blanca to the king of Portugal, she resolved to marry her daughter Constantia to Pedro, the son of her husband;—Pedro, however, had loved, and before his departure to the Moorish wars had been betrothed to, Ines: on his return he is required to surrender her, and—thoroughly imbued, notwithstanding his fine nature, with some of the prejudices of his birth and education,—feels the stern necessity, which in the following scene, after a most striking interview with Constantia, he first discloses to her:—

"She comes..be strong, my heart! thou'rt at thy proof
For the first time..bear up!
[To INES, who enters.] Sit here by me,
Under this cedar.
INES. Where sit under it?
Its branches push the grass away beneath,
Nor leave it room enough to rise amid them;
Easier it were, methinks, to walk along
And rest on them, they are so dense and broad,
And level as the oars are on Mondego
Until the music beckons them below.
PEDRO. Come; I am holding them wide open for thee;
They will close round us.
IN. Have you waited long?
Tell me.
PED. I've other things to tell thee.
IN. What?
Oh! I am very chilly in this shade.
PED. Run into the pavilion then.
IN. Now tell me.
Pedro! your hand and brow are sadly parcht,
And you are out of breath, altho' you walked
These twenty paces, more than I who ran..
And yet you always caught me when we tried.
What would you tell me now, my faithful Pedro?
PED. In one word, Ines! I have ceased to love thee.
Loose me and let me go.
IN. Is this your greeting?
This your first morning salutation? turn..
Can it be? must I (look at me) believe it?
PED. Yes, my sweet..yes, my Ines..yes, yes, Ines!
IN. And are you still so generous, O my love,
As to be sorry you have ceased to love me?
To sigh, almost to weep, bending your face
Away from me, lest I should grieve to see
A change in it, and in a change a loss?
Take off that hand from above mine then! take it!
I dare not move it from me..'tis the prince's,
And not my Pedro's.
PED. I must go.
IN. I once
Might ask you why. Let *me* go.
PED. Wouldst thou? whither?
Unfortunate! So, thou resignest me,
Light heartless girl!"

Every line here is absolutely perfect. Mark, above all, the struggle of the soul in those few words—"Yes, my sweet . . yes, my Ines . . yes, yes, Ines!"—and the breathless haste with which, in the last passage, the prince catches at the slightest shadow of excuse to himself for his proposed desertion. This feeling has stronger and more forcible expression still in a subsequent part of the scene. The connexion of Ines and Pedro, we should observe, had been the subject of satire and grave rebuke in Portugal, and one of the grand threats to which he is obliged to yield in resolving to desert her, was that of the Queen that Ines should be accused before Holy Church as a sorceress. She has been calling up past days:—

"PEDRO. I cannot bear these reminiscences,
Rather these presences..for they who love
As we have done, have but one day, one hour,
In their whole life, in their whole afterlife,
In earth, heaven, time, eternity.
INES. What said you?
I know not what you said, and yet your words
Seem'd my own to me.
PED. Live! live? thou art young,
Innocent..none shall hurt thee. Think no more
Of that obedience thou wouldst speak about—
'Twas never promist me.
IN. What else is love?
PEDRO. O Ines! Ines! Ines! must we two
Know nothing more of what love is, than this?
IN. Enough for such as I am..ah! too much..
It must not be..and yet it may be, sure!
Pedro hath shewn me many of my faults,
And now may shew me all, and bid me mend them.

PED. Forget me, hate me: I am grown ungrateful,
Wild, desperate, the very worst of men.
And (if thou wilt not pity me for saying it)
Most wretched, and most wronged.
Hold back thy pity!
I will not have it.
Is this curse enough
For my consent to leave thee! or what heavier
Would any wish? even thou!
IN. Oh, tender Pedro!
If you have ceased to love me (very strange
As are your words) I would not argue with you;
I have no power, and you no need of it:
But if you ever fancy in yourself
Such blemishes, then be persuaded by me,
O generous Pedro, you have wronged your nature;
They are not to be fear'd or thought of in it.
Enough of breasts are open to them, room
Enough in all, and welcome in too many!
They cannot enter Pedro's.
PED. Burst, my heart!
IN. One only, in your sorrows, we have still..
Speak, and assuage it.
PED. Dost thou bid me? hear!
Hear me! reproach me! spurn me! but ask nought.
I must not marry thee.
What answerest thou?
IN. Heaven has decreed it then, O my beloved!
Be calm! unless I have offended you.
PED. I may be calm, no doubt! a curse on those
Who teach me calmness! wouldst *thou* teach me it?
IN. Take off the curse! with any pain but that
I would; tho' others first must teach it *me*.
PED. I thought so! *Others!* What a word is this?
She then has confidents! she asks their counsel!
She talks to them of me! tells of my loves,
My doubts, my fears...What fears have I? what doubts?
She throws my weaknesses before their feet
To look at, touch, discourse upon, discuss..
Now I can leave her..now I can..and will.
In three strides I am gone beyond a thought
Of such a woman..dear as she was once!
Pooh! I misunderstood her, I perceive.
Monks, then, and priests invade the sanctuary
Of holiest love, strip down its freshest fruits,
And chew them dry, and call them bad and bitter!
Could it be thus, were dignity in man
Or chastity in woman as before?
We turn tame foxes into our own vineyards
To yelp the wild ones out; but they the wild
Come only the more numerous at their noise;
And our sleek guardians make the best grapes theirs,
Biting the fist that drags them back too late.
IN. Revere our holy Church! tho' some within
Have erred, and some are slow to lead us right,
Stopping to pry when staff and lamp should be
In hand, and the way whiten underneath.
PED. Ines, the Church is now a charnel-house,
Where all that is not rottenness is drowth.
Thou hast but seen its gate hung round with flowers,
And heard the music whose serenest waves
Cover its gulfs and dally with its shoals,
And hold the myriad insects in light play
Above it, loth to leave its sunny sides.
Look at this central edifice! come close!
Men's bones and marrow its materials are,
Men's groans inaugurated it, men's tears
Sprinkle its floor, fires lighted up with men
Are censers for it; Agony and Anger
Surround it night and day with sleepless eyes!
Dissimulation, Terrour, Treachery,
Denunciations of the child, the parent,
The sister, brother, lover (mark me, Ines!)
Are the peace-offerings God receives from it.
IN. I tremble..but betrayers tremble more.
Now cease, cease, Pedro! Cling I must to somewhat..
Leave me one guide, one rest! Let me love God!
Alone..if it must be so!
PED. Him alone..
Mind; in him only place thy trust henceforth.
Thy hands are marble, Ines! and thy looks
Unchangeable, as are the wintery stars
In their clear brightness..and what pangs have I
Endured for thee! Gaze, smile at me, sit mute..
I merit it..Woman of songs and satires
And sermons, thro' the world they point at thee!
(To himself.)
I spoke of what I suffered: I spoke ill.
Light as a bubble was the heaviest of it
To what I now endure. Where was there ever
Affliction like love buried thus alive,
And turn'd to hatred by some hellish charm!
So! then thy lips can move! can open too!
When they have leisure, will they deign to speak?
IN. O Pedro! Pedro! my own agony
Had cast me down; yours will not let me sink.
Uncertain man! once tender, now severe,
Once prodigal of confidence, now prompt
To snatch it back, rending the heart that held it!
How much true love my grave will hide from you!"

Referring the reader to what we have said of the peculiarly dramatic stamp of Mr. Landor's genius, we leave him to take every word of this into his heart. We wish that we could quote all. A scene with the Queen follows, in which all the various characteristics of the three speakers are brought into living contrast, and which closes with a promise of obedience from Pedro, on condition of a solemn oath from the Queen that she will never seek to coerce the life, the liberty, or the fame of Ines. Take one short extract only. The Queen has proposed a brilliant marriage to Ines:—

"QUEEN. What! thankless, graceless, uncompliant girl,
Will nothing serve you under royalty?
INES. *O were there none on earth! I then were happy.*
QUEEN. Abomination! treason! heresy!
My duty now compels me..call the guard..
PEDRO. Forbear, forbear, *justly offended Queen!*
INES. *Well may you blush*, who never blusht for me
Before!"

These extracts are from a first portion of the sketch, called "Ines de Castro at Cintra;" a second part completes it, under the title of "Ines de Castro at Coimbra." During the years which have elapsed, the death of Constantia has released her husband, and Pedro and Ines have been privately married. The scene opens as they wait in expectation of their marriage being at last assented to, and their children acknowledged, by the King. But the Queen, whose hatred of Ines is exasperated by the thought that her love of Pedro had hastened Constantia's death, has resolved to thwart their hopes once more. She enters with fair words, but her soul breaks out, and a tremendous scene ensues, in which she tries in vain, while resolved on her purpose of separating them, to save the life of Ines. Her arguments to prevail with her to enter a cloister, her allegation of their "gossipry" in youth, which makes union incest in the Church's eye, her sudden and sharp alternatives, are spurned by Pedro:—

"QUEEN. Now delay
Were madness, pardon perjury: such threats
Are traitorous and parricidal too.
[She calls from the window.
Coello! Diego! with your band upstairs..
With your whole band..two timid women wait..
Your Queen commands..your King..your friend the bridegroom..
Force! murder!
To PEDRO. Stop me? hold me? grasp my wrist?
Audacious! and let that foul fiend escape?
(INES just out of the door.)
Good soldier! I am not escaping from you..
Push me not back! *that* was not the command..
Strike! you must act no otherwise..let fall
This halbert, or I run from under it..
The word is given..'twas the Queen gave it..strike,
Irresolute!
PED. What fell?
QUEEN. Where is she?
PED. Fled.
QUEEN. Hold me not; pray me not; I will pursue..
PED. The guard hath stopt her.
QUEEN. At the door?
PED. With force
More than is manly, thrusting her against it.
Ho! Ines! art thou hurt? speak! art thou speaking?
What, sobbest thou, my love! is then my name
Uncall'd upon in any grief of thine!
Where is she?
Ho! throw open, sentinel,
This door.
QUEEN. Stand further off..he does his duty..
Further back yet..have you no decency!
To tread upon her blood! it runs thro' fast,
And will ('tis to be fear'd) leave marks behind
Who, hearing your insensibility,
Will pity you?
PED. None! none!
Ines is dead!
My father! you are childless! fare you well!
Unbar the door! [Aloud to the sentry.
To the QUEEN. Command him, madam!
Who
Shall keep me here, while steel is in my grasp
And vengeance strengthens it and justice guides it.
QUEEN. Sentry, unbar!
(Looking at the corpse.)
The scene quite saddens me.
'Twas her own fault, rash child! God's will be done!"

Add to these, one more transcendent scene from "Ippolito di Este." Ferrante and Giulio were brothers, by the father's side, to the Duke Alfonso and the Cardinal Ippolito di Este. The Cardinal deprived Ferrante of his eyes for loving the same object as his Eminence, and because she had praised the beauty of them. The sketch of this incident is given in two parts, but we can only find room for a portion of the last. The opening speech of Ippolito, in the first part, is the entire shadowing forth of Victor Hugo's priest in "Notre Dame." In the second part, he carries the Duke's sentence to Ferrante, who is attended in his prison by Giulio. After a terrible interview, Ippolito stalks out of the prison, having handed the sentence to Giulio with these words—"Take you the sentence, *and God be with both!*" Is it necessary to ask the reader's admiration for *every word* in the scene which follows?

"GIULIO. What sentence have we here?
FERRANTE. Unseal and read it.
GIU. (reading). *Of sight! of sight! of sight!*
FER. Would you escape,
My gentle Giulio? *Run not thus around*
The wide light chamber, press not thus your brow
Against the walls, with your two palms above.
Seek you the door then? you are uncondemned
To lose the sight of one who is the bloom
And breath of life to you: the bolts are drawn
On me alone. You carry in your breast
Most carefully our brother's precious gift:

Well, take it anywhere, but do not hope
Too much from any one. Time softens rocks,
And hardens men!
GIU. Pray then our God for help.
FER. O my true brother, Giulio, *why thus hang*
Around my neck and pour forth prayers for me!
Where there are priests and kinsmen such as ours,
God hears not, nor is heard. I am prepared
For death.
GIU. Ah! worse than death may come upon you,
Unless Heaven interpose.
FER. I know the worst,
And bear one comfort in my breast that fire
And steel can ne'er force from it: she I love
Will not be his, but die as she hath lived.
Doubt you? that thus you shake the head, and sigh.
GIU. Far other doubt was mine: even this shall cease.
FER. Speak it.
GIU. I must: God pardon me!
FER. Speak on.
GIU. Have we not dwelt in friendship from our birth,
Told the same courtier the same tale of joy,
And pointed where life's earliest thorn had pierced
Amid the sports of boyhood, ere the heart
Hath aught of bitter or unsound within?
FER. We have indeed.
GIU. Has my advice been ill?
FER. Too often ill-observed, but always good.
GIU. *Brother, my words are not what better men*
Would speak to you; and yet my love, I think,
Must be more warm than theirs can ever be..
FER. Brother's, friend's, father's, when was it like yours!
GIU. Which of them ever said what I shall say!
FER. Speak; my desires are kindled, my fears quencht.
GIU. DO NOT DELAY TO DIE, LEST CRUELLER
THAN COMMON DEATH BEFALL YOU.
FER. Then the wheel
Is ordered in that schedule! Must she too
Have her chaste limbs laid bare? Here lies the rack;
Here she would suffer ere it touch the skin..
No, I will break it with the thread of life
Ere the sound reach her. Talk no more of Heaven,
Of Providence, of Justice..Look on her!
Why should she suffer? what hath she from Heaven
Of comfort, or protection?
GIU. Talk not so!
Pity comes down when Hope hath flown away.
FER. Illusion!
GIU. If it were, which it is not,
Why break with vehement words such sweet illusion?
For were there nought above but empty air,
Nought but the clear blue sky where birds delight,
Soaring o'er myriad worlds of living dust
That roll in columns round the noontide ray,
Your heart would faint amid such solitude,
Would shrink in such vacuity: that heart
(Ferrante! can you hide its wants from me?)
Rises and looks around and calls aloud
For some kind Being, some consoling bosom,
Whereon to place its sorrows, and to rest.
FER. Oh! that was here..I cannot look beyond.
GIU. Hark! hear you not the people? to the window!
They shout and clap their hands when they first meet you
After short absence; what shall they now do?
Up! seize the moment; shew yourself.
FER. Stay, Giulio!
Draw me not thither! speak not of my wrongs..
I would await but not arouse their vengeance,
And would deserve but court not their applause.
Little of good shall good men hope from them,
Nothing shall wiser.
(Aside). *O were he away!*
But if I fail, he must die too, being here.
GIU. Let me call out: they are below the grate.
They would deliver you: try this one chance.
Obdurate! would you hold me down! They're gone!
FER. *Giulio! for shame! weep not,* or here I stay
And let vile hands deform me.
GIU. They shall never.
FER. What smoke arises? Are there torches under?
Surely the crowd has passed..'tis from the stairs.
GIU. ANTICIPATE THE BLOW.
FER. One more must grieve!
And will she grieve like you, too tender Giulio!
*Turn not away the head, the hand..*WHAT HOLD YOU?
Give, give it me..'TIS KEEN..they call you forth..
Tell her..*no, say not we shall meet again,*
For tears flow always faster at those words..
May the thought come, but gently, like a dream."

Is there any *writing in* of the action here? Are any stage-directions wanted? Does the actor of Giulio require to be told what to do, or how to do it? Are not the very words a KEAN in action? With what heart-rending earnestness do we not hear a Voice tremble, as it recalls the affection of the past, to excuse the terrible advice of the present! Does the actor of Ferrante need to know in what tones that commonplace excuse of his must be spoken, where he resigns the hope of release from the people, rather than endanger his brother,—or does he require a clue to the quiet accents of agonized resolve in which that "*aside*" must be expressed,—or to the action with which he may convey the keenness of the dagger's point? Truly we want no—*stabs himself and falls—right hand—prompt: side*—or any of those ingenious and elaborate details which abound in the books of the players.

THE POET'S VOW.

Part I.

Eve is a twofold mystery—
The stillness earth doth keep—
The motion wherewith human souls
Toward each other leap.
As if all spirits the earth inherits
Foreknew they *part in sleep.*

The rowers lift their oars to view
Each other in the sea;
The landsmen watch the rocking boats,
In a pleasant company;
While up the hill go gladlier still
Dear friends by two and three.

The peasant's wife hath look'd without
Her cottage door, and smiled;
The peasant, 'stead of scythe or spade,
Doth clasp his youngest child,
Which hath no speech, but its hands can reach
And stroke his forehead mild.

A poet sate, that eventide,
Within his hall alone,
As silent as its ancient lords
In their coffin'd place of stone;
When the bat hath shrunk from the praying monk
And the praying monk is gone.

Nor wore the dead a stiller face,
Beneath the cerement's roll.
His lips seem'd carv'd to an endless thought,
No language dared control;
And his steadfast ee burnt inwardly,
As gazing on his soul.

You would not deem that brow could e'er
Ungentle moods express;
Yet seem'd it, in this wailing world,
Too calm for gentleness:
When the very star that shines from far,
Shines trembling ne'ertheless.

It lack'd—all need—the softening light
Which other brows supply.
We should conjoin the scathed trunks
Of our humanity,
That each leafless spray entwinèd may
Look softer 'gainst the sky.

None gazed within the poet's face—
The poet gazed in none:
He threw a lonely shadow aye
In light of moon and sun,
Affronting nature's heav'n-dwelling creatures
With wrong to nature done.

Yea, and this poet daringly—
The nature at his heart,
And that quick tune along his veins,
He could not change by art,—
Had vowed the blood of his brotherhood
Unto a lonely part.

He vowèd not in fear or wrath,
Or grief's fantastic whim;
But when the weights and shows of things
Too closely compass'd him,
On his spirit's lid the pressure slid,
Until its sight was dim.

He held his soul above his clay,
'Twixt earth, and sea, and sky,
T' imbue with shade, and wave, and cloud,
Its immortality;
And the mortal things fell from its wings,
And left them hot and dry.

He bathed it in the sea of thought,
Unsensual, rolling aye,
Where God's unwaning countenance
O'erhung a moonlike sway;
But the tide was dark with the serpent's mark,
And God's was turn'd away.

He look'd on all things beautiful,
The shadow o'er them lying;
Gave ear to all things musical,
Whose loudest note is sighing:
He shook to the tone of creation's groan,
And the voice of Death replying.

He cried—"O touching, patient Earth,
That weepest in thy glee,
Whom God created very good,
And very mournful we!
Thy voice of moan doth reach His throne,
As Abel's rose from *thee*.

"O deep unsensual sea of thought,
That darkenest to and fro;
Whose waters are unsilent clouds,
Where eagles dare not go!
O motion wild! O wave defiled!
Our curse hath made thee so.

"*We!*" and "*our* curse!" Do *I* partake
The dreary, cruel sin?
Have *I* the apple at my lips?
The money-lust within?
Do *I* manlike stand with the wronging hand?
To the blasting heart akin?

"Thou solemn pathos of all things!
Ye things of sense and mind!
Behold! subdued to your cause,
An holy wrath I find;
And for your sake the bondage break,
That knits me to my kind.

"Hear me forswear man's sympathies,
His pleasant yea and no;
His riot on the piteous earth
Whereon his thistles grow;—
His changing love—with stars above!
His pride—with graves below!

"Hear me forswear his roof by night—
His bread and salt by day—
His talkings on the lighted hearth—
His greetings by the way—
His musing looks—his system'd books,—
All man, for aye and aye!

"That so my purg'd, once human, heart,
From all the human rent,
May gather strength to pledge and drink
Your wine of wonderment;
While you pardon *me*, all blessingly,
The woe mine Adam sent.

"And I shall feel your unseen smiles,
Innumerous, fixed, deep,
As soft as haunted Adam once,
Though sadder, round me creep;—
As slumbering men have mystic ken
That others watch their sleep.

"And ever, when I lift my brow
Toward the setting sun,
No voice of woman or of child
Recording 'Day is done,'—
Your silences shall a love express
More deep than such an one."

PART II.

The poet's vow was inly sworn—
The poet's vow was told;
He parted 'mong his crowding friends
The silver and the gold;
And he calmly scann'd, they clasp'd his *hand*
In a something slacker hold.

They wended forth, the crowding friends,
With farewells low and kind,
And purses at their stricken hearts;
And left but twain behind:
One loved him true, as brothers do,
And one was Rosalind.

"They have wended forth, my crowding friends,
With farewells low and kind,
And purses at their stricken hearts;—
Why linger ye behind?
Sir Roland's bride being at his side,
And the lands for Rosalind."

She look'd at him all silently,
With her large, doubting eyes,—
Like a child that never knew but love,
Whom words of wrath surprise;
Till the rose did break from either cheek,
And the sudden tears did rise.

She look'd at him all mournfully,
While her large eyes were grown
Yet larger with the steady tears;
Till, all his purpose known,
She turnèd slow, as she would go—
The tears were shaken down.

She turnèd slow, as she would go,
Then quickly turned again;
And gazing in his face to see
Some little touch of pain—
"I thought," she said, and shook her head,
When the trièd speech was vain.

"I thought—but I am still a child,
And very sage art thou—
That looking on the heaven and earth
Did keep us soft and low.
They have drawn *my* tears i' the springs of years,
Or ere I wept—as now.

"But now that in thy face I read
Their cruel homily,
Before their beauty I would fain
Untouch'd, unloving be;
Could I look upon the senseless sun,
As *thou* dost look on *me*.

"And couldest thou as calmly view
Thy childhood's far abode,
Where little footsteps mix'd with thine
Upon the grassy sod?
And thy mother's look on holy book,
Fell like a thought of God?

"O brother! call'd so ere her last
Explaining words were said;
O fellow-watcher in her room,
With hushèd voice and tread!
What friends did stand with claspèd hand,
Beside th' unblessing dead?

"I will not live Sir Roland's bride,
Nor rule that castle old;
Thus crush I 'neath my parting feet
The deeds of hill and wold.
The tears I weep are mine to keep,
And worthier than thy gold."

The poet and Sir Roland stood
Alone, each turn'd to each;
Till Roland brake the silence left
By that soft-throbbing speech—
"Poor heart!" he cried, "it vainly tried
The distant heart to reach.

"And thou, O! distant sinful heart,
That climbest up so high,
To wrap and blind thee with the snows
Which cause to dream and die:
What blessing can, from lips of man,
Approach thee with his sigh?

"Ay! what from earth—create for man,
And moaning in his moan?
From mystic truths—reveal'd to man—
That use his human tone?
From the Spirits seven, that show in heaven,
A MAN upon the throne?

"A man on earth he wandered once,
All meek and undefiled:
And those who loved him said he wept—
None ever saw he smiled:
Yet there might have been a smile unseen
As he clasp'd that blessed child.

"And now he pleadeth up in heav'n
For our humanities,
Until the light on seraphs' wings
In pale emotion dies.
They can better bear his godhead's glare
Than the pathos of his eyes!

"I will go pray that God in man,
With bowèd face and knee,
To teach thee on the earth he made
His finger's print to see;
But plainer yet the bloodstain wet
His manhood left for *thee!*

"So, for the sake of that dear blood
God-shed, and human e'er,
Tears, like it, moist and warm with love,
Thy reverent eyes may wear,
To see i' the face of Adam's race,
The nature God doth share."

"I heard," the poet said, "thy voice
As dimly as thy breath;
It sounded like the noise of life
To one anear his death—
Or waves that fail to stir the pale
Sere leaf they roll beneath.

"For while it sounded I was 'ware,
Stretch'd round me like a mist,
Of white cold palms of creatures high,
Confused and never wist:
O'er mine heart they bowed their foreheads proud,
And stilled it while they kist.

"The castle and its lands are thine—
The poor's—thy wish is done.
Go, *man!* go, Roland: I abide
I' the ruined hall, alone—
For wind and rain have washed the stain
Men workèd in its stone."

Part III.

He dwelt alone, and sun and moon,
  Perpetual witness made,
Of his repented humanness—
  Until they seemed to fade:
His face did so; for he did grow
  Of his own soul afraid.

The self-poised God may dwell alone
  In inward glorying;
But raptest angel waited for
  His brother's voice to sing:
And a lonely creature of sinful nature—
  It is an awful thing!

E'en to himself an awful thing,
  While many years did roll,
He bore that crushing solitude—
  A part beneath the whole!
That pressure of God's infinite
  Upon the finite soul.

* * * *

The poet at his lattice sate
  And downward lookèd he—
Three Christians passed by to prayers,
  With mute ones in their ee.
Each turned above a face of love,
  And callèd him to the far chapèlle,
With voice more tuneful than its bell—
  But still they wended three!

There passèd by a bridal pomp,
  A bridegroom and his dame;
She speaketh low for happiness,
  She blusheth red for shame—
But never a tone of benison
  From out the lattice came.

A little child with inward song,
  No louder noise to dare,
Stood near the wall to see at play
  The lizards green and rare—
Unbless'd the while for his childish smile
  Which cometh unaware.

* * * *

Part IV.

In death-sheets lieth Rosalind,
  As white and still as they;
And the old nurse that watcheth her,
  Rose up with "Well-a-day!"
And oped the casement to let in
The sun, and that sweet doubtful din
Which droppeth from the grass and bough
Sans wind and bird—none knoweth how—
  To cheer her as she lay.

The old nurse started when she saw
Her sudden look of woe;
But the quick wan tremblings round her mouth
In a meek smile did go;
And calm she said—"When I am dead,
Dear nurse, it *shall* be so!

"But now shut out those sights and sounds,
And pray God pardon me,
That I, without this pain, no more
His blessed works can see.
And lean beside me, loving nurse,
That thou may'st hear, ere I am worse,
What thy last love must be."

The loving nurse leant over her,
As white she lay beneath,—
The old eyes searching—dim with life,
The young ones dim with death,—
To read their look, if sound forsook
The trying trembling breath.

"When all this feeble breath is done,
And I on bier am laid,
My tresses smoothed for never a feast,
My body in shroud arrayed,
Uplift each palm in a saintly calm,
As if that still I prayed.

"And heap beneath mine head the flowers
I lovèd when a child,—
The little white flow'rs from the wood,
Which grow there thick and wild—
Which I plucked for *thee*, and thy gramercy
The pleasant toil beguiled.

"Weep not! *I* weep not! Death is strong;—
The eyes of death are dry,—
But lay this scroll upon my breast,
When hushed its heavings lie;
And wait awhile for the corpse's smile
Which shineth presently.

"And when it shineth, straightway call
Thy youngest children dear,
And bid them gently carry me
Barefacèd on the bier;
But bid them pass my kirkyard grass,
That waveth long anear.

"And up the bank where I used to sit
And dream what life would be,
Along the brook, with its sunny look,
Akin to human glee—
O'er the windy hill, thro' the forest still,
Let them gently carry me.

"And when they near the ruined hall,
In silence let them lay
The bier before its barrèd door,
And silent wend away:
For there alone with the lifeless one,
The living God must stay."

The old nurse lookèd in her eyes,
Whose mutual look was gone,—
The old nurse stoopèd to her mouth,
Whose answering voice was done.
And nought she heard, till a little bird
Upon the casement's woodbine swinging,
Broke out into a loud sweet singing
For joy o' the summer sun.
"Alack! Alack!" she watched no more,—
With head on knee she wailèd sore;
And the little bird sang o'er and o'er
For joy o' the summer sun.

Part V.

The poet oped his barrèd door,
The midnight sky to view.
A spirit-feel was in the air,
Which seemed to touch his spirit bare
Whenever his breath he drew:
And the stars a liquid softness had,
As their holiness alone forbade
Their falling with the dew.

They shine upon the fixèd hills,
Upon the running tide:
They shine upon the forest leaves,
And the little mosses pied.
They shine on every lovely place—
They shine upon the corpse's face,
As *it* were fair beside.

It lay before him, human-like,
Yet so unlike a thing:
More awful in its shrouded pomp,
Than any crownèd king:
All calm and cold, as it did hold
Some secret, glorying.

A heavier weight than of its clay
Clung to his heart and knee;
As if those joinèd palms could strike,
He staggered groaningly;—
And then o'erhung, without a groan,
The meek close mouth that *smiled alone*,—
Whose speech the scroll must be.

THE WORDS OF ROSALIND'S SCROLL.

" I left thee last, a feeble child,
In those remembered years:
I come to thee, a solemn corpse,
Which neither feels nor fears.
They laid the death-weights on mine eyes,
To seal them safe from tears.

" Look on me with thine own calm look—
I meet it calm as thou:
No look of thine can change *this* smile,
Or break thy sinful vow.
My silent heart, of thine earth is part—
It cannot love thee now.

" But out, alas! these words are writ
By a living loving one,
Adown whose cheeks, the proofs of life,
The human tears do run.
Ah! let th' unloving corse control
Thy thoughts unto the loving soul,
Whose place of rest is won.

" I have prayed for thee with the wailing voice
Thy memory drew from me.
I have prayed for thee with the moveless lips,
And the anguish none could see.
They whispered oft, 'she sleepeth soft'—
But I only prayed for *thee*.

" Go to! I pray for thee no more—
The corpse's tongue is still:
Albeit its palms do point to heav'n,
They point there stiff and chill—
And never a woe, from the sin below,
Its tranquil heart can thrill.

" I charge thee by the living's prayer—
The corpse's silentness—
To wring from out thy proper soul
A prayer thy God shall bless!
Lest the heaven-palm droop within my hand,
And pale among the saints I stand,
A saint companionless."

Bow lower down before the throne,
Triumphant Rosalind!
He boweth on thy corpse his face—
He weepeth as the blind.
'Twas a dread sight to see them so—
For the senseless corpse rocked to and fro,
With the wail of his living mind.

But dreader sight, could such be seen,
That living mind did lie,
Whose long subjected humanness
Gave out its lion-cry,
And fiercely rent its tenement
In a mortal agony!

I tell you, friends, had you heard his wail,
'Twould haunt you in court and mart,
And in merry feast, until you set
Your cup down, to depart—
That weeping wild of a grievèd child
From a proud man's broken heart.

O broken heart! O broken vow!
That wore so proud a feature:
God, grasping as a thunderbolt
His own renouncèd nature,
Did smite him thus—i' the presence high
Of his so worshipped earth and sky
That looked on all with silent eye—
A wailing human creature.

Yea—and a human one too weak
To bear its human pain—
(May Heav'n's dear grace have spoken peace
To his dying heart and brain!)
For when they came at dawn of day,
To lift the ladye's corpse away,
Her bier was holding twain.

They dug, beneath the kirkyard grass,
For both one dwelling deep:
And Roland brought his little son
To watch the funeral heap.
And when the happy boy would rather
Turn upward his blythe eyes to see
The wood-doves nodding from the tree—
"Nay, boy, look downward!" said his father,
"And hold it in thy constant ken,
That God's own everlastingness
(One making *one* with strong compress)
Man's sympathies doth keep.
Thou may'st not *smile* like other men,
Yet like them thou must *weep*."

E. B. B.

JOB'S COMFORTERS.—NO. I.

SAM SCALPEL.—PETER FESTER.—TOM TOOGOOD.

THE Art of Administering Consolation would seem to be both easy and agreeable, were we to form our opinion of it from the vast number of its professors, and the pleasure they appear to derive from the exercise of it. Perhaps, however, there is none that in its application requires greater tact and delicacy, or that is, at the same time, more painful to the feelings of the sincere and conscientious ministrer. For, the severest calamities incident to human-kind being, also, the most common, the topics of comfort proper to them, few in themselves, are, consequently, trite. To render these effective, therefore, extreme nicety of handling is requisite on the part of the consolator; and, from the difficulty of the undertaking, well indeed is it for him if he do not aggravate, when it was his purpose to alleviate, the grief of the afflicted.

But lest I should be suspected of an attempt to perpetrate a moral essay, I at once declare that my business is not with the "sincere and conscientious" ministrer of comfort, who, in pureness of spirit, and at the sacrifice of his own pleasure or convenience, visits the house of mourning with the devout hope that his voice may mitigate, if not dispel, its gloom; nor with him who is as ready to stretch forth his hand to relieve the unfortunate as to exercise his tongue in deploring the misfortune. No! I have to do, merely, with that numerous class of importunate meddlers who are comprehended by the term of JOB'S COMFORTERS, who look out for sufferings of all sorts, from a first-rate calamity down to a petty vexation, with a feeling akin to that which excites some people to attend executions; who, without sympathy, but pretending to console, will, with morbid curiosity, probe a grief to the quick; who, if they cannot discover, will, like barbarous drovers, "*establish* a raw," that they may, with more tormenting effect, apply the goad of compassion.

One of the class is SAM SCALPEL. Scalpel enjoys the reputation of being one of the tenderest-hearted creatures alive, for, regardless of the pangs it may inflict upon his own acute feelings, wherever a scene of deep suffering is being, or to be, enacted, there is he to be found. In reply to the question "What was his *fancy* for thrusting himself into such matters, and frequently on occasions where his presence was neither expected nor desired?" Scalpel exclaimed,—"Fancy!—Thrust!—In this world of pain and tribulation, where so much is to be done by a word of comfort or consolation, one must sacrifice points of etiquette, as well as one's own feelings, to one's duty as a man and a Christian."

This question was put to Scalpel by an acquaintance who met him on his way to Major Dareall's, whither he was bound, on his "duty as a man and a Christian," to offer a few words of comfort and encouragement—Scalpel having accidentally learnt, that on the morrow, the Major was to suffer the amputation of his right leg. The Major was a man of acknowledged bravery, who had faced danger and death in many shapes, and (like Coriolanus) "had wounds to show."

On arriving at the Major's house Scalpel was dismayed at finding there was no muffle about the knocker. "Then it is all over," thought he;

"he is dead, and I am too late." And his heart sank with disappointment.

He knocked at the door, which was opened by the Major's servant, an old soldier who had served with him through the Peninsula.

"Well?" said Scalpel, dolefully.

"Well, Sir!" said the servant.

"Then it's all over?" continued Scalpel.

"What, Sir?" inquired the servant.

Scalpel made no reply, but pulled a long, dismal face, and shook his head; at the same time drawing his finger across his thigh.

"O——that, Sir: no, Sir; to-morrow at eleven o'clock;" said the servant in a firm, though not unfeeling, tone.

Scalpel, then, was not too late, and, for a moment, his countenance brightened. But it resumed its lugubrious aspect as he said, "I suppose that, *under the circumstances*, I can't see your master?"

"O, yes, you can, Sir, if you are a friend of his, or have business with him; he is on a sofa in the drawing-room," said the man.

"Why, I——however—take my card to the Major," said Scalpel.

Presently the servant returned with his master's compliments—that he did not remember the name—nevertheless, he begged Mr. Scalpel would walk up.

Scalpel, as he entered the drawing-room, took his white cambric handkerchief from his pocket and made a face a yard long. He found Major Dareall seated sideways on a sofa, upon which rested the devoted right leg, bandaged, whilst the other was supported by a stool. A library table, covered with books and papers, was at his side. The Major was reading, and, not a little to Scalpel's astonishment, laughing heartily. As the latter approached, the Major put down his book aud bowed.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Major, "Mr. Scalpel!—I beg a thousand pardons for not immediately recollecting your name, but now I remember: I believe I had the pleasure of meeting you once at dinner, about a twelve month ago, at our friend Sir Hum Drum's. Pray sit down."

All this the Major uttered in a cheerful tone; greatly to the astonishment, and, perhaps, a little to the disappointment, of the visiter, who, heaving a sigh, took a seat.

"To what am I indebted for the pleasure of this visit, Mr. Scalpel? Have you business with me?"

"No, Major, I——ahem!" And Scalpel shook his head dolefully.

"Thankee, thankee; then I am the more obliged to you. A friendly visit is highly acceptable to a poor invalid who cannot get out of his own house," said the Major, in the same cheerful tone.

The word "invalid" was a cue sufficient; so Scalpel drew his cambric handkerchief across his lips, and was preparing to commence the work of consolation, when he was interrupted by the Major's question:—

"Have you ever read this work? O, of course you have, for who has not? 'Don Quixote.' Ha! ha! ha! ha! I am laughing at it for the hundredth time. Ha! ha! ha! ha! This is the work, Sir, for driving away the dismals."

"Dismals?" thought Scalpel: "that is my cue again." So, with another sigh, and, at the same time, drawing down the corners of his

mouth till they almost touched the lower part of his jaw, he droned forth,—"Dismals, indeed! If any man has cause for the 'dismals' as you call it, *you*, Major, in this trying situation, must——"

"Then how greatly indebted are we to the writer of an agreeable book, Mr. Scalpel, which, like the wand of the enchanter, can transport us, as it were, out of the sphere of actual existence,—not only banishing unpleasant recollections of the past, but lightening the pressure of the present, and diverting our thoughts even from pain or sorrow to come!"

The last few words were another cue for the comforter.

"Ah! Major!" said he, with a sigh, "we ought indeed to be truly grateful for comfort or consolation in any shape; for anything that, as you say, tends to divert our thoughts from——Ahem!——Eleven o'clock to-morrow is the time appointed, I believe?" This question he accompanied with a mournful shake of the head.

"Yes," replied the Major. "By the bye, have you seen our friend, Sir Hum, lately?"

Mr. Scalpel was too busily occupied in sighing and shaking his head to reply to the inquiry, and the Major continued:—

"I wonder I have not had a visit from him, for surely he must know that I am keeping house."

"I wonder at it too!" exclaimed Scalpel. "Ah! Major! An occasion like this ought to bring your friends about you; for when one considers what you will have to go through to-morrow——"

"It will not be very comfortable, I dare say," said the Major; "but," (continued he, in a tone slightly indicative of impatience, whilst he made a trifling change in the position of his leg on the sofa) "but it is always time enough, Sir, to think of such things when the hour arrives."

"Comfortable!" exclaimed Scalpel; "comfortable! Can you, my dear Major, conceive me so destitute, so *utterly* destitute of feeling as to suppose that it *will* be? I know the contrary:—horrid!—dreadful!—The moment I was told that you were to have your leg taken off, and at the thick part of the thigh, too,—though I might have been misinformed as to that point—Heaven knows, I hope I was—Eh?——"

The Major made no reply, but set his teeth, and rapidly turned over the leaves of the volume of "Don Quixote" which lay before him, whilst Scalpel continued:—

"Ah! It is so then, and I feel for you, my dear Major; for, as I was going to say, the moment I heard of the dreadful affair I referred to the article 'Amputation' in the Encyclopædia, and read it through with the deepest attention. It was painful to me, I own, for I shuddered at every line as I thought of you; but as I did hope that I might pick out something of a consolatory nature for you, why, I considered that it is one's duty as a man and a Christian to sacrifice one's own feelings for even the chance of comforting a friend." Here the speaker again sighed, and shook his head dolefully.

There was a pause of a minute or two, during which, Major Dareall, in rather a marked manner, took his watch three or four times from the table, and looked at it. At length the silence was broken by Scalpel.

"Of course, Major, *you* have read it."

"No, Sir; no, Sir;" replied the Major, hastily; "I dare say I shall

know enough about it without either the trouble of reading it, or the annoyance of hearing of it. And now, Mr. ——, Mr. ——. You will pardon my forgetting your name, never having seen you but once before ——Oh! Scalpel.—And now, Mr. Scalpel, have you anything further to say to me?" With these words the Major again looked at his watch.

"No, Major," replied Scalpel, "nothing, except to exhort you to summon up all your fortitude to go through it. Ah! you will have need of it.—Ahem!—May I ask the name of the surgeon who is to operate?"

"Sir Donald Slash," replied the Major, covering his eyes with his hand.

"Slash? I'm glad of it: he is said to be a very fine operator, though he has no more feeling at his work than a tinker, and will saw through a bone with as much indifference as a carpenter does through a senseless plank. In fact, very few of them have feeling: cutting off a leg in the morning, or carving a chicken in the evening, is pretty much the same thing to them."

The Major turned deadly pale, and swallowed a glass of water, which he filled from a jug that stood on the table.

"I am afraid you are unwell, Major," said Scalpel; "can I do anything for you? If I can, I shall consider it a duty, under your present trying circumstances, to——"

"You can, Sir;" replied the Major: "do me the favour to ring the bell."

Scalpel rang the bell, and the Major's servant entered the room.

"Samson," said the Major, "this gentleman is going. Good morning, Mr. Scalpel."

"Now, my dear Major," said Scalpel, "that what you have to go through you will bear like a man, I cannot doubt; but let me intreat you to dismiss it from your thoughts till the time comes. That will be soon enough to think about it, as you say, Heaven knows! I suppose it will be all over by about twelve o'clock, or half-past—that's some comfort—and I will call and inquire how you got through it. In a few months you will be as well as ever, provided Sir Donald is careful to make you a good stump—though I am sorry to find, from the article in the Encyclopædia, surgeons are not always so cautious upon that point as they ought to be; and though a wooden leg is not so good as one's own, yet it is better than none—and that's another comfort for you. Farewell! Heaven bless you, my dear Major! Keep up your spirits, for I am sure you have need of them."

Saying which, Mr. Scalpel put his handkerchief to his eyes, emitted the customary sighs, slowly shook his head, and quitted the room. As he descended the stairs he said to Samson—

"Ah! visits of this nature are very trying to one's feelings; but it is one's duty, as a man and as a Christian, to offer all the consolation in one's power to the sick and the suffering."

"Samson," said the Major to his servant (who as soon as he had closed the door on the comforter returned to the drawing-room), "let me never see the face of that infernal fellow again. I had prepared myself for Sir Donald Slash, and, even as it is, I trust I shall face him becomingly; but I am satisfied that another dose of that fellow's d—d *comfort* would unman me."

Another of the class is PETER FESTER. Peter meddles not with the graver and greater calamities of life: he limits the exercise of his consolatory talents to cases of petty vexation and trifling annoyance. These, as they are of more frequent occurrence, afford Peter more numerous opportunities for the display of his powers. But bountiful as is this wicked world in its supply of care and trouble, it will sometimes happen that the supply is inadequate to the demand of so industrious a comforter as Peter; and it is upon such occasions that his ingenuity in his vocation is most advantageously shown. His active mind abhors repose as Nature is said to abhor a vacuum; and if he cannot find a grievance upon which to pour his phials of comfort, he will make one. Peter Fester's *forte*, indeed, lies in "establishing a *raw*;" and, this done, he will touch it with the hand, or, rather it should be said, the finger of a master. He will seek and find some friend happy in the stupid unconsciousness of anything likely to occasion him a moment's uneasiness, and, at the end of one quarter of an hour, leave him discontented and restless with a vague sense of injury or injustice, or an undefined apprehension of evil, and smarting in every nerve from the effects of Peter's consolatory process. As for example:—

Demosthenes Gabble, Esq. has lately been called to the Bar. Having little else to do, it is Mr. Gabble's intention to offer himself, on the Radical interest, as a candidate at the next vacancy for the representation of the ancient and respectable town of Swineford. This is likely soon to occur, as Mr. Pauperly Brawlwell, the present Radical member, is to be appointed one of the ten commissioners (at a salary of 2000*l.* a year) for the regulation and superintendence of mile-stones on the several roads from London to Brighton:—such commission having been declared indispensable to the welfare of the empire, and the wants of the hard-working friends to the cause of Economy and Reform. Not long ago Gabble went down to Swineford, where, at a leg-of-mutton-and-trimmings feast, given, at the Cock and Bottle, by two hundred of the most respectable of the "party" to their independent and disinterested representative (the Commissioner that is to be), Gabble addressed them in a speech which he had every reason to believe had produced the most desirable effect for his purpose. How, indeed, could it fail, when retrenchment and reform were the smallest of the benefits it promised, and when it concluded with an assurance that should he ever be elevated to the dignified position of representing the Swinefordians in Parliament, no circumstance in life should induce him to relinquish it—unless, indeed, the duty which he owed to his country should call upon him—as it had done to his illustrious friend—to undertake the superintendence of mile-stones.

Two or three days after Gabble's return, Fester paid him a visit at his chambers. He found the learned barrister playing the flute, and happy.

"So," said Fester, taking possession of an easy chair; "So, my dear boy, you made a fine speech at Swineford the other day?"

"Psha!" replied Gabble, with affected indifference (though Fester knew well enough that a notion of the excellence of his oratory was Gabble's tender point); "Psha! there was nothing in it."

"Come, come," said Fester, "it was a fine speech—a very fine speech—you know it was."

"Well," replied Gabble, "it is not for me to express an opinion of it, but I believe—I *think* it produced an effect; and, vanity apart, I will say it was the best speech I ever made in my life. To tell you the truth, Fester, I threw all my power into that speech, because I knew that a great deal would be expected from it in a certain quarter not a hundred miles from Downing-street."

"You were right," said Fester, "for politics must be *your* mark. You are not likely to do much in your profession."

"Begging your pardon, my dear fellow, I flatter myself that——"

"Don't misunderstand me, Gabble; I don't say *nothing*—absolutely *nothing*—I say you won't do *much*. No, no: you must stick to politics, and *you* know you must. I know what you mean by your allusion to Downing-street. You have great friends there; very great friends. They expect a great deal from you, too;—now, I know they do. But, for your speech to be of any service to you—any *real* service—oughtn't it to be reported in the London papers?"

"Why," replied Gabble, "the Conservatives, of course, won't notice it: I was too hard upon *them*: but no doubt our own side——"

"Now that's where you are mistaken. The Conservatives, and the Conservatives only, will notice it."

Gabble looked at him with astonishment, and there was a pause.

"And so," continued Fester, "the Downing-street folks were anxious about your speech at Swineford? It was to be taken as a trial speech—a specimen of what might be expected from you?"

"Eh?—why—well—yes," stammered Gabble; "and what then?"

"Ahem!—Have you had any quarrel with the Editor of the 'Swineford Radical Dictator?'"

"I don't even know him," replied Gabble.

"Then *didn't* you break down?" inquired Fester.

"Break down!" exclaimed Demosthenes; "why I spoke for upwards of two hours, right on, without the pause of a moment!"

"Then you did *not* break down!—D——n him!"

"Why, who the plague says I did?" asked Gabble, impatiently, and with some appearance of alarm.

"Now don't let such a trifle annoy you, my dear friend," said Fester, in a soft, soothing tone; "who cares what is said by an obscure provincial paper like the 'Swineford Radical Dictator?' Noboby reads it—that is to say, not many—not a *great* many, read it—in London, I mean; and that's some consolation for you. But, Gabble—I am afraid it has a large circulation in its own county—Eh?"

"D——n the 'Radical Dictator!'" exclaimed Gabble in a rage; "break down, indeed! why, from the first words I uttered, till——"

"Now, why do you allow such a trifling matter to disturb you? Come, think no more about it, but play me a tune on the flute."

"Confound the flute! Is this a time to——? Why, my dear Fester, you must be aware that such a statement—made by one of our own party, too—is calculated to do me serious injury. I can be of no service to the big-wigs here, save by my oratorical powers; and, should I be thought wanting on that point, of course they'll throw me over. Break down, indeed!" and here Gabble paced up and down the room, perspiring at every pore.

"Now, be cool, my dear boy. Nothing that such a paper says can

do you any harm; and there's consolation for you. But the awkward part of the affair is that the London conservative press may make a handle of it; and if *they* should notice your mishap——"

"Mishap!" cried Gabble; "Plague on you! what do you mean by my mishap, when I have told you that——"

"I know, I know," said Fester, in his most comforting tone; "you didn't fail—you couldn't; but if the 'Standard' of this evening should say you did—though as I haven't seen it yet I can't say that it will—and the 'Times' to-morrow, and the 'Herald,' and the 'Post,' why then, indeed, you would be in a bad way. And, then, some of those abominable Sunday papers—they would quiz your very soul out. But, perhaps, the matter *may* pass unnoticed; and that's some comfort for you."

"I'll go immediately to my friend Lord Blunderton and explain the whole business to him," cried Gabble.

"Now, why need you be in a fever about it?" said Fester. "Even take it at the worst you have a fine profession to fall back upon, and that consideration ought to be a great consolation to you."

"Why, just now you told me I never should do much in it," cried Gabble, impatiently.

"Comparatively, I meant; comparatively, my dear boy," said Fester. "Besides, what else *can* you do? If you fail in politics—and that's a very desperate line for a young man to engage in—*very*—why, you must needs stick to law. It is a fine profession—very fine! Greatly overstocked, to be sure; prodigiously! As an attorney of the greatest practice in London told me the other day—a man who knows well what he says—there are ninety-nine barristers for one brief. It is but a poor look-out, certainly; and yet men do *sometimes* make their way to the Bench or the Woolsack, so there's comfort in *that* for you."

So Peter Fester, having comforted his friend into a broiling fever, took his leave.

Another variety of the class of Job's Comforters is Tom Toogood. Tom is a widower of five-and-forty. He is in possession of a clear two thousand a-year; and having no children, nor (so far as his most intimate friends have ever been able to discover) any relations to share his income with him, and his own personal expenses being apparently small, Tom is suspected of charity. He has the character of being one of the kindest-hearted creatures alive, one who would go through fire and water to do a service. It is generally said of him, in the common phrase, that "the good he does is unknown!" and so ingeniously has he contrived to conceal his benevolence that, for my own part, I never heard a charge of a liberal action fairly brought home to him. He "does good by stealth," it would seem, and "would blush to find it fame;" but who ever yet discovered an opportunity of putting him to the blush? But if the substantial benefits bestowed by Tom Toogood upon the unfortunate be so discreetly administered as entirely to escape detection, he is less careful to conceal his bounteous donations of pity and advice, and of that peculiar kind of consolation which places him in the category of Job's comforters.

Tom was informed that a friend of his was ruined by the failure of a speculation in hops. "You shock me!" exclaimed Tom. "Poor un-

fortunate devil! my heart bleeds for him. But it is his own fault: had he taken my advice this would not have happened. That he'll acknowledge, poor devil! I'm sure he will. I'll go at once and say what I can to comfort him."

"The kind-hearted creature!" exclaimed his informant.

Another of his friends was thrown from a hack-cab, by which accident three of his ribs and a leg were broken. "Poor unlucky dog!" said Tom; "I am grieved to the very soul for him. I always told him something of the kind would happen if he continued to use those cabs—I'll go to him; though, really, scenes of this kind are very distressing to me."

"What a compassionate soul is Tom Toogood!"

But let us follow him to where something more available than pity and advice was required at his hands.

Widow Workman rented of Toogood a small house at Hammersmith, where, by carrying on a little business as a milliner, she contrived to support herself and five children. The house was burnt down, and her furniture and small stock in trade, which were uninsured, were destroyed. No sooner did Toogood hear of the calamity than he hastened to the lodging where the poor woman had taken refuge. Toogood had insured the building to the full amount of its value, so that he himself was secure from loss.

"This is a sad piece of business for you, Mrs. Workman."

"Dreadful, dreadful, Sir!" said the poor widow, weeping and wringing her hands. "All gone, all gone—furniture, clothes, stock, all, all, all!"

"But how very imprudent of you not to insure! If you had followed my advice and insured your property all would have been well again."

"I did, I did, Sir; but I forgot to renew the policy."

"That was very negligent, my good Mrs. Workman. How often have I advised you to be careful about your insurance! How much had you been insured for?"

"Two hundred pounds, Sir."

"Bless my soul! Now you see the consequence of your neglect. Had you renewed your policy you would have had two hundred pounds to set you going again. But, come; let us see what can be done for you. I have come all the way from town—walked every step of it, and was caught in the rain—I have come on purpose to talk to you."

"Ah, Sir! you are an angel from heaven! You are too good for this world!" said the poor woman; her countenance brightened by a ray of hope.

"In this world of sorrow we must do what we can for each other, Mrs. Workman. But tell me, my good soul, what is it you propose doing?"

"God only knows, Sir, unless some friend will assist me."

"If you had but renewed your insurance you would have been in no need of a friend's assistance, my good creature," said Toogood, in a tone of surpassing kindness. "But have you *no* project?"

"Why, yes, Sir; I have been thinking that with twenty pounds I might stock a stall at the Bazaar."

"Do it, do it, Mrs. Workman; I will go and inquire if there is one to let. We must not consider trouble in cases like this."

"But I have not got twenty pounds, Sir, and——" The poor woman hesitated.

"But, surely, you have some friend who will lend you twenty pounds. An industrious widow with five children has a fair claim for such assistance, God knows!"

"I have no friend who can spare the money, Sir; but I have been thinking that—I say, Sir,—that—as I have been your tenant nine years—and—and as you are a very rich man, Mr. Toogood——"

"Ah! Mrs. Workman," said this kind-hearted creature—"I'm sure if I had it in my power to serve you in that way I would; but you have no notion of the claims I have upon me—the deal of money I am obliged to give! But, come; think again. Have you *no* friend?"

The poor creature wrung her hands and disconsolately shook her head.

"Now, you see how it is, my dear woman! If you had but followed my advice and taken care of your insurance!——But do you absolutely want as much as twenty pounds?"

"Why, Sir, to do the thing tolerably, I should; but perhaps I might contrive to begin with fifteen, or even ten."

"Well, then, Mrs. Workman, you may consider the matter as settled; for, doubtless, you can find some friend who will lend you *ten* pounds."

"No, no, no, no, no," cried the widow, in an agony of tears.

"Ah! Mrs. Workman," said Toogood; "I wish it was in my power to lend you the money, for, really, my heart bleeds for you. But, let me see: I'll tell you what I'll do for you. I am aware that an application of this nature must be painful to your feelings; so do you turn it over in your mind and let me know who you think would be likely to lend you the ten pounds, and I will go myself—hail, rain, or snow—and speak to him for you. I'll go to the world's end after him, I'll raise heaven and earth but I'll make him lend you the money. If you had but renewed your insurance! But it is useless to talk of what is past. When you are again set up in business mind you insure. And I'll tell you what I'll do for you, my good woman: you shall give *me* the insurance-money, and I'll go myself for you and see that the policy is properly made out. God bless you, my dear soul! keep up your spirits; I am sure you have need of them. Now be sure you let me know when you have thought of some friend I may apply to on your behalf. Ah! if you had but renewed your insurance!" He left the house, and as the door closed on him, he exclaimed, "Ah! poor devil! I'm sure my heart bleeds for her."

Is not Tom Toogood really the kindest-hearted creature alive? And surely, "the good he does *is* unknown."

We have a few more varieties of the class of JOB'S COMFORTERS in store. P*.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT,

The Sea Novelist.

(With a Portrait.)

We have been often tempted to marvel at the disposition so prevalent among our countrymen to ridicule everything of, belonging, or appertaining (as the lawyers would say) to "*les Braves Belges.*" Whatever the sneerers may think of the matter, the English are the pupils of the Low Country people; and there is a good dash of Flemish blood in the genuine Englishman. In the matter of architecture, for instance, Wapping is the eldest daughter of Rotterdam, and Grosvenor Square of the Hague; while the few farm-houses remaining of the old English times are as like those of Flanders as "twin cherries on a stalk." Nor is it less true that our manufactures, commerce, and municipal institutions are both derived from the same source; and that the quintessential essence of all John Bullism, and the idolatry of the Cockneys—the "Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of London," with his coach, and his barge, and his mace, his men in armour and his men in gowns—are but second-hand reflections of the glories of Ghent, Bruges, and Antwerp. The languages, too, by how little are they less than identical? But to come at once to the matter in hand, there is no particular in which this resemblance between the two nations is more strikingly displayed than in their tastes. It is impossible for any one acquainted with the arts to walk through the exhibition-rooms of Somerset House, and not acknowledge that the prevailing *gusto* of the country in pictorial matters is decidedly Flemish. Landseer, Wilkie, and our best landscape painters might have been born in a fen, and baptized in a canal; and notwithstanding all our "got up" enthusiasm for Italian art, with our *cognoscente* prattle about "Correggio and stuff," our artists neither understand nor feel its characteristic excellencies.

We humbly beseech our excellent friends of the brush not to be offended at this statement. If they are jealous of English art, it must be because they glory in being Englishmen; and they need no ghost to tell them, that as long as they *are* Englishmen, they cannot be—Italians.

It is true that our nobility have contrived to import some of the best specimens of the best Italian masters; and by dint of classical associations, and of frequent sojournings in Bologna, Florence, and Rome, they have acquired a factitious and *intellectual* affection for the Italian school; but the pictures of their predilection—the pictures whose excellence they smack and relish—the pictures which prevail alike for numbers and for merit in their collections—are Flemish and Dutch. Lest, however, the testy reader should be impatient at this preamble, and inclined to exclaim, like the *Poissades* of Paris to the orators in the French National Assembly, "*au fait! au fait!*" we may as well, without further discourse, say that we consider Captain Marryat as a writer of the Low Country school—a sort of literary Cuyp or Vander Velde—and that his "sea-pieces" owe their well-merited but extraordinary success, in a great measure, to this Low Country fidelity, truth, simplicity, and

absence of pretension. In Captain Marryat's writings, there are wanting very many of the elements by means of which other eminent writers have built up a reputation. He has no Italian sublimity of invention, no correctness of outline and purity of design; not even the brilliancy of colouring of the Venetian school (that half-way house in the arts between the pure Italian and the pure Flemish). He has all the truth of nature, and that, too, of a nature neither elevated nor impassioned; and he shines by a striking, vigorous, perhaps coarser reflection of what *is*, in the special department he has chosen for illustration.

The effect upon his readers of the rapid, careless, but firm touches of his pencil, is a conviction of reality—an implicit credence in his narrative, which carries them along with him to the end, notwithstanding the too frequent absence of a consecutive interest, of an unbroken tale, or of a fine discrimination of character. We are not sea-going critics, and do not profess to know a cathead from a marlin-spike; but we are satisfied (in common, we believe, with the great mass of readers similarly circumstanced,) of the fidelity of his portraitures. There is in them a sort of internal evidence, beyond the reach of art to analyze, that compels us to vouch for the copy without any acquaintance with the original; and without having ever trodden the Point of Portsmouth, or seen more of a ship than may be descried in a white-bait voyage to Greenwich, we feel ready to stake our wager that the Captain's pencillings are indeed portraits of sailors painted by a sea captain.

Some part, probably, of Captain Marryat's favour with the public, may be traced to the apropos of his appearance at its tribunal; being all of us satiated with the Walter Scott imitations. In truth, the invention of the sea novel was in itself a trait of genius (for we cannot consider "Roderick Random" as a type of the description of work in question; and as for the more modern predecessors of "Frank Mildmay," they are not worth quoting.) It was then only beginning to be known that a novel being a representation of human life, every phasis of humanity will afford the materials for that species of composition. Such, however, is the case; there is no caste, class, or condition of man, that is not pregnant with interest, provided its circumstances be vigorously conceived; and the more Dutch the fidelity of the representation, the more certainly will it be approved and sought after.

Notwithstanding all that poets have said, and metaphysicians feigned, of the superiority of the imagination over the senses, experience has eventually shown that its range is limited, and its inventions soon run through; whereas truth and nature are, in reference to the human faculties, altogether boundless and inexhaustible. A great part, then, of the merit of Captain Marryat as an author, lay in his perception of the extent of resource within him, and the preconception of a species of literature not then embodied and realized. It is this self-judging faculty—this vigour and clearness of conception—that renders his novels so superior to those of the other composers of sea tales. The framework and basis of a sea novel of mere adventure is extremely limited—one might almost say unique. It must begin by its green-horn midshipman, with his "How are you off for soap?" his "Smiths of London," and his prompt obedience to the order to see "which way the wind blows." It must trace its hero through the one round of battles, shipwrecks, cuttings out, and jumpings overboard, to the double epaulet.

The midshipman's berth must in every tale be dark, dirty, and disorderly; the captains must be peremptory, the lieutenants respectful, and the decks holy-stoned. The accessories of the tale then are incapable of variation; and nothing less than a thorough and intimate knowledge of the leading ideas, prejudices, and sentiments, which lurk at the bottom of the seaman's mind, with an intuitive perception of the combinations to which these must lead, and with a memory richly stored with the experiences of a sailor's vicissitudes, and strange positions in society, could carry an author through more than one or two repetitions of this species of narrative. It is this uniformity in the *canevas* (to use a dramatic term of art), that has probably begotten the idea that Captain Marryat steals from himself. Situations and circumstances may reappear more than once perhaps in his writings; and there are very few, even of our first writers, of whom the same may not be said; but the test of genius is, that in this uniformity there should be diversity, and that the mere simplicity of the elements should detract nothing from the novelty of the resulting complex.

Another cause of the attraction of this writer's novels, is one that may be considered the immediate parent of all his faults, and that is the carelessness (real or apparent) with which he writes. If the work be any test of the mode in which it is produced, the novels of Marryat are written, *à trait de plume*, without reflection, or predetermination as to what he shall set down. He seems, in composing, to surrender himself at discretion (or perhaps we might say at indiscretion) to the inspirations of his muse; or, to speak more plainly, and in a more homely guise, he puts down whatever comes uppermost. The consequence is, that events arise out of each other just as they do in nature and in fact; for nature has no moral to illuminate—no position to illustrate; and she suffers effects to flow from their causes, and to become causes in their turn, without a thought of dramatic propriety, or a single *arrière pensée* of their influence on the beholder. Taking, therefore, his pitch from the humour of the moment, he scampers along as fast as his pen can carry him; and his very haste urges forward his reader, as the velocity of the vortex increases its absorption of whatever comes within the sphere of its attractions. Consequently he is unequal, inconsequent, often coarse, and oftener incorrect, both in style and in idea; but he is always *entrainant*, and never——a bore. Of the high romantic and the high sentimental he has nothing, and it is rarely that he draws forth a tear; while from the very nature of his tale, the events have so little mutual dependence, that the volumes may be read by whatever instalments the reader pleases. But, on the other hand, so easy and so whimsical is his humour—so well sustained is the rolling fire of his incidents—and so rapid is the march of his style—that the absence of the more usual sources of romantic interest is not felt. Captain Marryat is also, in many respects, a mere sailor; and his views of life and society are wholesale and rough. His heroines are merely what enters into the complex of the sailor's idea, expressed in his own language by the term, "pretty girl,"—differing from each other more by their clothes than their features, and more by their features than by their intellectual and moral peculiarities. His heroes, also, are too much "food for powder"—too much "gluttons" of hard blows. They have rarely any very refined acquaintance with the "relations of civilized life," and are occa-

sionally very tolerable scoundrels; but, then, they *do* take such a confounded deal of licking, and they flounder so pleasantly through their scrapes, that the reader can scarcely be out of humour with them for a single chapter; and, after taking leave of them in the 354th page of the third volume, fast anchored in the bay of matrimony, we are always very happy to renew the acquaintance when chance brings us together in the same parlour window. By the bye, it is curious to remark the difference between these heroes and the *braves des braves* of the French military and naval novel. They both have the same "moving accidents by flood and field"—they are both above the ordinary prejudices of morality—and pride themselves in their dare-devilry alike; but with these common elements of character, they are about as unlike as a diamond buckle and a jack-chain.

If it were put upon us, then, to define Captain Marryat as an author, and to mark him with an appropriate epithet, we should say that he is a pleasant writer. His leading excellence is the untiring nerve of his light, easy, and flowing pen; together with a keen sense of the ridiculous, which while it rarely leads him into broad and unmeaning farce, effectually preserves him from taking a dull, sententious, or matter-of-fact view either of men or things. His productions seem to cost him so little, that one thinks he might write on for a lifetime, uninterruptedly; "eating, drinking, and sleeping hours excepted," and so probably he will, till the *canevas* is totally exhausted. That there is no trace of effort in anything he does, is in itself a charm. But after all, his great and peculiar excellence is his originality,—that he is himself alone; and that as he borrows from nobody, so, on the other hand, nobody can safely borrow from him.*

If we are correct in this our estimate of the author, it will be conceded that the attempt to discriminate between his several works would be no easy task. The peculiarities of each lie in matters of mere detail, and the family resemblance is decisive. Perhaps the best discrimination to be made is his own, where he describes "Newton Foster," as a tale of the merchant service, and designates Jacob Faithful as an illustration of the Thames waterman. His object in all seems to have been the exhibition of some particular phases of maritime life; and it is in this that the peculiarities of each will the readiest be detected. "Frank Mildmay," which we believe is the first of the series, is the nucleus of all the others. They are all but farther developments of the parent thoughts and combinations contained in that work. Whether, however, it was, that a certain time is necessary to ripen the most precocious reputations, or that there is a luck in all things, we know not; but "Frank," though a successful novel, did not obtain so great and so immediate a vogue and circulation as "Peter Simple." In going back to it, with the perusal of Simple and Faithful fresh in the memory, we cannot think that it loses any thing by the comparison. There may not be so much of the artist's dexterity displayed by the author in the management of the story, as in his later compositions; but this is more

* Captain Chamier and Captain Glasscock cannot be considered as imitators of Marryat, either chronologically, or in a literary sense. The "Sailors and Saints" of the latter, especially, differs altogether in matter, style, and handling from the productions of both the others. It has less of a mere sea-colouring; and is more thoroughly a novel in the old established sense of the word.

than compensated for by its being the "first bright runnings" of an unworked mind. We have not indeed Mr. Chucks or the Domine, in their full blow; but we have a sustained interest of adventure, and a general level excellence not always discoverable in the author's later novels, more than in the works of even the best writers, when they have once tasted of fatigue in their calling. We understand that Capt. Marryat has been, in a pecuniary sense, among the most prosperous writers of his day. How far that tells for, or against, the healthy condition of the reading public, we cannot now stop to inquire; but we take the fact as proof presumptive, that he is among those writers who have adapted themselves the most felicitously to the literary wants of his age. We subjoin his Portrait—a most admirable likeness, engraved by Thompson, from the original by Simpson.

MARTIAL IN LONDON.

Pius Æneas.

VIRGIL, whose epic song enthrals
(And who in song is greater?)
Throughout, his Trojan hero calls
Now "pius" and now "pater."

But when, the worst intent to brave,
With sentiments that pain us,
Queen Dido meets him in the cave,
He dubs him "Dux Trojanus."

And well he alters there the word:
For, in this station, sure,
"Pius" Æneas were absurd,
And "Pater" premature.

Richmond Bridge.

Waste lands may at Twick'nam be seen
And Barnes hath its wilderness too:
Where Thames rolls his waters between,
Tall Richmond uprises to view.
Her bridge, from its summit, unfolds
A prospect that loyalty cheers—
Those Commons at distance it holds,
And leans for support on the Piers.

The New Baronets' Club.

Ye valorous Sirs, in your armour and spurs,
Whose crest is a hand red and gory;
I prithee adhere to the sword and the spear,
A Club cannot add to your glory.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

St. Petersburgh, Constantinople, and Napoli di Romania, in 1833 and 1834. By M. Von Tietz, Prussian Counsellor of Legation.

THIS work is a translation from the German. In the orthography of Turkish words there is a collision and superfluity of consonants forming a strange departure from common usage, and we hardly recognize them. We were startled at the sight of "Dschiurdchi," as a "jawbreaker" we could neither pronounce nor comprehend, till we found it was the author's mode of writing our familiar acquaintance "surrogee," a common name in Turkey for a travelling guide; *et sic de cæteris*. Further, we met with phrases that, though they might suit the German school of theology, rather shock the orthodox feeling of Englishmen. Peter the Great, "by the simple monosyllable, 'BE,' *created* St. Petersburgh," sounds very like a blasphemous use of Scripture; in another place he speaks of "a Trinity of good things;" tells a story where the repetition of "the Lord Jesus" forms the funniest part of the joke, and in effect, makes so light and irreverend a use of Bible language, as must be revolting to the serious impressions of most readers. These, with many morbid sentiments clothed in inflated diction, evince a mind formed in the school of the sceptical and visionary philosophy of the Continent.

In his political opinions, he is an uncompromising Russian; everybody and everything connected with the name are models for the rest of the world. The mad and brutal Paul is with him "the chivalrous, misunderstood, and falsely-judged ruler." The present Emperor Nicholas is a personification of all that is great and good in human nature; he calls him "awe-exciting," and tells the effect his bare look produced on a friend of his, a man of plain sense, who had never seen him before, and had not the slightest reason to fear him. They were walking together and met the Emperor, and his mere passing glance caused a confused blush to pass across his cheek, and excited a singular feeling of embarrassment which he could not conquer. This is a pendant and an improvement of the story of the man who trembled in the presence of Louis XIV. Now, we happen to know that the Emperor Nicholas is the last man in the world whose personal appearance merely would excite such awe. He is a thin, tallish, plain person, with a serious, quiet-looking countenance, rather bald forehead, whitish hair (which does not give him much intellectual character), and as to his eyes, whose piercing glance appalled the friend of M. Tietz, somebody has compared them to boiled gooseberries. If anything could conjure up such an expression in them, it must be the fancied blood of the Poles.

But even these suffering victims of Russian cruelty our author abuses for the sake of his favourites. He calls Warsaw "the seat of ingratitude and treachery," and every man that does not think so, he classes as belonging to the "crew who, under the specious name of reform, cover the projects of revolution." This Russo-mania he does not confine to the country, but he carries it with him to Turkey and Greece. "There I found," said he, "in spite of the rhodomontade of French and English newspapers, that they are friendly and grateful towards the Russians." This is certainly in direct contradiction to other travellers. Dr. Walsh mentions a fearful instance of the impression of a general hatred to the Russians, in that of a maniac whom it seemed to have deranged; and even M. Von Tietz himself admits the existence of the feeling, for he says they are nicknamed by the Turks "Ruszi meukjus—Russian cursed ones." As to the Greeks, French, and English, they are altogether out of the pale of his charity. The former he describes as a class "who are despised both by Turks and Christians," and "whose names seem

an emblem of disgrace both in Constantinople and the Morea." One would suppose he had never heard of such men as Morousi, Ipselantes, Mavrocordato, and other Fanariote Greeks, whose names are distinguished in Europe as combining all the qualities which ennobled their ancestors. But he had heard of Mavrocordato, whom he falls foul of because his admirers had dared to call him "the Washington of Greece;" and his dislike to him seems embittered because, "with despicable submission, he solicited the favour of England." But England seems the *fons et origo* of his hatred. He accuses her of wishing to render Greece a dependency like Malta and Gibraltar. This Russo-Prussian does not choose to recollect that England did not interfere, like his employers, and having used the unfortunate Greeks as agents to forward their ambitious purposes, several times abandoned them to their fate; but when she did interfere, she did it with sincerity and effect—saved the Greeks from total destruction—and finally left them free, and in total independence. Such is the dislike he entertains for what he calls "the English clique" at Napoli, and such the hostility of the Russians, that when Count Armansberg, the President of the Regency, asked the officers of the Russian squadron to his palace, "these high-minded gentlemen all refused, except one, and he was therefore shunned by his companions;" and this because the President had presumed to be on terms of amity and good-will with the English. In effect, M. Von Tietz, though not a Russian, is a Russian employé, and so, in duty bound, devotes himself, in every way, to serve the interests, by adopting the prejudices, passions, sympathies, and antipathies of his masters.

With respect to other topics, he does not seem to be more fortunate in his speculations. Though wandering through countries of classic lore and ruins of ancient sculpture, he does not dwell much on antiquities, and when he does he is rather unfortunate. He visits the plains of Troy, of course, and having made a blunder with respect to Bounarbashi, the supposed site of the ancient city, he says, "The celebrated Sigæan inscription which served as a stone seat in the front of a house at Bounarbaschi, I sought in vain. Where it now may be is, I believe, unknown." Had he condescended to mix with "the English clique" at Napoli, and inquired about it, any of them would have informed him, that he might search in vain for it in a place where it *never* had been; that it stood not at Bounarbashi, but on the promontory of Sigæum, in front of a Greek church; and further, that where it now is, is unknown to few but himself, for almost every one else knows that it is now, and has been for some years, in the British Museum, where it was sent with the Elgin marbles.

For the rest, M. Von Tietz has made an agreeable sort of a book, with some light pleasant reading, though we cannot recommend him as an unerring guide to the untravelled.

Sayings and Doings. By Theodore Hook, Esq.

The first series of these popular stories, in a single volume, are now introduced into Mr. Colburn's cheap and embellished series of the best modern works of fiction. The merits of this work are too extensively known to need any encomium from us, now. Mr. Hook is a writer who belongs emphatically to the world as it is. His animated sketches are the clear reflections of what he has seen. He gives us the living English manners, from high to low, as they now exist,—and the peculiar buoyancy and vivacity of his style lend a charm to all that he touches. In short, while all Mr. Hook's tales display an extensive and profound knowledge of the world, they are fraught with the highest amusement for all classes of readers. The present cheap edition, at about *one-fifth* of the original cost of the work, must find its way into the hands of every lover of light and entertaining literature. It is always interesting to come at an author's intentions in his own words;

and the following extract from the preface will show the writer's object in giving this production to the public:—

"I have for many years watched the world, and have set down all that I have seen; and out of this collection of materials, I have thrown together a few historic illustrations of quaint sayings, the truth and sagacity of which the characters introduced by me have unconsciously exemplified in their lives and conduct; and which I have the small merit of bringing to bear, after long observation, upon the axioms affixed to each tale.

"In short, I have thought it a curious matter of speculation to compare the '*doings*' of the moderns, with the '*sayings*' of the ancients; and, therefore, submit to the public my first portion of '*wise saws*,' illustrated by '*modern instances*.'"

The History of the Life of Edward the Black Prince, and various Events connected therewith. By G. P. R. James, Esq.

Great and various are our obligations to Mr. James: indeed, with the exception of the elder D'Israeli, we know no living author to whom we are so deeply indebted, for the truth on which we can rely, or the fiction which teaches whilst it delights, and is but another modification of truth in its widest sense.

The different methods taken by this admirable author to instruct and charm his readers, however diverse they may at first sight appear, have led to the result of improving each. If he had not been well acquainted with the history and biography of days past, he could never have brought before us, with equal efficiency, those master-spirits who not only do his bidding, but re-act the important parts they once played in "their days of nature;" and if he had not accustomed himself to "raise these spirits from the vasty deep," and exhibit them as "men of like passions" with those around us, he never would have obtained that freedom in narration—that tranquil elegance of diction—which spreads a sure, though unsuspected, sense of pleasure over the least interesting portions of historic detail.

But the spirit-stirring times of the third Edward and his heroic son were perhaps less likely to require adventitious aid in their records than any other period.—Nevertheless, they are now far distant; and it is no small praise to an imaginative author, when we find him patient in examination, laborious in research, and capable of vigilantly exploring truth, even to the bottom of the well, to elucidate an important fact, or rescue from impeachment a remarkable character. These volumes have demanded and obtained investigation not only of the archives of our own country, but those of Flanders and France, in both of which memorials of Edward the Third unquestionably remain. His temporary union with Jacob Artevelde—his many expeditions to France for the purpose of prosecuting his own unjust claims, or protecting the more legal ones of her oppressed nobles—cannot fail to have left registers behind them of no common character, since his courage and ability, in his own day, almost atoned for his transgression, and even in ours frequently throw the halo of chivalric glory so brightly around his name, as almost to compel our admiration in spite of our judgment.

In this History, every circumstance of moment, whether relating to battle or negotiation, is diligently examined and accurately related; whilst the comments on conduct, character, and the age in which they took place, are given with that extensive knowledge demanded from the historian, and that soundness of judgment and sensibility of heart to be expected in a virtuous and amiable writer. We are far advanced in the first volume before we become personally acquainted with the Black Prince, whom we thence accompany from the battle of Cressy (where he won his spurs), through many a well-fought field, to his residence at Berkhamstead, an enfeebled, suffering man—bereaved of a lovely and meritorious mother—necessarily ashamed of a father whose closing years cast a shadow on his early glory, and unable to

educate the promising son who was his only comfort. With little exception, we find him at once splendid in courage, talent, and munificence—a hero we are compelled to admire—affable in manners, humane in conduct, and endearing in temper—a Prince whom we are delighted to love, serve, and honour.

Were it within our plan, many quotations might be given, proving the truth of these assertions; but as our limits forbid this indulgence, we take leave of the "Black Prince" with most hearty recommendations, considering it to be, with the exception alone of Dr. Walsh's "Constantinople" (which, as belonging to our own times, has a more immediate interest), the most excellent work of the year, and one that cannot fail to plant a new and enduring laurel on the brow of its highly-gifted and indefatigable author.

Christian Theology. By John Goodwin, A.M. With a Life of the Author. By Samuel Dunn.

The "New Monthly Magazine" is not ambitious of the distinction of being a "Theological Review," but we find it impossible to pass by a book treating of the good old times of unflinching Christianity. John Goodwin was contemporary with Milton. His works were discarded by the Calvinists, because he was an Arminian,—and by the Arminians, in consequence of his having taken part against the unfortunate Charles. Mr. Dunn has made a most excellent distinction; and says, in his calm and quiet preface, that "the re-publication of anything he has written on politics, I should deeply regret, especially in an age when the rights of God and of Cæsar are equally threatened by a spirit of innovation and of subtle policy." The religious reader will find, we doubt not, much to instruct; and the lover of ancient times will rejoice to meet those "thrice hallowed names, dear to every lover of genuine liberty." One of this zealous preacher's works was dedicated to "Mrs. Elizabeth Hampden," the mother of John Hampden; and every concern of his is associated with the master spirits of England.

The Old World and the New. By the Rev. Orville Dewey. 2 vols.

This is one of the most galloping books of this galloping age; the rapidity with which our traveller posted through Europe is only equalled by the flippancy with which his criticisms and opinions are expressed. This is the more to be regretted, as, despite those national prejudices with which an American clothes himself, as with a garment, Mr. Dewey, at times, sees clearly; and where reason *only* is called in question, and he gives himself breathing time,—argues rationally. The Americans are a thin skinned race; their political position in society is firmly established; they are unquestionably a great people, but, in all civilized and finer qualities, they are, both from physical and moral causes, much behind Europe. It is on this point they are so absurdly sensitive. Speaking of painting, Mr. Dewey says, "Our country has already works to show, which may vie, I will venture to say, with any contemporaneous works of English art. The landscapes of Cole persuade us that the days of Claude may come back again. We have artists that enable us to look at the works of Teniers and Wilkie without despair or discouragement. I doubt whether the best portrait-painters among us, now that Sir Thomas Lawrence is gone, are excelled any where in the world. Page and Flayg are very young artists—but full of promise." Why will American travellers *force* such absurdities upon us? We hold out the hand of amity to brother Jonathan on all occasions. We value his good qualities. We appreciate the magnificence of his country. We confess he has done wonders with the Herculean infant; but we cannot suffer him to suppose that perfection in either art or literature can be attained for years and years to come, in a state constituted like his. People must be *educated* and *refined* before they can appreciate what is beautiful; we believe that no American

ever before claimed for his country equality with England or France in refinement.

Notwithstanding the hurry and nationality of these volumes, there is a *bonhommie* about the voyage, which warms into affectionate enthusiasm at the termination of his journey. He confesses, with an honesty which deserves warm praise, that "the Trollopes, Halls, and Hamiltons have certainly told us (Americans) many truths, by which it is to be hoped our manners, at least, will be mended." We see many three-volume works that might be advantageously abridged into *two;* but we confess that, if Mr. Dewey had given himself more time, and more paper, he would have produced a better book; and this we deem no small praise.

The Court and Camp of Don Carlos, being the results of a late Tour. By Michael Burke Honan.

Spain is a country of such paramount interest to all who are capable of being charmed with the chivalric and the picturesque—to the enterprising spirit which has gone forth in idea with the glorious Columbus, or the humour-loving soul who has laughed at the knight of La Mancha—to the Briton, proud of his country's deeds on her soil, and the philanthropist, who grieves over her present inflictions—that a work of far inferior pretensions to Mr. Honan's could hardly fail to find readers and admirers. At the present period of anxious inquiry and excitement, when even the manifold horrors of civil war are exaggerated by a ferocity unknown to civilized nations, and the land of romance is degraded into that of a barbarism scarcely equalled by Turkish cruelty, no wonder that we look earnestly for every information on which reliance can be placed, not only on the score of curiosity, but humanity; and that we receive it with more especial thankfulness, when, by any medium, the revolting portion is, to a certain degree, neutralized, in order that we may not utterly abhor a people with whom we desire to sympathize.

We have, in this volume, a "full, true, and particular" account of two several journeys in the mountainous districts of Spain, for the avowed purposes of ascertaining the true position of Don Carlos, and the expectations arising from it. The writer is evidently well calculated for the bold and delicate mission in which he engaged. He is courageous, yet prudent; unwearied in personal exertion, yet alive to minute observation; and gifted with a fund of good-humour which makes the best of everything at the very time it discerns all the miseries of the situation to be endured. In fact, Mr. Honan is an agreeable traveller, a brave man, an observing and discriminating judge, for every day's tidings are confirming the truth of his observations. The Queen is a very lovely and fascinating woman to those who surround her; but her cause is not popular on the whole, and in the mountainous districts decidedly disapproved; and but for his deficiency in cavalry, Don Carlos would ere now have sat on the throne he had a right to expect, and which he deserves to fill.

The murder of Colonel O'Donnell, and many other prisoners, is given circumstantially, and various atrocities adverted to briefly. The bull-fights are most admirably described, and bring us to a knowledge of particulars in this terrific and revolting sport (but which offers a grand spectacle), that many writers on the subject have failed to convey. The Spanish women are, from time to time, sketched in a masterly manner; and, indeed, the whole volume is piquant, full of gaiety, and not less of good feeling, in every sense of the word; we care not how soon Mr. Honan renews his travels.

Description of the House and Museum, the Residence of Sir John Soane, R.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c.

This splendid volume is not published, and only one hundred and fifty copies are printed, and presented to various academies and learned bodies

throughout Europe, several branches of the Royal Family, and a few personal friends of the author's.

The descriptions lead us through forty-five portions of the house and museum, each of which is richly stored with works of ancient and modern art. Fragments of some of the finest capitals, architraves, and ornaments of antiquity—statues, busts, candelabras, vases of the most valued forms and choicest materials, models of the most celebrated ruins, casts from the finest sculptures, cinerary urns of exquisite workmanship—by turns engage our attention, long before it is drawn to the great Belzoni sarcophagus, which is in itself a treasure well worthy the curiosity of every inquiring mind; so that throughout the whole of these divisions, there is not one which does not offer ample proof of the taste and liberality of the owner.

But Sir John has not administered to the pleasures and necessities of his own art only. Indeed, he justly considers that the fine arts mutually aid and depend upon each other; and he therefore adds to a most noble library, and cases containing many thousands of architectural drawings, a fine collection of paintings, and a most costly cabinet of antique gems. But it is not possible for us, after a very cursory view of the work, to give any idea of even a portion of the contents; and yet, we apprehend Sir John has mentioned only those which he knows to be most valuable.

This unique and costly volume is embellished by thirty-eight engravings, and eleven vignettes—the frontispiece being a fine plate by Turner, from Sir Francis Chantrey's bust of the venerable author. Certain portions of the letterpress are descriptions of the more striking parts, said to be written by a lady, and which convey the impressions made upon the eye of a stranger. They are given with great spirit and ability, and add much to the interest with which we survey the beautiful volume they are intended to illustrate.

The work concludes with the copy of that Act of Parliament by which the generous collector of all these treasures consigned them to the benefit of future artists, as a school for study, together with an ample provision for due attendants and proper repairs. We do not know that a boon of equal extent has ever been bestowed by an individual upon the country; and we rejoice in the circumstance of the architects of this country having associated for the purpose of striking a medal in honour of one who is so entitled to the respect of his contemporaries, and the gratitude of posterity.

History of Southern Africa.

It is with great pleasure that we have perused this important accession to the British colonial library. Certainly not the least valuable of our foreign possessions, in either a political or commercial point of view, is to be found in Cape Town and its dependent settlements, to say nothing of the great advantages which the colonization of the western coast of the African continent appears to promise, with daily increasing probabilities of their realization. To no part of the population of the British empire ought the statistics of her distant dominions to be a subject devoid of interest, closely connected as they are with our national greatness and prosperity; and the series of works, of which the "History of Southern Africa" forms a part, may be considered as useful as any which have yet appeared under the title of popular libraries. Mr. Montgomery Martin has condensed into the compass of a small octavo volume every fact of importance relating to climate, productions, government, natural history, and population of the Cape of Good Hope, Algoa Bay, and the Mauritius, which his own personal experience, or the records of others, could supply. His views are those of a liberal and enlightened mind, and his style of writing pleasing and unaffected, precisely of the character which his subject demands, and which is likely to ensure it favour among those for whose information it is intended. If the present volume only succeeds in calling the public attention to the

importance of preserving a colony, which latterly seems to have been in considerable danger, and of presenting our settlements in South Africa to more general notice, as affording a field in which the industry of the enterprising may be most successfully exerted; and that benevolence which surveys the whole earth for subjects on which to bestow the means of religious and moral amelioration, may find every chance of an advantageous application of its efforts, an object of no transient or limited importance will have been gained. That the volume contains enough to ensure this, and more than this, will be a sufficient recommendation to all whose approbation is worth possessing.

The Mining Review and Journal of Geology, Mineralogy, and Metallurgy.

Under the abilities and conduct of Mr. English, the Mining Review continues to exhibit increasing claims to the patronage of all connected with theoretical and practical mineralogy, as well as geologists and men of science in general. The present Number is enriched with a paper on Metalliferous and Mineral Deposits, by Frederic Burr—on the Mexican Process of Amalgamation, from the same pen—on the Mineral Topography of Great Britain, by Mr. A. W. Tooke—and on the Geological Features of the Carn Menelis District, by Mr. Thomas of Falmouth; together with an essay on the occurrence of precious metals in England, transactions of the British and French Geological Societies, and a variety of miscellaneous information, and shorter papers, all on subjects of great interest, and written in a manner which shows the work to be supported by a most respectable body of scientific contributors. There is, moreover, a plate of Schauffelen's hot air furnace-feeder, and a coloured geological section from the Land's End to the German Ocean, &c., and all this information is to be obtained at the price of five shillings. Truly we are living in an age of liberal encouragement to scientific publications, and of as liberal exertions to deserve it; and of this fact the existence of such a work as the Mining Review is a sufficient indication, without further proof or comment. It is an undertaking which, for the spirit with which it was commenced, and the style in which it has hitherto been carried on, must ensure the good wishes of all who, without ransacking the bowels of the greedy earth, in quest of her hidden treasures, have a sufficiently just idea of the importance of the labours of those who do, to look with satisfaction on any attempt to increase the scientific character of their researches, and to render their operations more extensively useful to the community at large.

The Althorp Picture Gallery and other Poetical Sketches.

The authoress of these pleasing and elegant Sketches at least possesses one of the most essential qualifications for the production of genuine poetry, a deep and unaffected love of Nature, in all her beautiful and varied modifications. She is also possessed of considerable power in metrical harmony. Her verse is like gentle and soothing music, always replete with feeling, and often enriched with graces which only a vivid imagination and well-cultivated taste could supply. The "Althorp Gallery" is a poetical description of the principal portraits contained in that collection, a subject which has already received justice in prose from the pen of Mrs. Jameson. The "Ocean's Own" contains many truly beautiful passages, and one or two sketches of marine scenery, of a highly-finished and strikingly faithful character. We regret that we have not space to extract one or two stanzas from the former poem, and that we are obliged to confine ourselves to general commendation instead of specifying particular instances of merit. The authoress, Mrs. Colonel Jourdan, we believe, has proved herself qualified to

take a respectable rank among the female poets of the day. The lyrical pieces, at the end of the volume, though not without merit, are not quite so successful as those of a greater length.

The Amici.—Selections from the Contributions of The Amici.

"The Amici!"—Such is the name of a club, and such is the name of a book: the one holding its hebdomadal meetings in the good town of Maidstone, and the other a production of the same soil, which has found its way to our study. That a dull, money-making, trading town, which all the world has hitherto suspected to have been distinguished for nothing but hops and foolscap paper, should have its nest of philosophers and poets is as marvellous as it is true; and to the Amici, and to the Amici only, is this paragon of provincial towns indebted for its intellectual distinction. On the Saturday of each week (and a *fine* day it is found to many of its members), a knot of good fellows assemble for the discussion of all pleasant topics (politics not being ranked in the category), and of the good things that mine host of "The Bull" has in store. Antiquity there holds grave yet cheerful converse with Geology; Law *dallies* with Poetry; Thalia joins in a *pas de deux* with Euterpe; and wit, good humour, and playful satire, keep up the ball of conviviality.

In truth, we like the plan of this social and literary re-union, where the higher qualities of the mind are stimulated by friendly and generous competition, and where all uneasiness of rivalry is dissipated in the glowing atmosphere of conviviality. Of the book itself, its appearance is most inviting, and does infinite credit to the Maidstone press. We are, however, bound to take notice of a hint on the back of the title-page—"For private circulation"—which, we suspect, means that the book is to be considered as a close preserve, where critics have not the privilege of sporting.

The volume, with one or two exceptions, consists of poetical pieces of a very mixed order of merit; and were we disposed to be very critical, we might display our acumen in the contributions of several of the members, who are evidently unpractised hands in "the idle and unprofitable art." Considering the offering as a specimen of the spirit and object of the society whence it emanates, we feel ourselves bound to accept it with a grateful, and, in some respects, forbearing feeling. We do not mean this in a deprecatory mood, for there are gems in this little volume which will bear the test of the severest rules of criticism.

The Inquisitor. 1 vol.

A Daniel come to judgment! Oh, wise young judge, how we do honour thee! There is something insufferably impertinent in a nameless writer, aiming his weak but ill-natured shafts at those who labour under the disadvantage of being *acknowledged* authors. We say *disadvantage*, because we are ignorant of any privilege *known* authors now-a-days possess,—unless being stared at, and misrepresented, be considered in that light. The dead, as well as the living, are doomed to the philippic of this "inquisitor's" goose-quill. Poor Inglis, whose books were in admirable keeping with his gentle and kindly character, is called "prosy, pompous, and conceited;" taxed with having the word "charming" ever on his pen. "I, myself," continues our elaborate critic, "took the pains to count it seven times in a single page." He also accuses Mr. Inglis of wilful falsehood in his work on Spain, which is certainly an unmanly charge to bring forward against one upon whom the grave has closed, and who, we firmly believe, left no such blot upon his memory. On turning over a few more pages, we find the "Inquisitor" himself in Spain. Doubtless he had intended to make his tour a profitable one; but Mr. Inglis's work anticipated his. Be that as it may, we neither

like the spirit of these criticisms, nor the temper of the critic. At times his observations are acute and interesting; but, as a whole, the volume is more unworthy public patronage than the literature it condemns; though *that*, in many instances, deserves censure. The observations on Dante are by far the most valuable in the "Inquisitor;" and assure us that, when the writer gets rid of petty irritation, there is more matter in him than we should have believed, had we not read beyond the commencing chapters.

The Training System adopted in the Model Schools of the Glasgow Educational Society.

A greater blessing than the establishment of infant schools has, we are firmly of opinion, scarcely ever been bestowed upon any age or nation. Every day's experience points out more strongly the immense advantages to be derived from a proper cultivation of the powers of the human mind during the earlier periods of childhood; and as the system to be pursued in such a course of education improves in its character, this important truth must be shown in a proportionably stronger light. We have not time to enter into a minute examination of the different methods pursued in the infant schools of Glasgow, to engender habits of morality and early industry, during, perhaps, the most critical part of life; but we earnestly recommend to all engaged in the establishment and regulation of these benevolent institutions, to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the principles and method of practice advocated in the "Training System." If they are not led, in consequence, to adopt all its suggestions to their fullest extent, they will at least gain many useful hints, the results of much actual experience, and assuredly a deeper sense of the utility of their labours, as well as additional encouragement to proceed in their praiseworthy endeavours to the formation of such a character in their infant pupils as may lead to their own individual happiness, and materially add to that of all around them.

The Age of Humbug. A Satire.

An exceedingly clever imitation of the "Dunciad," and evidently the production of a person of considerable genius and no small scholarship, yet too strongly impregnated with party spirit to allow us to regard it merely in a literary point of view. In any other light it is neither our place nor inclination to consider its merits.

The Tailors; or "Quadrupeds." A Drama. Illustrated by Robert Cruikshank.

We notice this publication chiefly because of its illustrations, which are exceedingly clever, and full of humour. Robert must yield to his brother George as a comic designer; but, at times, he very nearly approaches him. Here he has done his best. The immortal rows of the "Quadrupeds" are very successfully exhibited; and the sketches may be recommended to Mr. Yates, as so many tableaux, when next he produces the drama at his theatre. Mr. Ryan has prefaced the publication by some pleasant and useful remarks. The burletta was, it appears, written by Foote, and first produced at the Haymarket, in 1767. He has given a history of the *real* row which followed the performance; and detailed the true, as well as the mock heroism of "The Tailors.

LITERARY REPORT.

A Work that promises to excite great interest is announced, among a variety of others, for speedy publication by Mr. Colburn. It is entitled, "Original Memoirs of the Court of George IV. By a Deceased Nobleman," and is to be printed from the original manuscript.

Among other literary attractions, we are promised immediately the "Posthumous Memoirs of a Peeress." This work is to be edited by the Lady Charlotte Bury, who is also busily engaged in seeing through the press her own new work of fiction, with the all-interesting appellation of "Love."

Mr. Ward, whose celebrated stories of "Tremaine," and "De Vere," have placed him among the leading writers of fiction of the present day, has in preparation a new novel, called "Fielding, or Society."

Mrs. Charles Gore has nearly ready for publication a little book, entitled the "Rose Fancier's Manual, comprising an Account of the Culture and Propagation of Roses."

In the press, the Auto-Biography of William Godwin, together with his Correspondence, and a Continuation of his Memoirs to the time of his Death, by his Daughter, Mrs. Shelley. The life of so prominent a literary character as the author of "Caleb Williams" cannot fail to command general attention.

A new edition is on the eve of appearance of "The Diary of a Desennuyée," universally admitted to be one of the most brilliant pictures extant of Parisian society and manners.

Just ready, a new and much cheaper edition of "Horace Walpole's Correspondence with George Montagu, Esq., and other celebrated Personages," forming a companion to his "Correspondence with Horace Mann." Many original and valuable Notes are now first added to the present edition.

The Fifth Monthly Part of Capt. Brenton's "Naval History of Great Britain," now ready, contains fine Portraits of Admiral Duckworth and Sir Alexander Cochrane, with Plans, &c.

Mrs. S. C. Hall, Authoress of "Sketches of Irish Character," &c., has a new work of fiction in preparation, called "Uncle Horace."

A Biographical, Historical, and Chronological Dictionary of Remarkable Persons and Occurrences connected with the Art of Typography, by C. H. Timperley, is announced in Parts.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

Ackermann's Forget-Me-Not for 1837, edited by Frederic Shoberl.

Streams of Knowledge from the Fountains of Wisdom, consisting of Extracts from Shakspeare, &c., interspersed with Sayings of the Wisest Men since the days of Solomon.

Journal of a Tour to Jerusalem and Mount Sinai, with a Series of Twenty-four Illustrations from Drawings taken on the spot, comprising the most interesting Views of the Country between Grand Cairo and Beirout, by F. Arundale.

The Biography of the Early Church, by the Rev. R. W. Evans, M.A., Author of "The Rectory of Vale Head."

Second Series of the Flowers of Loveliness, by P. Haines Bailey, Esq.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Reminiscences in Prose and Verse, consisting of the Epistolary Correspondence of many Distinguished Characters, with Notes and Illustrations, by the Rev. D. Polwhele.

The Principles and Practice of Obstetric Medicine, by D. D. Davis, M.D., 2 vols. 4to., plates 4*l.* 4*s.*

The Atonement and other Sacred Poems, by Dr. Oke, post 8vo. 6*s.*

The Rev. Dr. Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise on Geology and Mineralogy, with 57 plates, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 15*s.*

Bacon's Essays, edited by B. Montague, Esq., 12mo. 5*s.*

The Literary Remains of S. T. Coleridge, by H. M. Coleridge, 2 vols. 8vo. 21*s.*

Collections, Historical, Genealogical, and Topographical, for Bedfordshire, 114 plates, by T. Fisher, 4to. 10*l.*

The Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology, edited by Dr. Todd, vol. I., royal 8vo. 2*l.*

The Doctrine of Particular Providence, illustrated and defended, by G. Pilkington, 12mo. 5*s.*

Selections from the Phrenological Journal, 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.*

The Flower and Fruit Garden, by Martin Doyle, 12mo. 2*s.*

The Protestant Preacher, vol. I. 8vo. 6*s.*

Hoffmann's Legal Outlines, 2 vols. royal 8vo. 21*s.*

Hoffmann's Legal Study, 3 vols. royal 8vo., 21*s.*

Hansard's Debates, 3rd series., vol. XXXII 2nd of sess. 1836, royal 8vo. 30*s.*—33*s.* 6*d.*

Glances at Life in City and Suburb, by C. Webbe, post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Schomberg's Commutation Tithe Act, with Epitome of the Law of Tithes, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Major's Guide to reading the Greek Tragedians, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Bentley's Works, vol. I. and II. (Epistles of Philaris—Epistola ad Millium) 24*s.*

Charles's Essays, Letters, and Papers, by Morgan, 12mo. 7*s.*

Noble on the Professional Practice of Architects, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Book of the New Moral World, by R. Owen, 8vo. 5*s.*

Augustine's Confessions, abridged, by the Rev. E. Bickersteth, 32mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Tracts on Hydraulics, edited by T. Tredgold. royal 8vo. 12*s.*

FINE ARTS.

Removal of the Royal Academy.—The porters of the Royal Academy are now busily employed, under the superintendence of Sir M. A. Shee, and the members of the council, in removing from their ancient resting-places the valuable antiques, bas-reliefs, and paintings belonging to the Academy. The Professor of Anatomy will commence his sessional lectures in the room at Somerset House as usual; but it is expected that the Professors of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture will deliver theirs in the new building, as they occur later in the season. The council are equally busy at the building in Trafalgar-square. Negotiations are going on, not only with the council of the Royal Academy, but also with the managers of the National Gallery in Pall Mall. It has been intimated to the officers of the institution that many valuable donations by distinguished patrons of the art will be made to the gallery as soon as it is removed to Trafalgar-square. His Majesty has been mentioned among the number, together with the Duke of Bedford and Lord Egremont. A portion of the vacated apartments of the Royal Academy will, it is believed, be given to the Royal Asiatic Society, the council of which, with Earl Munster at their head, some time ago made application for it at the Woods and Forests. They were not refused, but simply informed that there were then no apartments in Somerset House at the disposal of the crown.

Enamel Pictures on Glass.—There is at present a very pleasing exhibition of pictures in this branch of art at the residence of Messrs. Hoadley and Oldfield, No. 6, St. James's-place, Hampstead-road. The subjects consist of the "Fall of Nineveh," and "Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still," after the celebrated pictures of Mr. Martin; "The Opening of the Sixth Seal," after Danby; "Charity," after Sir Joshua Reynolds; and the figures of Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke and his Countess Maria, in the costume of the period. These subjects are admirably selected to display the peculiar qualities of the material on which they are represented; and at the first glance the effect is almost startling. The "Fall of Nineveh;" and the "Joshua" are especially beautiful; and the effect of light on the face of a child, in the group of "Charity," is such as we imagine could not be produced on any material of a less transparent nature than that on which these pictures are wrought.

PUBLICATIONS.

Ryall's Portraits of Conservative Statesmen,

Of which the second Number is before us, progresses in a very satisfactory manner, and will, we have no doubt, amply recompense the artist with whom the plan originated. The first portrait is the Duke of Newcastle, one of the most excellent and upright of English gentlemen, whose character has been assailed with about as much success as follows the attempt to level a forest with a pruning-knife. The picture from which Mr. Mote has engraved this print is one of Pickersgill's most successful works. It gives the mind of the man—gentle and fearless. A portrait of Lord Sidmouth follows; and is accompanied by a very sensible biographical notice. The third is Sir William Webb Follett, the member for Exeter; of a sound, able, and eloquent lawyer. The head is a fine one; the dark eye is finely set under a broad and lofty brow; and the mouth, although the painter has graced it with a smile, in order to soften down features—somewhat of the sternest, perhaps—exhibits energy and decision. The likeness is striking, and more characteristic than we should have expected from the artist, Chalon, who is much more alive to the graces of a pretty danseuse of the Opera than to the attractions of intellectual expression. Sir William was, it appears, born in 1798, at Topsham, Devon, and is therefore in the very prime of life.

THE DRAMA.

Mr. Charles Whitehead, one of the few writers of talent who, in this age, have thought it worth while to ply their pens in favour of the stage, has produced a drama at the Haymarket, called the "Cavalier," which is in many respects entitled to rank with the most intellectual productions of the time. Its success seemed at first to be equivocal, and though its merits are clear enough to a dispassionate listener, they have not won an unanimous assent. Mr. Whitehead possibly is not a member of some particular coterie, theatrical or literary, and therefore his claims have to force a recognition which might otherwise be accorded to them even without examination. The "Cavalier" is an admirably-written and well-constructed drama; its interest is strong and continuous, its situations are picturesque and dramatic, its characters conceived with all the instinct of truth, and wrought up into powerful and feeling agents working out a terrible action. In its catastrophe, as performed on the first night, it was alone wanting in fidelity to nature and sense of dramatic effect. The author committed a curious, and it had almost proved a fatal, mistake, in crowning a natural production with a most superfluous and unnatural horror. This would be equally true of the *dénouement* had the production been cast even in a dramatic mould; but as a play to be acted, the false conception of what truth required, and the feeling of an audience would bear, was singularly apparent. For this unfortunate error in judgment, Mr. Whitehead has suffered severely. His piece was listened to with the profoundest attention; and the intellectual tenor of its style, its general force and character, and the exquisite sweetness of many passages containing images equally appealing with irresistible effect to the feelings and the imagination, seemed to insure it unequivocal success. This hope was at once dashed down by the unexpected and apparently wanton wound inflicted upon the sympathies of every listener, when the fine nature of the story was merged in a gratuitous sacrifice at the close. The audience with one pervading and ungovernable feeling condemned the savage ending of so natural a beginning—"the sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh,"—not, however, be it observed, out of any general disinclination to a dish of horrors, of which audiences are ever ready to "sup full,"—but because it appeared wilful and was certainly unnecessary. The point is this: a loving, honourable, and high-minded wife has, in defence of her honour, killed the wretch who would have violated it. She is condemned to die for murder. No hope of justice appears to remain, and her husband, a wronged, sensitive, and irritable cavalier, after enduring the horror of a supposition that the violation had taken place, resolves to die with her. The truth, however, comes out—the wife's moral innocence becomes apparent—she is saved; but no sooner does this prospect of "poetical justice" dawn upon the mind of the spectator, than the cavalier is seen obeying the blind and hurried dictates of his frenzy, by stabbing his innocent wife just as the door of her prison is thrown open, and consummating the sacrifice by self-destruction. It is the error of this catastrophe that has led to imputations in some quarters unfavourable to the general morality of the story. To us, now that the catastrophe is changed, it appears free from every shade of objection. It has since been repeated with marked success; and its attraction will be increased by the effect of the fine reality of Ellen Tree's acting as the wife, and the energy and discrimination of Mr. Vandenhoff's cavalier.

Covent-Garden has commenced its performances with "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Shylock," and the "Gamester,"—the first fruits of Mr. Charles Kemble's last season. Better fruits than these are to follow, for Mr. Kemble is already announced to appear as Falconbridge, to the King John of Mr. Macready.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

SIXTH MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

This Society, which consists of scientific men belonging to all parts of the kingdom, held its annual meeting this year at Bristol, and commenced its proceedings on Monday the 22nd of August. It has met, very appropriately, immediately after the prorogation of Parliament, and comes with "kindliest change" to refresh the national mind by the calm investigations of science, after it has been heated by political strife.

The mere existence of a Society composed of between five and six hundred men of science, collected from different parts of the empire, who are met by nearly 600 more dwelling in Bristol and its neighbourhood, is calculated to excite a sentiment of national pride.

Almost every branch of precise knowledge seems, as might be expected, to be embraced by this Society; and we present the following to our readers as an abstract of the divisions under which every department of science is cultivated, and the names of the gentlemen who preside over each:—

Mathematical and Physical Science .	Rev. W. Whewell.
Chemistry and Mineralogy . . .	Professor Cumming.
Geology and Geography . . .	Rev. Dr. Buckland.
Zoology and Botany	Professor Henslow.
Medical Science	Dr. Roget.
Statistics	Sir Charles Lemon.
Mechanical Science	Mr. Davies Gilbert.

Amongst these are some very celebrated names; but some of the Vice-Presidents and other functionaries are not less illustrious. We notice Sir D. Brewster, Dr. Lloyd, Mr. Babbage, Dr. Dalton, Dr. Henry, Mr. Herapath, Mr. Greenhough, Dr. Lardner, Dr. Richardson, Mr. H. Hallam, with scores of others, equally or more eminent perhaps than these, whom we mention only because they were the first to catch our eye, or suggest the recollection of considerable scientific achievements. We are reminded, too, by recollecting the political opinions of some of those whose names we have written, that in the scientific halls of Bristol the Radical, the Tory, and the Whig, all meet as on neutral ground, and forget in the cultivation of science, the narrow opinions of these separate political parties.

In the Mathematical and Physical section, on the first day, the President read a paper on the construction of a theoretical Rock-Salt Lens; which, unfortunately, no workman has yet been found capable of making. Some skilful workman, it is hoped, however, may yet be found to grind it; though Sir David Brewster did not explain the advantages which will be derived from its great refracting power. Something was said about the tide, promised about the stars, and expected by next year—through appointing another committee, the researches of the first not having been successful—towards ascertaining the levels of the land and sea. One notable conclusion reported, we notice in the proceedings of the Mathematical and Physical Section on the first day; namely, that the height of the tide appears to depend on the barometer. Of course the reporter meant, the weight of the atmosphere as indicated by the barometer; and though the pilots all round the coast have come, we believe, to a similar practical conclusion long ago, the scientific deduction is not without its value; it refers the well-known fact to a general principle, and expresses it in scientific language.

On the 2nd day, the Section was engaged with experiments on waves, and with refractive indices. The polarizing structure of the crystalline lens after death, electro-galvanism as a moving power, a new anemometer, the mathematical theory of fluids, some algebraic formulæ, and naval architecture, also occupied its attention.

On the 3rd day, electrical repulsion, the mathematical theory of fluids, voltaic light, the laws of double refraction, and the integral calculus, were all taken into consideration. In each of the other Sections, a similar or greater variety of subjects, corresponding to the chief object of each Section, was served up; so that the most fastidious lover of scientific pic-nics might find something to his taste.

Among the subjects which seem, by the lengthened notice taken of them, to have excited most attention, was Dr. Richardson's introductory report on North-American Zoology; comprising a description of the physical geography and climate of that country. Judging from the brief account given of the paper, we should suppose it is the most scientific description of the configuration of the mountains and valleys of that immense continent, and the peculiar influence of that configuration on climate, and on some habits of animals, which has yet been presented to the world. Dr. Richardson brought under notice a new kind of wheat, of speedy growth, from South America; which Mr. Webb Hall would probably object to, as tending, particularly during such a season as the present, to prevent the price of wheat of old English growth on stiff clay lands, from rising to a remunerating price. Some ingenious gentlemen exhibited models to illustrate physical geography, which are hereafter to be coloured; and one (Mr. Griffith) praised the Ordnance Map of Ireland, as "enabling him to take hedges and fences with ease." Did he mean, in hunter's phrase, to leap over them? Professor Mosley read a useful paper on Locomotive Engines, as used on railroads; and he seems, in conjunction with Dr. Lardner, to have demonstrated that the expense of propelling carriages on inclined planes, was in all cases greater than the expense of constructing railroads on a perfect level. The latter gentleman has observed, that a very small quantity of dust on the rails adds very much to the friction; and he suggests the propriety of each wheel of a locomotive carriage being provided with a kind of watering-pot, to precede it a few inches, and continually wash the rail. Probably a brush running before the wheel might answer the purpose.

A series of ingenious experiments by Mr. Russell, of Edinburgh, on the resistance of the water to vessels impelled through it, were made known to the Society. They were remarkable for showing, that when a great degree of velocity is given to a vessel, such as twenty miles an hour, she skims, as it were, on the surface of the water, and hardly meets any resistance. At that velocity, we are inclined to say, the resistance of the water becomes so great, that it partakes rather of the properties of a solid than a fluid in relation to the moving body, which is carried *over* and not *through* it; as it would be carried along an inclined plane of wood or iron, and not through it, by a force applied at an angle to the line of the plane less than a right angle.

To mention some other topics which attracted attention—Professor Phillips gave the results of some examinations on subterranean temperature, which confirm the theory of its being greater than that of the atmosphere: in one case the thermometer below the surface for some time averaged 78 degrees, whilst in the external atmosphere it was only 48 degrees. A paper on arsenical poisons, by Mr. Herapath, and a description of an apparatus for the analysis of mixed gases, by Professor Hare of Philadelphia, were both considered interesting. Mr. Herapath also gave a new theory of the Aurora Borealis; stating his opinion that this phenomenon was only produced by electric clouds, gradually withdrawing and leaving streams of electric fluid behind: from which opinion, however, Dr. Dalton expressed his dissent. Among the curiosities must be noticed a living specimen of the *aranea avicularia*, exhibited by Mr. Rootsey, of which he gave a description. This is a monstrous species of spider, that sometimes seizes the eggs of small birds, particularly of humming-birds, and devours them. It was brought over alive from South America amongst some log-wood.

On the fourth day Andrew Crosse, Esq., of Broomfield, Somerset, came

forward, and stated that he came to Bristol to be a listener only, and with no idea that he should be called upon to address a Section. He was no geologist, and but a little of a mineralogist; he had, however, devoted much of his time to electricity, and he had lately been occupied in improvements in the voltaic power, by which he had succeeded in keeping it in full force for twelve months by water alone, rejecting acids entirely. Mr. Crosse then proceeded to state that he had obtained water from a finely-crystallized cave at Holwell, and by the action of the voltaic battery had succeeded in producing from that water in the course of ten days, numerous rhomboidal crystals, resembling those of the cave. In order to ascertain if light had any influence in the process, he tried it again in a dark cellar, and produced similar crystals in six days, with one-fourth of the voltaic power. He had repeated the experiments a hundred times, and always with the same results. He was fully convinced that it was possible to make even diamonds, and that at no distant period every kind of mineral will be formed by the ingenuity of man. By a variation of his experiments he had obtained blue and grey carbonate of copper, phosphate of soda, and twenty or thirty other specimens. If any members of the Association would favour him with a visit at his house, they would be received with hospitality, though in a wild and savage region on the Quantock hills, and he should be proud to repeat his experiments in their presence. Mr. C. sat down amidst long-continued cheering.

Professor Sedgwick said he had discovered in Mr. Crosse a friend, who some years ago kindly conducted him over the Quantock hills on the way to Taunton. The residence of that gentleman was not, as he had described it, in a wild and savage region, but seated amidst the sublime and beautiful in nature. At that time he was engaged in carrying on the most gigantic experiments, attaching voltaic lines to the trees of the forest, and conducting through them streams of lightning as large as the mast of a 74 gun-ship, and even turning them through his house with the dexterity of an able charioteer. Sincerely did he congratulate the Section on what they had heard and witnessed that morning. The operations of electrical phenomena, instances of which had been detailed to them, proved that the whole world, even darkness itself, was steeped in everlasting light, the first-born of heaven. However Mr. Crosse may have hitherto concealed himself, from this time forth he must stand before the world as public property.

Professor Phillips said the wonderful discoveries of Mr. Crosse and Mr. Fox would open a field of science in which ages might be employed in exploring and imitating the phenomena of nature.

The proceedings of the Botanical Section consisted of the conclusion of Dr. Richardson's report on the Zoology of North America, which was drawn up at the request of the Association; some remarks by Dr. Corbet on vegetable physiology, in which the absorption of different solutions into the circulating system was proved to be distinguished by the application of chemical tests, producing the distinguishing colours; a communication containing some general remarks on the reproductive spherules of the Marsiliaceæ of the cryptogamic class of plants; and a paper by J. B. Yates, Esq., on the vegetating wasp in the West Indies. The author was of opinion that the vegetative process in a cryptogamic plant commenced during the life of the insect; which was, however, doubted by many of the naturalists present, several instances likewise being given of a similar excrescence on silkworms and other insects. A communication was also made, by the Rev. Mr. Phelps, on the formation of peat, which he considered formed in stagnant waters, by successive layers and deposits of aquatic plants; when Mr. Mackay exhibited some specimens of pine-wood and leaves, in a remarkable fine state of preservation, found under a layer of peat sixteen feet in depth. In connexion with some remarks, by Mr. Royle, on the subject of caoutchouc, Mr. Rootsey gave his opinion that the elasticity of

the fibre of silk produced by the silkworm was owing to the plants on which it fed containing this substance, which he found to exist in mulberry leaves. Several specimens of different varieties of silk were also exhibited and presented to the members.

At the Statistical Section, an interesting communication was made by Professor Forbes, on the relative height, weight, and strength of the Belgian, English, Scotch, and Irish nations, the comparison being the least favourable to the former, and the most to the latter. The experiments from which these deductions were made, were conducted from those made by Professor Quetelet at the meeting of the Association in Cambridge. The average height of the Belgian was stated at 5 feet 7 8-10 inches; and Irish, 5 feet 10 1-10 inches. The strength of the Belgians was also less than that of the English by 50 lbs.; in every case of experiment, 25 years being taken as the age of maturity. Baron Charles Dupin, whose name has so long been known in connexion with English statistical inquiries, next exhibited two maps of this kingdom, in which the several counties were shaded according to the density of population and proportionate criminality. The deductions formed from his inquiries into the latter were as follows:—He calculated six different degrees of density of population to the 1000 acres—Firstly, 100 inhabitants to 1000 acres; secondly, 218; thirdly, 465; fourthly, 555; fifthly, 1100; and sixthly, which was in highly-populated counties, such as Middlesex, 7000 inhabitants to the 1000 acres. In the first district the proportion of offenders to the population would be 1 to 2963; in the second, 1 to 1427; in the third, 1 to 593; in the fourth, 1 to 550; in the fifth, 1 to 493; and in the sixth, 1 to 558. In Ireland the same proportionate regularity did not exist, as there society was not in such a state as to allow the laws to be fully developed; and, although the population was more condensed, there was less crime in the north than in the south; owing to the more industrious habits, greater degree of education and comfort of the inhabitants. Some curious comparisons were next given of the relative ages of prisoners in England and France, in which the proportion of juvenile offenders was much greater in this country. A paper was also read by Mr. Heyworth, being a report from the Statistical Society of Manchester on the state of education at Liverpool, the investigation of which had taken a period of nearly fifteen months to complete. It represented that of the lower order to be of a very incomplete description, as out of 62,700 children, 32,700 alone received instruction, whilst 30,000 were altogether destitute of it. A paper was then read by Mr. Fripp, on the statistics of education in Bristol.

On the fifth day, the papers read were by Mr. Whewell, on a new Anomometer. Professor Stevelly, on the Mathematical Rules for constructing Compensating Pendulums. Sir D. Brewster, on a contrivance by which he was enabled to render distinct the dark lines of the spectrum under the most unfavourable circumstances, and obtain other useful effects. Mr. Russell on Certain Elements of the Resistance of Fluids that appear to be intimately connected with the application of analysis. Dr. Hare on the Electric Spark. Dr. Carpenter on a System of Teaching the Blind to read, similar to Mr. Lucas's, &c.

Section B.—Chemistry and Mineralogy.—The following papers were read: Some Improvements on the Voltaic Battery. By Mr. Crosse.—Observations on Atmospheric Electricity. By Mr. Crosse.—On a new Compound formed during the destructive distillation of Wood. By Mr. Scanlan.—On a peculiar Compound of Carbon and Potassium. By Professor E. Davey.—On a new Gaseous Bicarburet of Hydrogen. By Professor E. Davey.—On the Conductive Power of Iodine. By Dr. Inglis.—On Fluorine. By Mr. Know.—On detecting Strength of Spirits by diluting with water. By Mr. Black.—Communication on the Aurora Borealis. By Dr. Trail.

Section C.—Geology and Geography.—Lord Nugent read a communication respecting some sea rivulets in the Island of Cephalonia.—Mr.

Charlesworth read an elaborate paper on some fallacies in Mr. Lyell's test, in determining the ages of tertiary deposits by the per centage of existing spheres.

Pyrenean Hot Springs.—Professor Forbes made a communication on the connection of the Pyrenean hot springs with the geology of the district, in which he gave an outline of the Pyrenees.

The Rev. Mr. Clarke stated the circumstance of two hot springs at Longfleet, near Poole, maintaining their temperature of 54 degrees in all seasons of the year.

Section E.—Medical Science.—Several valuable papers were read—valuable towards arriving at the true knowledge of disease, and of those remedies which are calculated the most easily to allay it, and that in the shortest space of time.

On the sixth day, Saturday, the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone (on the Somersetshire side) of the New Clifton Suspension Bridge took place by the Marquis of Northampton, in the presence of the members of the British Association, and a vast concourse of spectators. The sight was an extremely imposing one. On the far-famed and magnificent rocks of Clifton and Leigh Woods, and, indeed, wherever a view of the ceremony could be obtained, multitudes were congregated to witness the commencement of a work of science and art such as the skill and ingenuity of man have never before attempted. The picturesque character of the scenery, the crowds congregated on the spot, the steam-vessels passing down the river, firing salutes in honour of the occasion, and the numerous smaller boats gaily decorated, flitting about on the stream below, presented an appearance that can never be forgotten. The car, or rather square box, in which Mr. Brunel had signified his intention of passing into the chasm, was drawn with much difficulty and apparent labour across the rod by means of pulleys. The inequalities in the rod, caused by a previous accident, might have rendered the experiment one of extreme danger to Mr. Brunel had he persevered in his intention of crossing in the car.

At twelve o'clock the general committee met in the chapter-room, for the purpose of making arrangements for the next meeting; 2270*l.* was voted for various scientific researches during the ensuing year. Liverpool was fixed upon for the seventh meeting of the British Association in September, 1837. The competing towns were Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Leeds, Birmingham, and Worcester. The Earl of Burlington was elected president for the ensuing year. The secretaries appointed were Dr. Dalton, Sir Philip Egerton, Dr. Hervey, and Mr. Parker, of Liverpool; local treasurer, —— Turner, Esq.

VARIETIES.

Bank of England.—The quarterly return of the weekly liabilities and assets of the Bank of England, from 31st May to 23rd August, presents the following results, on comparison with the like return made up to the 26th of July:—The circulation of the Bank has increased in the sum of 121,000*l.*, and their deposits have increased in the sum of 301,000*l.* The securities in the possession of the Bank have increased in the amount of 1,030,000*l.*; whilst, during the same period, or rather since the last monthly return, the stock of bullion in the coffers of the Bank, to meet liabilities in paper and deposits, the same in effect, to the amount of 32,857,000*l.* has been reduced to 6,325,000*l.*, which is 601,000*l.* less than on the last return. The amount of the *rest* has increased in the small sum of 7000*l.* On the half-year, that is, from the 9th of February, the stock of bullion has decreased in the sum of 146,000*l.*; but the circulation has increased in the sum of 634,000*l.* On

the year, the stock of bullion has decreased in the sum of 1000*l.*, but the circulation has increased in the sum of 279,000*l.*; and, notwithstanding the late large investments in hand, the deposits on the year have increased in the sum of 45,000*l.*

Railroads.—Bills have been obtained this Session of Parliament for nearly 1100 miles of road, requiring for rails, chains, carriages, and other works, at least 220,000 tons of iron, independently of that required for roads for which Bills had been previously obtained, and are now in active preparation; these will amount to about 70,000 tons, making a total of 290,000 tons probably in requisition for the next four years. To this may be added iron for several extensive railroads now in the course of survey, and for which Bills will be solicited in the next Session of Parliament. When the iron required for railroads in this country is added to what will be in demand for roads now in actual progress in the United States, and on the Continent of Europe, we think that the iron-masters of this country may fairly look forward to a greatly increased demand for their produce for some time.—*Mining Journal.*

A General Order has been promulgated by the Secretary at War, abolishing the system of granting additional pay to soldiers who have completed certain periods of service; and substituting a scale of rewards (in the shape of additional pay and by honorary marks) for uninterrupted good conduct during specified periods. Under these regulations a soldier may, for a first offence of a serious nature, be adjudged, by the sentence of a court-martial, to forfeit all or any part of the advantages he had derived from his previous good conduct, either absolutely, or for a longer or shorter period, according to the circumstances which shall have appeared in evidence.

The Militia.—A Bill was passed in the late Session of Parliament for suspending the balloting for the militia, and the calling them out for exercise and training during the present year. This is the first time since the Peace that the period for which the men were enrolled in 1831, namely, for five years, has been allowed to expire without having had recourse to a fresh ballot to supply their places: consequently, the militia are, at present, rather an anomaly, the regiments having at this moment their staffs and officers only; there not being a single rank and file belonging to any regiment of militia in the United Kingdom. This branch of the service cannot now therefore be said to be attended with any great expense to the country.

London and Dublin Police.—By a Return, published by order of the House of Commons this Session, it appears that the metropolitan police force of London consists of 17 superintendents at 200*l.* a-year each; 70 inspectors at 100*l.* each; 342 serjeants at 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* per week; and about 3000 constables, at 19*s.* a-week. In Dublin, the chief constables have 92*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.* a-year; the peace-officers, 14*s.* 3*d.* a-week; patrol constables, 11*s.* 8*d.*; and watchmen, 9*s.* 3*d.*

Report on the Poor-Laws.—The second annual report of the Poor-law Commissioners has been presented to the House of Lords by the Marquess of Lansdowne. It now appears that the savings during the year 1835 were 800,000*l.* During the parochial year, ending in March, 1836, the savings were, in round numbers, 1,800,000*l.* The savings in the expenses of litigation alone were upwards of 86,000*l.* during the last year, or just double the whole of the expenses of the new central machinery of commissioners, the secretary, assistant-secretaries, and the twenty-one assistant-commissioners, &c. The Report, it is said, settles the problem of a surplus of population, by showing the entire absorption of the apparent surplus, and the general employment of the agricultural labourers at good wages, together with the employment of their children. So scarce has labour been in some of the dispauperised districts, notwithstanding the absorption of the alleged surplus,

that the farmers have been compelled to bring into use again the machines which were put aside in consequence of the agricultural riots in 1830. This has been accomplished in districts which were but recently complaining loudly of distress, and where there has been no assistance from demand for labour in the new railroads, or from emigration. Districts in Essex and Norfolk, and other places, which have not yet received the aid of the new measures, are as deeply pauperised as ever. In some of the metropolitan parishes, nearly three-fourths of the rates will be saved, and reductions equally great in several of the rural districts.

The object of the Common Fields' Inclosure Bill, just passed, is solely to facilitate by one general measure the inclosing of common fields, the lands in which had been already defined by some known landmarks, but in using which, much inconvenience was experienced, the allotments being intermixed and dispersed, and the proprietors possessing no powers to fence and inclose. Its provisions will not affect downs or open commons.

It appears by the twentieth Report of the Commissioners of Excise Inquiry, that, in 1824, when the revenue was above twenty-six millions, the total number of persons employed in the Excise Department was 7077, and their salaries 831,052*l.*; and now when the revenue is only 10,800,000*l.*, there are no fewer than 5780 persons employed, whose salaries amount to 706,237*l.*! And as it is not alleged that there was any deficiency either of officers or salaries in 1824, it necessarily follows that both the one and the other must be grossly excessive at present.

Punishment of Death.—The Committee of the Society for the Diffusion of Information on the subject of Capital Punishments have issued an Address, in which they state that experimental proofs of the inefficacy of capital punishments might be adduced to a vast extent. Our own times afford a practical testimony against them. The criminal returns prove, for instance, that there has been less horse-stealing in the last six years, without any execution whatever, than in the preceding six years, with thirty-eight executions;—that there has been less sheep-stealing during the three years elapsed since the abolition of capital punishment than during the three previous years; that there have been fewer acts of burglary and housebreaking in the last three years, with only two executions, than in the three years ending with 1829, when thirty-eight persons suffered death for those offences. But not so of other crimes, for which capital punishment still continues; they have increased. Attention is directed to the melancholy fact of the frequent infliction of the punishment of death in Great Britain, compared with other civilized countries. In France, by the penal code of 1832, its enactment is almost exclusively limited to the crimes of treason, murder, and setting fire to a dwelling; being sparingly inflicted even for these. In Prussia, during three years ending with 1834, but six persons underwent this punishment, while the number of those who suffered in England and Wales during the same period was 124, or, allowing for difference of population, nearly twenty times as many as in Prussia. Does not this superior tenderness for human life, in an absolute state, reflect shame upon constitutional England? In Holland and in Austria, as well as in the German States, sanguinary punishments are exceedingly rare; and in Belgium the discontinuance of the capital penalty, during five successive years, has been accompanied by a diminution in the number of murders. Thus experience proves, that, in order to render the laws against crime reformatory, they must cease to be revengeful. If the people of England would have a more effective system of justice for the protection of both property and life, let them petition Parliament for such a full and complete revision of their criminal code as will be consistent with Christian civilization and morals, and will therefore—instead of enlisting the sympathies of the public on behalf of offenders—obtain, for the law itself, the respect and voluntary co-operation of the people.

The costs and charges for collecting the public money from five sources of the revenue only amount to 3,550,238*l.* The distribution is as follows:—Customs, 1,356,725*l.*; Excise, 1,072,392*l.*; Stamps, 203,815*l.*; Taxes, 209,372*l.*; and Post-office, 678,387*l.* The expense incurred in erecting the new General Post-office, Dublin, is 115,401*l.*; and of St. Martin's-le-Grand, 237,863*l.* There are 90 distinct Acts of Parliament which regulate these five branches of public revenue.

The expenses incurred for the Houses of Parliament since the fire appear, by a paper just published by the House of Commons, to have been 45,581*l.* 2*s.* 1*d.*: namely,—for erecting the temporary houses, 32,140*l.* 0*s.* 7*d.*, and for furniture, 13,441*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*; of the latter, 5,317*l.* 12*s.* has been expended on the House of Peers, and 8,023*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* on the House of Commons.

Bills of Exchange.—An act of Parliament has just passed, which settles a disputed point in regard to bills of exchange, and which ought, therefore, to be known to men of business generally. The point alluded to is that respecting acceptors or referees for honour, in which no uniform practice existed, some houses presenting the bills so marked on the day when they became due, and others on the day after. It is now declared, however, that it shall not be necessary to present such bills of exchange until the day following that on which they become due; and if the address of the acceptors or referees for honour shall be in any other place than that in which the bills shall be made payable, they need not be forwarded until the day succeeding that on which they become due. If the following day shall be either Sunday, Good Friday, or Christmas Day, they need not be presented or forwarded until the day succeeding such day of non-business.

Two-Wheel Carriages.—By an Act just passed, exemption is granted for any carriage with less than four wheels (not let to hire) drawn by one horse only, whatever may be the construction of the carriage—provided the value of the carriage, together with the cushions or other articles used, shall not exceed the value of 21*l.*, and shall be marked with the name, residence, and occupation of the owner, in Roman letters of two inches at least in height, and of a proportionate breadth. This latter requisition it is intended rigidly to enforce.

Dr. Dalton, who has for many years turned his attention to the amount of carbonic acid in the atmosphere, says that he has satisfied himself that its average quantity is one part in 1000. He is also of opinion that the quantity of this gas in the atmosphere is constantly the same in town and country, and that even in a crowded theatre it seldom rises to one per cent.

In the year 1835 there were distilled in Ireland 11,161,580 gallons of proof spirits, which was nearly equal to the distillation of England and Scotland in the same period. The amount of duty on last year's consumption in Ireland, was 1,327,309*l.*

Newspaper Statistics.—In Spain, there are 12 newspapers; in Portugal, 17; in Switzerland, 36; in Belgium, 62; in Denmark, 80; in Austria, 82; in Russia and Poland, 84; in Holland, 170; in Great Britain, 274; in Prussia, 288; in the other Germanic States, 305; in Australia, 9; in Africa, 12; in Asia, 27; and in America, 1138. The total number of newspapers published in Europe, is 2148.

Foreign Wines.—The number of gallons of foreign wines, upon which duty has been paid, for home consumption, for the year ending 5th January, 1836, was as follows:—Cape wine, 522,941 gallons; French, 293,635; Madeira, 154,433; Portugal, 2,866,015; Spanish, 2,314,884; Rhenish, 51,243; Canary, 53,976; Fayal, 1906; Sicilian, &c., 380,913; total, 6,640,533 gallons. The duty on Cape wine is 2*s.* 9*d.* per gallon, and on all the other sorts, 5*s.* 6*d.* The net amount of duty was 1,691,508*l.*

It appears from a Parliamentary paper that the number of licensed brewers in England is 2099, who consume 16,412,440 bushels of malt; of victuallers 54,551, of whom 36,962 brew their own beer, and consume 9,521,797 bushels of malt. There are 36,536 persons licensed to sell beer to be drunk on the premises, of whom 14,840 brew their own beer, and consume 3,702,417 bushels of malt; and of the 4118 licensed sellers of beer not to be drunk on the premises, 987 who brew their own beer consume 218,616 bushels of malt. In Scotland 242 brewers consume 988,800 bushels of malt; and out of 17,026 victuallers there are 335 who brew their own beer, and consume 140,380 bushels. In Ireland there are 245 brewers, whose consumption of malt is 1,829,587 bushels.

Regulations for conveying Newspapers by Post.—Newspapers sent by the general, or delivered by the twopenny post, and *vice versâ*, will be henceforth free of postage. Newspapers sent by twopenny post only, to pay 1*d.*; as likewise those sent within limits of the delivery of post-towns. Newspapers open at the sides, to and from the colonies, are free of postage, if by post-office packets; if by other vessels, to be charged 1*d.* Newspapers to or from all foreign countries to pay 2*d.*, except where the nation to which the newspaper is sent sends and receives newspapers free of postage, when no postage is charged, unless sent by other than a packet-vessel, when 1*d.* is to be charged. The above-named rate of 2*d.* to be again chargeable, at the discretion of the postmaster-general. No paper to go free except in an open cover, so that it may be freely examined. No writing or mark other than the address allowed, and all papers to go free must be put into the post-offices within seven days after their date, if going out of the kingdom. The postmasters empowered to charge treble postage on all papers marked. Newspapers may be sent by any other conveyance than by the post. Papers re-directed, if not opened, are forwarded free.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Paris Political Journals.—Circulation of the Paris Political Journals on the 1st of June and the 1st of August last:—

	June 1.	Aug. 1.
Débats	9400	8320 Loss 1080
Gazette de France	9800	8200 Loss 1600
Constitutionnel	9300	8180 Loss 1120
Temps	6200	5500 Loss 700
Journal Général de France	3600	4200 Increase.. 600
Courrier Français	6300	4050 Loss 2250
Quotidienne	4400	3330 Loss 1700
National	4200	3270 Loss 930
Bon Sens	2300	2050 Loss 250
Journal de Paris	2200	2400 Increase.. 200
L'Echo Français	2100	1950 Loss 150
Impartial	1500	1800 Increase.. 300
Messager	1500	1750 Increase.. 250
Moniteur	1900	1700 Loss 200
Le Siècle	——	1700
La Presse	——	1550
Commerce	1400	1400 Stationary
La Paix	2530	1300 Loss 1200
La France	1100	1250 Increase.. 150

Russian Imports and Exports.—In the course of the year 1835 the value of goods imported into Russia was 244,857,044 rubles, being 5,012,217 rubles less than in 1834. The value of the exports in the same year was 237,640,246 rubles, being 4,777,827 rubles less than in 1834. The receipt of the Customs was 79,000,000 rubles, being 2,000,000 less than 1834.—*Journal de St. Petersburg, Aug.* 11.

The French Courts have lately pronounced some important sentences, of which the repetition may prove fatal to the system of duelling. They have given damages to the widow or orphan, to be levied on the slayer. The Royal Court of Bordeaux seems to have set the example, by giving the widow Cheurlet damages against Detheuil, who had killed her husband in a duel. It applied the same principle in another case; and an appeal being made to the Court of Cassation, the sentence was confirmed. The trial of young Sivey, for killing M. Durepane in a duel, occupied the Assize Court of Paris for many days, and it terminated by a verdict of damages in favour of the widow.

New Island.—The rocks which have gradually appeared near the surface of the sea, in the Gulf of Santorini, in the Grecian Archipelago, continue to rise so rapidly, that in 1840 (should they continue to do so in the same proportion) they will be worthy of the name of an island. The volcano has been supposed to be extinct, but this lifting up of the soil would show, that, during the last fifty years, it has made many efforts at irruption.

Java.—The Batavian Journals contain a very long report on the measures taken within the last two years for extending the cultivation of rice in Java. From this it results that, since 1831, there have been brought into this cultivation 25,000 parcels of land of 5000 square ells each, to which there will be shortly added 67,000 parcels. In 1833 the aggregate quantity of these settlements in produce was 1,100,000 fulas of wet rice, and 250,000 of dry rice. Of these fields 34,000 are now employed for the cultivation of sugar and indigo, but they will be greatly more than replaced by the quantity of land drained for the growth of rice.

Scientific Congress of France.—The fourth general meeting of the Scientific Congress of France was opened on the 11th September, at Blois. M. de la Saussaye is appointed secretary-general. Among the various men of science invited from England, are the Earl of Munster, Dr. Roget, Dr. Charles Holland, Messrs. Children, Carlisle, Pratt, Hopkins, of Cambridge, and Spencer Smith, F.R.S.

Fossils.—Dr. Klippstein has, in the environs of Alzei, found a head of the *Dinotherium giganteum* in perfect preservation. This is probably the most colossal of all antediluvian animals, and the existence of which was first pointed out by the learned zoologist, Dr. Caup. The head is six feet long, and three and a half broad. At one thousand feet below the surface, in the mines of Anzin, an entire fossil palm-tree has been found, in an upright position. Its roots pierced the soil to a depth of several feet; its trunk measured thirty-six feet in diameter

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Results of the Harvest—Prospects for Speculators—Mr. Lefevre's Pamphlet—Backwardness of the Barley Harvest—Increased Consumption of Malt in England and Ireland—Important Advantages derivable by the Farmer from a Knowledge of the Leading Principles affecting his Business—Mr. Webb Hall's Communications to the Bristol Meeting—The satisfactory Termination of the late Parliamentary Inquiry relative to Agriculture—Exportation of Hay to America, &c.

The first object of inquiry to the agriculturist is doubtless the range of price in the markets, metropolitan and provincial; for upon this he must form his calculations of future advance or depression, and must regulate according to this appearance his determination to hold or sell. It seems to our judgment that there never was a period when it was more difficult to separate the false from the true than at present. The wheat-harvest in England, except in the extreme northern parts, was undoubtedly well conducted and prosperously concluded, yet few new samples of fine quality have been shown. In Mark-lane, especially, they are described to have been moist and smutty. Yet price has advanced but little—that is of the new—for the old are of course in demand to mix with the new, and at better rates. Still, however, the miller "buys from hand to mouth," and it is not yet time for the speculator to come upon the ground, for he who purposes to hold till opportunity of profit shall arise, must purchase such a commodity as will bear the keeping. There are indeed three considerations which affect the markets—first, the fact—the known fact—that of the abundance of the last two, and even three years, a stock still remains, which not only indicates a production more than equal to the consumption, but that the time is coming when the loss of interest of capital, the loss also from expense of warehousing, and of waste and care, must impel the holders to come to sale, particularly now that old wheat fetches a higher price. The second is the belief that the wheat-crop of this year is an average crop at the least—and then, thirdly, that the flail is not yet in full work, and that the supply now withheld must ultimately be brought forward, while the buyers, especially the millers, will take off no more than their immediate wants require, till a more perfect understanding of the relation of the crop to the consumption can be ascertained. These causes, with a slight additional allowance for weather, govern the amounts of purchase and sale, which at present afford few or no data for any permanent judgment. May we hazard to declare we lean to the belief that wheat will not long maintain even its existing rate? The probability indeed may be, that for some time there will be a wide difference between the price of old and new, between that which is really sound and good and that which is soft, and worse in quality, especially since the estimate of general quality is necessarily lowered by the inferior condition of the new wheats already shown. But the main question still returns—is the supply more than equal to the demand? The answer must be—it has been for the last three years, and should the growth of the present harvest even turn out, as it probably is, a little below those of the years before cited, there will still remain enough of the old stocks in hand to keep the supplies in the market equal to the demand. If these facts and inferences be true, and we do not perceive how they can be controverted, the flour-manufacturer will buy sparingly, and only enough to keep his mills on, whilst no merchant will be hardy enough to speculate for an advance. We found this opinion, drawn not only from personal observation of the crops previous to harvest, but upon the decisions of the Committees of Parliament to make no Report—decisions obviously founded upon the single simple truth that English growth has supplied English consumption in its most active state, and for a longer period than has lately intervened between harvest and

harvest. The Chairman of the Committee of the Commons, Mr. S. Lefevre's pamphlet is conclusive upon this head.

This, we say, is conclusive, as far as fact and just inference can make it. The whole of Mr. Lefevre's tract (which he has published at 3*d*., that it may command the largest possible circulation) deserves the strictest attention, especially from the tenantry, who will there find the strongest possible support given to the facts and reasoning we have from time to time brought forward, to prove that the protecting-duties have operated as a mere delusion to draw off the farmer's capital into the pockets of the landlord and the parson.

It were to be wished that the barley harvest had been finished with as much success as the wheat, and such is by no means the case. Whether from late sowing, or the absence of solar heat, this portion of the crop was undoubtedly much more backward, not only than the wheat, but than is generally the case. At this moment, all round the coast, from east to north, a considerable quantity remains out, and a good deal is not even cut. That which has remained on the swathe, from the rains affording too few and short intervals to allow it to be carted and stacked, has lost its colour and is grown. We have seen pieces which have lain near three weeks, the straw being all but black, and the grain entirely so; this must necessarily raise the price of the bright. A rise of price may also be contemplated from the large quantities consumed, chiefly in consequence of the flourishing condition of employment in the manufacturing districts, for we apprehend there is no portion of an artisan's expenditure so much increased by large earnings, as the article of malt liquors. Indeed, the increased consumption of malt (in London especially) declares the fact. Ireland is also consuming much more than formerly, and the importation of barley into London from that country forms a very curious item in the statistics of the corn-trade. In 1829–30, only 635 quarters came in. In three years the importation increased to something more than 5700. It then fell to 82; in the second year after 1834–5, it increased to no less than 42,885 quarters, and the last year has brought us only a little more than 7000: so capricious appears to be this item. But more barley was sown this year than heretofore, and from the price it now fetches, and will fetch, there can be little doubt that more will be sown; thus tending to equalize, by the only real efficients, the supply of wheat and barley. Nothing is so important to the farmer, as to be taught how grand and leading principles affect his trade. There can now be no question that bright and sound barley will be in demand, and bring very high rates during the whole year. Nothing can contravene this result, but the eagerness of the farmer to possess himself of the market. As the season of wheat setting is now coming on, we would earnestly commend to the attention of growers the experiments, and their general results, communicated by Mr. Webb Hall to the British Association at Bristol. That agriculturist has addressed himself to the investigation not only of soils best adapted to the growth of wheat, but to the possibility of producing it in half the time at present employed—that is to say, by sowing in Spring instead of Autumn. In spite of all that has been done, it is one of the wonders of the time that chemistry has yet effected so little for agriculture. But the fault lies with the farmer, who is certainly the least inquiring of all inquirers in this age of inquiry. Sir Humphry Davy's book upon the subject is so little known, that I think in the course of my whole and rather extensive acquaintance with agriculturists, I never met with above two farmers who had read it, and with not one who had thought it worth while to pursue the use of that extraordinary man's experiments. The treatment of soils is, in the general, mere matter of practice and of example. We do not presume to impugn the value of experience, but surely when we see so many advantages derived from research (the turnip and drill husbandry, and the bone manure, are pregnant instances), surely it is sufficiently obvious that recourse should be had to first principles.

Amongst these, the first must be the composition and nature of the soil. Gardeners (florists especially) know that particular composts form the food of plants and flowers, which they most prefer, and upon which they best thrive. What is done upon a small, may be done upon a large scale; and experiments may always be tried upon a small, before they are adapted to a large extent, without hazard or loss. All agriculturists deserving the name, agree that their art is in its infancy, because it has been so little directed by science. We must then applaud Mr. Webb Hall's endeavours, and we recommend them as an example to all who desire to improve the first of arts, and that of the first necessity, if not the most beneficial to mankind.

The country is by no means satisfied with the termination of the Parliamentary inquiry, for the provincial newspapers teem with letters addressed to the different Members calling upon them for explanations. The distress, indeed, is a little puzzling in its details. In 1822 the cry was even louder and more universal than at present; yet it will be found, by reference to Returns made by order of the House of Commons, that the prices of corn far exceeded those of the last year, *e. g.*:—1822—wheat, 72*s.* 2*d.*; barley, 37*s.* 10*d.*; oats, 25*s.* 6*d.*; 1836—wheat, 56*s.* 3*d.*; barley, 31*s.* 10*d.*; oats, 22*s.* In any other trade such a depression would have been utter ruin to the dealer, presuming his expenses to have remained at anything like the same rate. But herein is the solution. The expenses are all decreased, and if an accurate calculation were made from actual accounts, it would be perceptible that agriculture is now in a far better state, taking meat and wool into the computation, than it was at that time.

The turnips are partially recovered from the attack of the tenthredo, and in most instances renewed by fresh sowing, especially by replacing the Swedes by later sorts. They will, however, in most districts, be found deficient; but we have remarked for many years, that the provision of a superabundance a farmer has been taught to make by the uncertainty of the crop, provides something approaching a compensation. In good years there is always a great quantity that falls to mere manure. For this reason we are apt to believe that the loss will not be so seriously felt this year as it was last. We have seen one instance which may induce a suspicion that the farmer has been too precipitate in deciding upon the destruction of the crop by the black-jack. In a piece of forty acres of Swedes, fifteen acres appeared to be so totally divested of leaves, that the farmer ploughed them up, and resowed the land with the white loaf. For experiment's sake, he left a part of one ridge next the hedge, though as completely divested of the leaves as the rest. At this moment, this ridge presents the most flourishing leaves in the field, and the apples are increasing vigorously. The whites are still small, and will not be half as good. In the event of another visitation of the canker, this may be worth remembering.

It forms a curious item in the agricultural commerce of this country, that we are now exporting hay to America. A vessel is about to sail with a cargo of 10,000 stones of hay from Aberdeen, and a larger will follow from the Clyde. Of course we are led to presume that the trusses have been subjected to the compression of the hydraulic press, and that the bulk has been thus reduced.

The last phenomenon of this day's market (Mark-lane, September 19) has been the influx of something more than 13,000 quarters of wheat, and the consequent fall of price and dulness of trade: thus realizing our conjectures at the beginning of this article, notwithstanding the previous rise of price in almost all the provincial markets.

Imperial averages, September 9.—Wheat, 47*s.* 9*d.*; barley, 34*s.* 6*d.*; oats, 23*s.* 7*d.*; rye, 32*s.* 4*d.*; beans, 41*s.* 5*d.*; peas, 35*s.* 9*d.*

RURAL ECONOMY.

Hint to Gardeners.—A gardener at Hastings, whose fruit-trees had been much infected by the black caterpillar, having found that some gooseberry-bushes, which were under an elder-tree, and caught the dripping from its leaves, were quite free from the vermin, turned his discovery to account; and, making a strong decoction of elder-leaves, found, by being sprinkled on the trees, that it destroyed the insect most completely.

A Parliamentary Return, directed by the Tithe Commutation Act, has been published, showing the average prices of grain during seven years previous to, and ending at, Christmas last. The result is—wheat, per bushel, 7*s.* 1½*d.*; barley, per ditto, 3*s.* 11½*d.*; oats, per ditto, 2*s.* 9*d.* The general average of wheat lately per week has been only 6*s.* 1½*d.* per bushel, or 48*s.* 10*d.* per quarter; but the price above given (and which is to be the basis of the Tithe Commutation) will be found to amount to 56*s.* 10*d.* per quarter.

The Somersetshire mode of thatching is preferable to all others. It consists in using unbruised straw, provincially called reed, instead of bruised straw with the ears on it. The practice of Devon, Dorset, and Somerset, in this respect, is an example to all England, which we are surprised has not been more generally followed. The mode of preparing the straw is to take a sheaf of wheat and to place it in a reed-press, made of two pieces of timber ten feet long, put on a stool, and having women to lay hold of the ears of corn, who draw out the straw and cut off the caps, and then binding up the sheaf for use. In this process women are usefully employed in wet weather, and the corn is much more easily thrashed when in short ears than when encumbered with the straw. The thatching work done with the reed will last ten years longer than that done with the common straw, and as to the appearance there is no comparison; one is an elegant neat covering, and the other a slovenly ragged one. Many gentlemen, possessing fancy cottages and rural habitations, have been so struck with the neat and picturesque appearance of the cottages in the three western counties, as to have sent for persons to prepare reed for them in the counties where their dwellings are situate.—*Baxter's Library of Agriculture and Horticultural Knowledge.*

Letters from different parts of Ireland speak of arrangements being contemplated to introduce bone manure, hitherto much neglected in that country, into use, on a grand scale. Twenty bushels ground into dust are said to be the proper quantity for each acre of land. Its effects are astonishing; vegetation is quickened, and the young plant soon gets into that state that it is no longer assailable by the destroying fly. The expense of bone manure mixed with other manures which may advantageously be connected with it, seems to be about 1*l.* per cartload. Large supplies of bones, however, are now pouring in from abroad, and it is more than suspected that some of our continental neighbours scruple not to sell the bones of their "buried ancestors" to the merchant. If such be the case the supply is not likely soon to fall off, and the price may be expected to decline; but, according to the views of experienced agriculturists both in Scotland and in England at present, the value of the article is moderate.

USEFUL ARTS.

A Parliamentary grant of 1500*l.* has lately been made for establishing a "School of Design in the Arts connected with Manufactures." The carrying of this plan into effect is to be intrusted to certain persons of competent judgment in the Arts, subject to such regulations as shall be made by the

Board of Trade. There is to be a normal school of design in connexion with a museum, with a provision for lectures, which shall embrace the art of colouring and the chemistry of colours. The establishment is to consist of a curator, or director, and two masters, with one or more attendants. The public to be admitted to certain lectures, on paying a small fee. The school is to be divided into four classes:—1. Drawing in outline, perspective, and drawing-board practice. 2. The same, with the addition of light and shade. 3. With the addition of water and body colour. 4. Composition and imaginative design generally. A lecturer to be appointed to give special instruction on the chemistry of colours, as well as other necessary arts. The museum is to be supplied with a proper collection of books, with casts of the best ornamental works, and a collection of accurate and well-coloured drawings and prints on botany and zoology. It is recommended also that the best of our own and foreign manufactured articles should find a place in the institution.

An ingenious plan has been formed to stop waggons, coaches, or other carriages, which may have been run away with by horses. It is simply to apply the governor used to steam-engines, so as to bring a brake into operation. The governor consists of revolving balls, which act as equalizers and regulators of motion, and effectually check extreme velocity.

John Michell, a very ingenious smith, of Redruth, has constructed a model of a high-pressure steam-engine, complete in all its parts, and worked by means of condensed air in the most perfect manner. The material of which it is made is silver; the weight of the model 150 grains, occupying about half a square inch of space; and the whole was wrought on the large anvil in a blacksmith's shop!

NEW PATENTS.

To Nathan Bailey, of Leicester, in the county of Leicester, framesmith, for his invention of certain improvements in, or additions to, machinery for manufacturing stocking fabric.

To John Thomas Betts, of Smithfield-bars, in the city of London, for improvements in the process of preparing spirituous liquors in the making of brandy, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Webster Flockton, of the Spa-road, Bermondsey, in the county of Surrey, turpentine and tar distiller, for his invention of certain improvements in preserving timber.

To John Archibald, of the parish of Alva, in the county of Stirling, in the kingdom of Scotland, manufacturer, for his invention of certain improvements in the machinery or apparatus for carding wool, and doffing, straightening, piercing, roving, and drawing rolls or carding of wool.

To Ramsey Richard Reinagle, of Albany-street, Regent's Park, in the county of Middlesex, Esq., for his invention of improvements in the construction of carriages for the conveyance of persons and goods, or merchandise.

To Thomas Binns, of Mornington-place, in the Hampstead-road, in the county of Middlesex, civil engineer, for his invention of improvements in railways, and in the steam-engines to be used thereon, and for other purposes.

To Thomas John Fuller, of the Commercial-road, Limehouse, in the county of Middlesex, civil engineer, for his invention of a new or improved screen for intercepting or stopping the radiant heat arising or proceeding from the boilers and cylinders of steam-engines.

To John Burns Smith, of Salford in the county of Lancaster, spinner, and John Smith, of Halifax in the county of York, dyer, for their invention of a certain method or methods of tentering, stretching, or keeping out cloth to its width, made either of cotton, silk, wool, or any other fibrous substances, by machinery.

To Henry Pershouse Parkes, of Dudley, in the county of Worcester, iron merchant, for his invention of improvements in flat pit chains.

To Joseph Douglas, of Morpeth, in the county of Northumberland, rope-maker, for his invention of improvements in the manufacture of oakum.

To Edward Light, of Royal-street, Lambeth, in the county of Surrey, civil engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in propelling vessels and other floating bodies.

To William Newton, of the Office for Patents, Chancery-lane, in the county of Middlesex, for improvements in the means of producing instantaneous ignition, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Robert Allen Hurlock, of Whaddon, in the county of Cambridge, clerk, for his invention of improvements in axle-trees.

To Joshua Butters Bacon, of Regent-square, in the county of Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in the structure and combination of certain apparatus employed in the generation and use of steam.

To William Fothergill Cooke, of Bellayse College, in the county of Durham, Esq., for his invention of improvements in winding up springs, to produce continuous motion, applicable to various purposes.

To Joseph Hall, of Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, in the county of Middlesex, plumber, for his invention of improvements in the manufacture of salt.

To Francois de Tausch, of Percy-street, Bedford-square, in the county of Middlesex, military engineer to the King of Bavaria, for his invention of improvements in apparatus or machinery for propelling of vessels for raising water, and for various other purposes.

To Thomas Gauntley, of the town and county of the town of Nottingham, mechanic, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for making lace and other fabrics, commonly called warp machinery.

To George Leach, of 25, Norfolk-street, in the parish of Islington, in the county of Middlesex, carpenter, for his invention of a certain improved method of connecting window sashes and shutters, such as are usually hung and balanced by lines and counter weights, with the lines by which they are so hung.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM AUG. 23, TO SEPT. 23, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

Aug. 23.—H. Stevens and T. Stevens, Newington-causeway, Surrey, drapers. S. Michael, Great Clyde-street, Glasgow, warehouseman. W. Toplis and T. Toplis, Nottingham, drapers. S. Holland, Nottingham, lace-maker. C. H. Greenhow, North Shields, ship-broker. W. Thurtell, Wighton, Norfolk, miller. R. Park, Kingston-upon-Hull, underwriter.

Aug. 26.—D. Jones, Liverpool, auctioneer. C. Evans, Manchester, banker. G. Collier, Wellington, Shropshire, mercer. T. Bowlden, Shrewsbury, perfumer. B. M. Crook, Cheltenham, draper.

Aug. 30.—J. W. Coster, George's-place, Holloway, colourman. J. Wilks, Watling-street, Irish linen warehouseman. R. Rogers, Pitfield-street, Hoxton, linen-draper. J. B. Hedges, Croydon, grocer. J. Smith, Goldsmith-street, warehouseman. W. C. Hobson, Dublin, mapseller. E. Johnson, Lostock Gralam, Cheshire, tanner. W. Johnson, Wincham, Cheshire, tanner.

Sept. 2.—L. Hyman and S. Levi, Plymouth, jewellers. J. Savill, Holborn-bridge, baker. J. Twist, Selby, Yorkshire, timber-merchant. T. Beale and H. D. Beale, Birmingham, saddlers.

Sept. 6.—J. Loader, Hungerford-street, Strand, furnishing ironmonger. J. C. Gedye, Dawlish, Devonshire, music-seller. E. Mason, Manchester, hosiery manufacturer. H. Sadler, Bristol, wine and spirit seller. P. Gans, Manchester, cotton-spinner. J. Milner and J. Capper, Sheffield, stove-grate manufacturers. J. Moxon, Manchester, hosier. T. Williams, Bristol, tailor. W. Crosley, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, builder. J. Chesterton, Worcester, victualler.

Sept. 9.—J. Alps, Basinghall-street, hosier. J. Jackson, Colnbrook, draper. R. Smith, Regent-street, woollen-draper. T. Young, Nailsea, Somersetshire, draper. W. H. Howard, Cheltenham, upholsterer. G. Stevenson, Newport, Monmouthshire, builder. J. Cunnington, Newport, Monmouthshire, builder. W. H. Gall, Bristol, builder. S. Martin, Nottingham, joiner.

Sept. 13.—J. H. Swan, Ryde, Isle of Wight, hatter. J. Hayes, Clapton-terrace, surgeon. W. Crosby, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, builder. J. Charters, Manchester, joiner. J. V. Jose, Reeds, Cornwall, coal-merchant. T. Rowlandson, Liverpool, victualler. R. Meaden, Manchester, innkeeper. T. Hill, Uppingham, Rutlandshire, woolstapler. J. T. Hill, Uppingham, Rutlandshire, woolstapler. T. H. Dobbs, Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, innkeeper. J. Banks, Keswick, Cumberland, black-lead-pencil manufacturer. W. Poulton, Broad Lease, Wiltshire, cattle salesman.

Sept. 16.—W. T. Weston, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square, coal-merchant. E. W. Williams, Gerrard-street, Soho, grocer. J. A. Molteno, Pall-mall, printseller. F. W. Jackson and T. Williams, Bristol, woollen-drapers. W. Bruorton, jun., Gloucester, auctioneer and appraiser. J. Menham, Stonehouse, Devonshire, shipowner. T. R. Furniss, Bolton, Lancashire, jeweller. J. Looker, Oxford, scrivener.

Sept. 20.—J. Christmas and W. Hart, Church-passage, Rotherhithe, cement-manufacturers. R. Sprechly, Fenchurch-street, commission agent. J. H. Walduck, Birmingham, wine-dealer. G. Rickards, Upton-upon-Severn, Worcestershire, maltster. G. Lawton, York, dealer. J. Watts, Bristol, bootmaker.

Sept. 23.—J. Wicks, Basinghall-street, warehouseman. C. Perry, Billiter-street, Leadenhall-st., dealer in watches. C. Aders, Crutched-friars, merchant. T. Welch and J. Sells, New Islington, Lancashire, cotton-spinners. G. Francis and T. Francis, jun., Cambridge, corn-merchants. J. Trasdale and G. A. Swales, Sheffield, timber-merchants.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the check which, through the instrumentality of the Bank of England, has been given to the too luxuriant growth of commercial and manufacturing speculation, and the severe pressure for money which has resulted from it, the accounts from all the leading manufacturing districts concur in representing the state of affairs as most cheering. In every direction and in all departments of industrial application, labour and ingenuity can scarcely keep pace with the demand for their creations.

In the Market for Colonial produce, the effects of the scarcity of money have been more evident and have caused a considerable degree of languor. The abstinence from making purchases has not however led to any reduction of the quotations of West India Sugar, as it is known that the grocers and refiners are nearly out of stock; and the deficiency in first hands together with the short arrivals therefore induce a disposition in the importers to hold firmly. The quotations are, for Jamaica, brown, 66*s.* 6*d.* to 67*s.* 6*d.*; middling to good, 67*s.* 6*d.* to 70*s.*; fine, 71*s.* 6*d.*

Mauritius and East India Sugars are equally dull; of the former the prices recently realized by public auction are, for heavy brown, 53*s.* to 60*s.* 6*d.*; fair and good brown, 61*s.* to 64*s.*; middling yellow, 65*s.* 6*d.* and 66*s.* 6*d.*; good and fine yellow, 67*s.* 6*d.* to 69*s.* 6*d.*

In Foreign Sugars scarcely a transaction has lately taken place; and of that which has been offered at public sale nearly the whole has been taken in at moderate prices.

The only business at present doing in Refined Sugars is for Shipping; and the price obtained is 45*s.* 6*d.* for double crushed.

The West India Coffee Market is even more inactive; not a cask has recently been offered for public sale, and the grocers merely purchase for their immediate occasions; but the importers do not appear disposed to submit to any reduction. In Foreign Coffee the demand is limited to Brazil of fine quality.

Rum fully maintains its price, especially for the middling and superior descriptions; Jamaica, 29 to 36 over proof, brings 4*s.* 2*d.* to 4*s.* 6*d.*; fine quality, 36 over, 4*s.* 9*d.*; Demerara, 32 to 34 over, 4*s.* 2*d.* A Government contract for 75,000 gallons is advertised; the present stock falls short of that of last season by 3,000 puncheons.

The Cotton Market is at the present moment in a state of inactivity, the transactions being suspended in contemplation of the approaching public sales of upwards of 9000 bales; the prices recently obtained have been, for Bengal, 4¼*d.* to 6¼*d.*; Surat, 4¾*d.* to 6½*d.*; Madras, 7*d.*

The public sales of Wool which have just concluded, comprised 6818 bales of Colonial and 2182 bales of sundry descriptions of Foreign. The Wools from Australia and Van Diemen's Land were in much worse condition than those of the July sales, being almost entirely in the grease, and a portion of them altogether unwashed, a great scarcity of water having existed. This together with the want of money caused a reduction in the rates of from 5 to 7 per cent.; superior qualities however sold readily at full former prices.

The approaching sale of upwards of 7000 chests of Indigo, and the heavy prompt which falls due on the 1st of October, present a great impediment to transactions in that of East India origin, and holders are willing to submit to some reduction on last sale's prices. Cochineal also is very heavy on the Market.

The public sales of Tea have terminated for the present; but such has been the indisposition to purchase, except at a reduction, and so firm have the importers been in their resistance to it, that of 132,000 packages of Free Trade Tea recently announced for sale, only about 27,000 have found purchasers; and as many of these were small packages, the actual quantity of Tea sold was not more than a seventh part of that which was put up: 23,000 packages are announced for sale on the 11th of October and 27,000 on the 1st and 28th of November; still the importers refuse to abate in their demands.

Since last month the Money Market has been seriously agitated by causes both domestic and foreign; the heavy and long continued drain of bullion from this country, in consequence of the large purchases made here of shares in loans and joint-stock speculations of every description in America, at length compelled the Directors of the Bank of England to interpose a check to the efflux, by lessening the facilities for discount, and thus increasing the value of money, with a view to rendering the state of the Exchanges more favourable to this country. Such a restriction necessarily induced a depreciation in the English Funds, in common with all other marketable commodities. The fall in Consols has been no less than 3 per cent.; and that of the other descriptions in proportion. Exchequer Bills threatened to be at a discount, but the Government having advertised an increase of the rate of interest to *2d. per cent. per diem* on the Bills to be delivered in exchange for those recently called in, the outstanding Bills at the old rate of 1½*d.* continue to support a trifling premium.

In the Foreign Market, the proclamation of a liberal constitution in Lisbon, following close upon the intelligence of a like nature from Madrid, has added to the confusion and alarm of the holders of the securities of either of those States. Portuguese 5 per cent. Bonds, which were a month ago at 71, are now below 50; the 3 per cents. have fallen from 44 to 31. The fall within the same period, in *Spanish* Active, is 10 per cent.; in Deferred, it amounts to 4 per cent.; and in Passive, to 3 per cent. It is not, however, in the securities of those States alone that are the theatre of political revolution, that an unfavourable impression has been produced; all descriptions have been more or less affected. The depreciation in Belgian is 4½ per cent.; in Brazilian, 9 per cent.; in Dutch, about 5 per cent.

The Share Market has been much neglected of late; and, generally, sales have not been effected, but at reduced prices. The London and Birmingham Railway is, however, an exception; the shares in it are still at a premium of 75*l.*

The closing prices of the various securities on the 26th are subjoined:—

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, shut—Three per cent. Reduced, shut—Three per cent. Consols, 86⅛ ¼—Three and a Half per cent. 1818, shut—Three and a Half per cent. Reduced, shut—Three and a Half per cent. New, 97⅛ ¼—Long Annuities, 1860, shut—India Stock, 255 6—India Bonds, 2 4 pr.—Exchequer Bills, par 2 pr.—Consols for Account, 88¼ ⅜.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent. 100 1—Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent. 78 80—Colombian, 1824, 6 per cent. 22 3—Danish, 3 per cent. 75 6—Dutch, 2½ per cent. 51¼ ½—Ditto, 5 per cent. 100¼ ½—Mexican, 6 per cent. 22 3—Peruvian, 6 per cent. 16 18—Portuguese Regency, 5 per cent. 49½ 50½—Ditto, 1834, 6 per cent. 32 3—Russian £ Sterling, 5 per cent. 105 6—Spanish Active, 5 per cent. 21¼ ½—Ditto Deferred, 5 per cent. 9⅛ ⅜—Ditto Passive, 5 per cent. 6⅞ 7⅛.

RAILWAYS.

London and Birmingham, 73 5 pm.—London and Southampton, 4½ 3½ dis.—London and Brighton, ½ 1½ pm.—London and Greenwich, 1 ½ pm.—London and Blackwall, 1¼ ¾ dis.—London Grand Junction, 1 ½ dis.—Great Western, 12 14 pm.—South Eastern, 1 ½ pm.—North Midland, 4½ 5—York and North Midland, ½ dis. par.—Derby and Birmingham, 1¼ ¾ pm.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Acts passed this Session.—Acts to continue other Acts.—Administration of Justice (New South Wales), Arms (Ireland), Insolvent Debtors' (England), Insolvent Debtors' (India), Insolvent Debtors' (Ireland), Turnpike Acts continuance, Turnpike Roads (Ireland), Western Australian.

Tax and Revenue.—Assessed Taxes, Excise Licences (Ireland), Gold and Silver Plate (Scotland), Newspaper Stamps, Post-Horse Duties, Revenue Departments Securities, Spirits (Excise), Sugar Duties.

Church Commission.—Bishopric of Durham, Ecclesiastical Appointments Suspension, Established Church, Secular Jurisdiction (York and Ely). The Benefices Pluralities Bill, introduced by the Archbishop of Canterbury, after having passed the Lords, was abandoned in Committee by Lord John Russell. The Church Discipline Bill, introduced by the Lord Chancellor, and amended in the House of Lords, was dropped in the Commons. The Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues Bill, introduced by Lord John Russell, was withdrawn by him.

Annual Indemnity, Admiralty Jurisdiction (Prince of Wales's Island), Aliens' Registration, Bankrupts' Funds, Creditors (Scotland), Court of Exchequer (Scotland), Consolidated Fund, Consolidated Fund (Appropriation), Dean Forest, Exchequer Bills (No. 1), Exchequer Bills (No. 2), Exchequer Offices (Ireland), Foreign Lotteries, Horse Patrol, Land-Tax Commissioners' Names, Militia Ballots Suspension, Militia Pay, Marine Mutiny, Mutiny, Pensions Duties, Poor Law Loans, Slave Compensation, Slave Abolition, Slave Owners' Compensation, Slave Treaties, Slave Trade (Spain), Sunk Island Road, Tithe Compensation (Ireland), Transfer of Aids. Administration of Justice (West Indies), Constabulary Force (Ireland), Constabulary Force Amendment, to increase the salaries of the Paymasters from 100*l.* to 200*l.* a year, Bankruptcy (Ireland), Dublin Police, Registration of Births, &c., Stannaries Courts, Tithe Commutation. Borough Boundaries, Borough Funds, Borough Justice Administration:—these three bills contain clauses which were agreed to by both Houses, forming part of the Municipal Corporation Act Amendment Bill. Cape of Good Hope Offences, Consuls Ottoman Dominions, Corporate Property (Ireland), Church Temporalities (Ireland), Grand Jury Presentments (Ireland), the Grand Juries (Ireland) Bill was amended by the Lords; the amendments, some of them, affected "money," the Bill was therefore "laid aside," and the present measure substituted, embodying the Lords' amendments. Greek Loan, Kings-town Harbour (Ireland), List of Voters, Lighthouses, Marriages, Petty Sessions (Ireland), Polls at Elections, Public Works (Ireland), Richmond Penitentiary (Ireland), Valuation (Ireland).

THE COLONIES.

WEST INDIES.

By accounts from Bermuda we learn that the following taxes are to be levied in that colony until the 5th of July, 1837, to cover the supply (5,835*l.*) granted for 1836-7:—2½ per cent. on sales at auction; 6*s.* 8*d.* on horses; and 6*s.* 8*d.* per wheel on wheel carriages. On importations—whale, seal, and fish oil, 6*d.* per gallon; rum, 9*d.*; brandy, 1*s.* 3*d.*; gin and whisky, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cordials, 3*s.*; French wine, 10 per cent. *ad valorem*; all other wines, 5 per

cent.; arrow root and starch, 1*s.* 1*d.* per lb.; 33½ per cent. on hats, bonnets of straw or chip; and 5*l.* each on horses. On other merchandise generally, 2 per cent. except malt liquors and Indian corn.

The quantity of sugar produced in Demerara, in the year 1833, the last year of slavery, was 99,106,827 lbs.; in 1834, it was 81,085,483 lbs.; and in 1835, 107,586,405 lbs. It is thus evident that the new system of apprenticeship has not worked so badly as some interested persons would fain make the world believe.

CANADA.

Further accounts have been received from Canada to the 20th of August. From their contents it appears that the Royal Commissioners had taken into their consideration the propriety of the removal of the seignorial burthens, and it was proposed that a per centage should be paid upon the value of land at the period of commutation. It was intended that this measure should commence operation at first with the heads of the seminary at Montreal. It was, however, expected to give so much satisfaction, that it was likely to be adopted generally. The Legislatures of both provinces had been prorogued; the Upper Province to the 18th of August, and the Lower Province to the 25th of that month. An improvement had taken place in the weather, which had been favourable for the crops. On the low soils an abundant harvest was expected, but the drought had greatly injured the fruit trees; the leaves had fallen to the ground as in autumn. At Toronto an additional newspaper had been published, making the sixth within a short time, and one at Bytown: the latter place a few years since was a perfect wilderness. The advices contain a statement of the comparative number of ships, tonnage, and settlers arrived at Canada in 1835 with those of 1836. In 1835, 540 ships arrived, of the tonnage of 156,284 tons, and the number of emigrants 7800. In 1836, 673 ships had arrived, of the tonnage of 177,434 tons, the number of settlers being 18,128. The increase in the present year is as follows: 138 ships, 21,150 tons, and 10,328 settlers. Since the preceding statement had been made there had arrived at Quebec and Grosse Island 3783 emigrants, making an aggregate, up to the 25th of August, of nearly 22,000 settlers. In Quebec and Montreal it was computed there were upwards of 20,000 emigrants from Ireland, which includes the arrivals of former years. It is also stated that more than 50,000 Irish settlers were at New York.

The following is the comparative return of the arrivals, tonnage, and emigrants at the port of Quebec, up to the 18th of July, 1835 and 1836:—

	Ships.	Tonnage.	Settlers.
1835	540	156,284	7,108
1836	673	177,434	18,128
Difference...	133	21,150	10,318

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Sydney.—Receipts of the revenue for the last quarter:—The several branches, of which the Customs form more than one-third, are on the increase—a convincing proof that trade is on the increase. The sale of crown lands has also produced a considerable sum; and it would seem that the time has arrived when this productive branch of revenue should be placed under some wholesome regulations, instead of being left to the uncontrolled disposal of the Secretary for the Colonies for the time being. The receipts of the internal revenue for this year are expected to amount to 300,000*l.*

The Swan River Colony is in a very flourishing state. Landed estates are to be purchased from the original settlers at 1*s.* per acre. By energy

and perseverance the colonists have succeeded in so improving the land that they grow more wheat than they can consume. As to their wool, their annual produce increases in quantity and improves in quality. The Aborigines no longer molest the settlers, and a large tract of very fertile land has recently been opened to their industry. All seems harmony among themselves, and one circumstance is mentioned as extremely favourable for them, namely, that convict-labour is there unknown.

The wool trade in New South Wales goes on well. Progressively improving from year to year, the published official returns show that in the exports the increase for the last year amounts to no less than 3060 bales, being double the increase of 1834. Estimating the average weight of each bale at 224 lbs., 3,145,408 lbs. may be taken as the total export of wool for the year. If we average the value at 1*s.* 6*d.* per lb., the amount would be 235,905*l.* The total increase in four years amounts to no less than 8442 bales, or nearly 2,000,000 lbs., and is nearly equal to the whole shipment for 1833.

FOREIGN STATES.

FRANCE.

The French Ministry is completed. The arrangements we must consider, however, as only temporary. General Bernard has not sufficient weight, either with the nation or the army, to entitle him to the post of Minister of War; and it is probable that he will not retain it much longer than he did under the brief ministry of the Duke of Bassano. For the present, the Administration is under the apparent government of either M. Guizot or Count Molé—we cannot well say which. It is indeed superfluous to add that the real government is in the hands of the King himself.

SPAIN.

The Royal decree nominating the Spanish Ministers was issued on the 12th September. The following are the appointments:—Calatrava, President of the Council and Foreign Minister; Rodil, War; Corchado, Justice and Grace; De la Cuadra, Marine; Lopez (Joaquin), Interior; and Mendizabal, Finance. The same "Gazette" also appoints Mina, the Captain-General of Cataloria, to the office of Inspector-General of the National Militia.

PORTUGAL.

From Portugal, the news is of the highest importance. As might easily have been foreseen, the recent occurrences in Spain, combining with the wishes of the Portuguese nation, and the unpopularity of the Queen's Ministers, have effected a revolution, and led to the proclaiming of the Constitution of 1820 at Lisbon, happily with but little tumult, and entirely without bloodshed. The old Ministry having been dismissed, the task of forming the new Cabinet devolved upon Viconde Sa da Bandeira, and the Conde de Lumiares; and Vieyra de Castro was named for the department of Justice, Cæsar Vasconcellos for the Marine, and Garrek, or Lionel Savarez, for Foreign Affairs.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

ADMIRAL SIR J. GORE, K.C.B.

The death of Vice-Admiral Sir John Gore, K.C.B., G.C.M., the late Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's ships in the East Indies, took place at his seat, Datchett, near Windsor. Sir John Gore was for many years actively employed during the war. He was a Lieutenant of Lord Hood's flag-ship, the Victory, at the occupation of Toulon in 1793; and in May, 1794, was made Commander of La Flèche, of 14 guns, and in the course of that year promoted into the Windsor Castle, of 98 guns, the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Linzee. The fleet was employed in a variety of skirmishes with the French near Bastia, between March and July, 1795, and took some prizes: to one of these, Le Censeur, of 74 guns, Captain Gore was appointed, and ordered to England with a convoy of the homeward-bound trade. On the 7th of October, the convoy fell in with a French squadron, consisting of six ships of the line, besides frigates, about 83 leagues from Cape St. Vincent. Captain Taylor, the senior officer, made the signal for the merchant ships to disperse, and formed the line with the men-of-war; but just as the van ship of the enemy had reached within gun-shot, Le Censeur, in wearing, unfortunately rolled away her fore-topmast. The British ships Fortitude and Bedford, seventy-fours, a frigate, and a fire-vessel, being so situated as to be unable to support her effectually, and the enemy's fire being principally directed against Captain Gore's ship, he was compelled to strike his colours. Having regained his liberty, Captain Gore was, in the summer of 1796, appointed to the Triton, of 28 guns. He was actively employed against the enemy's privateers, &c.; and on the 18th October, 1799, assisted at the capture of the Santa Brigida, of 36 guns and 300 men, laden with treasure from Vera Cruz, and bound to Old Spain. (Captain Young, of the Ethalion, had captured her consort, the Thetis, only the day before.) Captain Gore's proportion of prize-money for this capture was 40,000*l.*

In 1801, Captain Gore was appointed to the Medusa, at that period one of the finest frigates in the navy: he was also very successful in her. On the 5th October, 1804, the present Admiral Sir Graham Moore, with four British frigates (Indefatigable, Medusa, Amphion, and Lively), captured four Spanish frigates laden with treasure. Captain Gore was in the Medusa. The other officers were the present Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Digby, and Rear-Admiral Sir G. E. Hamond. One of the Spanish ships blew up during the action, with 811,000 dollars on board, yet we understand that each Captain's share was near 30,000*l.* The following month, Captain Gore intercepted and took a Spanish ship laden with quicksilver, called the Matilda, of 38 guns. In February, 1805, Captain Gore received the honour of Knighthood, and shortly after, in the Medusa, conveyed the late Marquess Cornwallis to India, as Governor-General. His voyage from thence to England, with the remains of that lamented nobleman, was performed with astonishing celerity—the Medusa having run from the Ganges to the Lizard in 84 days, two of which were spent at anchor in St. Helena Roads. The distance computed to be traversed in 82 days was 13,831 miles.

In January, 1806, Sir John Gore joined the Revenge, 74, and continued in her for some years, being employed off the coast of Spain. He afterwards had the Tonnant, of 80 guns, and was in her in the Tagus. In 1813, he was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, and hoisted his flag in the Mediterranean, in his old ship the Revenge, as a junior flag-officer. In 1815, Sir John Gore was nominated a K.C.B., and has, since the peace, served as Commander-in-Chief of the fleet in the river Medway, and latterly in the East Indies. Sir John Gore, on his passage from Calcutta to the Cape of Good Hope, in his Majesty's ship Melville, last year, lost his only son, Lieutenant John Gore, who was drowned in an attempt to save the life

of a seaman who had fallen overboard. It is believed that Sir John never recovered the shock, as well as the unfortunate event attending that melancholy catastrophe—viz., Lieutenant Fitzgerald and a boat's crew being sent to the rescue, and overset within sight of the Melville, when they all perished. Sir John Gore married a daughter of the late Admiral Sir George Montagu, formerly Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, and has left a family of daughters.

BARON SMITH.

The venerable Sir William Smith, second Baron of the Irish Court of Exchequer, died at his seat, Newtown, a short distance from Philipstown, in the King's County. While recently on circuit, he had been compelled, by severe illness, to absent himself several days from court, and subsequently he was attacked with a bilious fever, under which he suffered for some weeks previous to his death.

The announcement of this melancholy event created a considerable sensation in Dublin, for the demise of a Baron of the Exchequer, under the very peculiar circumstances of the tithe contest in Ireland, is regarded as a matter of public importance. This is the first vacancy that has occurred on the Exchequer bench during the administration of Lord Melbourne; and it is not improbable that the successor of Baron Smith will entertain opinions very different from the three other Judges of the Court, in relation to the employment of the police in aiding commissioners of rebellion, and other details of the tithe-question.

Baron Smith was called to the bar in Trinity Term, 1788. He had been a member of the Irish House of Commons at the memorable period when the discussion of the question of the Legislative Union convulsed this country from one end to the other; and he took a very decided part in support of the measures of Mr. Pitt, as well in the House as in some very able pamphlets, which produced a great impression at the time.

Soon after the Union, Mr. Smith was elevated to the bench, his father, Sir Michael Smith, being at that period Master of the Rolls. On the death of Sir Michael, Mr. Smith succeeded to the baronetcy, and Mr. Curran to the Rolls.

In the intervals from judicial labours, Baron Smith devoted himself to literary pursuits, to which he was passionately attached, and presented the world with several curious and valuable works, chiefly on politics. He published a very remarkable pamphlet on the Hohenlohe miracles, and a singular treatise on metaphysics.

Until within the last four or five years, Baron Smith was considered a member of the Whig party; and at the time of the celebrated trial of Father Maguire, at which he presided, he was regarded as one of the most popular men in Ireland. But on the outbreak of the passive resistance to tithes, the learned Baron delivered some charges in Westmeath and other places, assailing the system, and from that period his popularity was gone for ever. The grand juries of various counties, however, presented him with very laudatory addresses, and his conduct was warmly applauded by the Conservatives throughout the country.

In private life, Baron Smith had crowds of friends, and he was without an enemy. He was an able, acute, and erudite lawyer; and he was certainly an impartial and merciful judge.

JOHN POND, ESQ., F.R.S.

Died, at his house in Greenwich, John Pond, Esq., Fellow of the Royal Society, corresponding member of the French Institute, and an honorary member of most of the astronomical societies in Europe. During nearly twenty-five years Mr. Pond filled the office of Astronomer-Royal, from which a hopeless state of ill-health obliged him last autumn to retire. As a practical astronomer, Mr. Pond had no superior; few, if any, equals. His perception of the capabilities of instruments gene-

rally, and of the mode of so using them as to render all their strong points available, and their weak ones prejudicial, formed a very striking feature in his professional character. The numerous bulky folio volumes of his observations, so highly appreciated by scientific men in every part of the globe, are alone sufficient to show the extent and utility of the work performed at Greenwich during the time that the establishment was under his direction. The accuracy of a portion of these observations is to be attributed to improvements in the mural circle, suggested by Mr. Pond, which converted it into the most perfect instrument used in the Observatory; but the correctness of the chief part must be ascribed to a mode of observing of which he was the sole inventor. This consisted in the union of the two circles, and the observing with one by direct vision, with the other simultaneously by reflection, thus correcting those errors which are incidental to observations made by a single instrument. A result, and perhaps the most important, of the application of the mural circle, has been the formation of a catalogue of the fixed stars more perfect than any before or since produced. Here it may also be stated, that the vast superiority of the Greenwich transit observations made by Mr. Pond has been publicly recognised by several contemporary astronomers of the first rate. To his earnest and reiterated solicitations our national Observatory is indebted for many of the new instruments which have, confessedly, rendered it so pre-eminent and complete. His skill in the use of these was very remarkable; his talent for observing quite unique; and it is a question whether any of the most skilful of his countrymen are thoroughly, or at least practically acquainted with his mode of operation; but MM. Arago and Biot, as well as M. Bessel, the great French and German astronomers, have borne witness to the decided merit and originality of his method. In order to study it, M. Arago not long since visited Greenwich, and was deeply impressed both by its novelty and efficacy.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.]—At St. George's, Hanover square, Mary Helen Gordon, daughter of G. J. Guthrie, Esq., to the Rev. Richard Dawes, late Fellow of Downing College, Cambridge, and Rector of King's Somborne, Hants.

At Stoke Damerell Church, Henry Vaughan Brooke, Esq., Captain in the 32d Regiment, of Burgmoy, county of Donegal, to Augusta Mary Cotton, only daughter of Major-General Sir Willoughby and Lady Augusta Cotton.

John Bull, Esq., of Charles-square, Hoxton, to Sarah, daughter of William Tomlinson, Esq., of Mile-end.

At St. Giles's Church, Oxford, George Glen, Esq., of Brompton, Middlesex, to Harriet Erskine, widow of the late William Lennox Cleland, Esq., Barrister-at-law, Calcutta.

At Brighton, Edward Simeon, Esq., second son of the late Sir John Simeon, Bart., to Eliza, daughter of Fiennes Wykeham Martin, Esq., of Leeds Castle, Kent, and widow of Philip Thomas Wykeham, Esq., of Tythrop House, Oxon.

At Ore Church, William Masters Smith, Esq., of Comer, in the county of Kent, to Frances, eldest daughter of Sir Howard Elphinstone, Bart., of Ore-place, Sussex.

At St. Ann's, Soho, Thomas James Serle, Esq., to Cecilia, second daughter of Vincent Novello, Esq.

At Christ Church, St. Marylebone, John Chayter, Esq., Royal Engineers, to Annie Martha, only daughter of the late Thomas Greatorex, Esq., F.R.S., F.L.S., of Upper Norton-street, Portland-place.

At St. Marylebone Church, Thomas Huddleston, Esq., of Welbeck-street, to Mary Esther, widow of the late Lieut.-General Armstrong.

At Hampstead Church, Samuel Bush Toller, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, to Elizabeth Mellor, daughter of Mellor Hetherington, Esq.

At Epsom, Arthur Philip, second son of the late W. Groom, of Russell-square, Esq., to Emma Margaretta, second daughter of the Rev. Robert Hesketh, Rector of St. Dunstan's, East.

Died.]—At Hastings, Henry Hoare, Esq., aged 52, only son of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart., of Stourhead, Wiltshire.

At Shepperton, in the 88th year of her age, Mrs. Nilson, widow of the late General Lawrence Nilson.

At Weston, Robert Lambert, Esq., Vice-Admiral of the Blue.

At Hampton Court, in her 86th year, Mrs. Poplett, sister of the late Earl of Uxbridge.

At Lark-hill, near Liverpool, Arthur Heywood, Esq., banker, aged 84.

At Bath, aged 78, the Right Hon. the Baroness Rayleigh.

At Claybrook Hall, Leicestershire, aged 25, Charles Rudsdell Clark, Esq., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

A Central Society of Education has recently been established in London. Its object is to procure accurate educational statistics, with a view to ascertain how far the different systems in use among the various classes of society are susceptible of improvement. The labours of the Committee of the Society will be divided under five heads;—1st, Primary or Elementary Education; 2d, Secondary Education; 3d, Superior or University Education; 4th, Special or Professional Education; 5th, Supplementary Education. It is said that much good may be effected by this Society, for whose exertions a very wide field indeed lies open. Its usefulness depends upon the discretion, care, and industry with which its inquiries are prosecuted; and we are glad to see on the Committee the names of several gentlemen likely to make the Society an instrument of much practical good. Mr. Thomas Wyse, M.P., is the Chairman of Committees; and he will have the assistance, among others, of Mr. William Allen, Mr. Howard Elphinstone, Mr. Edward Bulwer, Mr. Hawes, Mr. Ewart, Lord King, Mr. Ward, Mr. Strutt, Mr. Ashton Yates, Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, and Mr. A. Hill.—*Spectator.*

An interesting discovery has lately been made by the keeper of the regalia in the Tower. In clearing out some secret places in the Jewellery-office, a royal sceptre was found, equalling in splendour and in value the others which are there exhibited. It is imagined, from the decayed state of the case, and the dust wherewith it was enveloped, that this sceptre must have been thrown into that neglected corner in the confusion of Blood's well-known attempt on the crown jewels, nearly a century and a half ago.

The Apothecaries' Court of Examiners last year examined 566 candidates, the greatest number in any preceding year: 450 passed, and 106 were directed to "resume their studies;" of which last number 36 have been rejected solely on account of defective knowledge of Latin. The proportion of rejected is nearly 1 to 5. The Court instituted last year a preliminary examination in the Latin medical classes, which came into operation under the direction of three members of the Court, who take the duty in rotation. Since May, 1835, 1200 students have undergone this examination; and this plan has proved highly acceptable to the students, not only in London, but throughout the whole of the provincial schools. The number of pupils registered in the various provincial schools was 322; in London, 640; total, 962.

The Thames Tunnel.—At a recent meeting of the proprietors, it was stated that the success of this stupendous undertaking was placed beyond a doubt. The new shield had fully answered its purpose, and had enabled the work to proceed through some portions of the ground in almost a fluid state. Since its introduction, an additional advance under the river had been made of sixty feet. It was further stated that the progress of the work was now conducted through good hard ground.

Roads round London.—Recently an inquiry was instituted by order of the Stamp-Office, for the purpose of ascertaining the real amount of the duty which ought to be rendered, and also the value of the "time" or privilege of running vehicles for the general accommodation of the public on the Paddington, Hackney, and Surrey roads. From the report it appears, that on the road from Paddington to the Bank (*via* Pentonville) there are sixty-four public conveyances (omnibuses), and that they pass and repass between Paddington and the city 370 times daily, conveying, on an average, upwards of 4000 passengers. The toll received at the city-road gate upon these conveyances amounts to 5*l.*, and the duty to Government to 35*l.* 8*s.* daily. On the Hackney-road (including the long stages) there are forty-five, running daily 288 journeys; the toll is 6*d.* each journey, and 1*s.* duty! On the Surrey road the immense amount of carriage traffic may at once be comprehended from the fact that lately the right of farming the tolls was put up for sale by auction at the Sessions'-house, Horse-

monger-lane, when, after a spirited contest, it was knocked down at the sum of 26,450*l.*

CHESHIRE.

An important meeting has been held at Manchester, for the purpose of taking steps for the formation of a railway from that town into Cheshire, which, at a cost of only 540,000*l.*, would unite Manchester with Chester and North Wales, and, by means of other railways now forming, with Wolverhampton and the iron districts, the West of England, and London.

CUMBERLAND.

Roman Coin.—A silver coin of the Emperor Vespasian, who flourished in the year 70 A.D., was last week found by a person when digging a trench adjoining to the river Wiske, about a mile and a half N.W. of Northallerton, near to where the ancient Roman road or stratum leading from the station of *Derventia*, now Aldby on the Derwent, to *Catteractonum*, now Catterick, is supposed to have crossed that rivulet. The coin is about the size of a sixpence, and is in a very good state of preservation. A few copper coins of Severus and Constantine were last year found near the same place.

DERBYSHIRE.

One of the most important discoveries connected with the science of geology has been the recent one of Mr. Hopkins, with respect to the phenomena of elevation. In the mineral veins of Derbyshire, according to his account, the result of his examination had been to this effect—namely, that the direction of the axis of dislocation, which has caused the fissures in them filled with mineral matter, was true north and south, while that of the structure of the work was magnetic north and south; thereby showing the connexion between magnetism and the theory of the mineral veins.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

The first general meeting of the proprietors of the Birmingham and Gloucester Railway Company has been held. The report was of the most satisfactory kind. It is now quite clear that not only will this important line be proceeded with unaltered, but that every step has been taken to prosecute the work without a moment's delay; and that there is little doubt of the line being finished in a much shorter period than any other line of similar extent. It is possible that its completion may be effected in little more than two years, and that there is no prospect of the estimates being exceeded. The whole expenses incurred by the Company, from the commencement of the undertaking, including every known outstanding claim, to the end of June last, amounted to little more than 20,000*l.*, leaving a sum of about 28,000*l.* in the hands of the Company. In the next session of Parliament the Company will apply for a Bill to enable them to complete the arrangements made for effecting a communication with Worcester, and also a branch to Tewkesbury. Samuel Baker, Esq., of Gloucester, is elected Chairman of the Company, and Joseph Walker, Esq., of Birmingham, Deputy Chairman. The shares in the undertaking are now selling at 6*l.* 5*s.*; and a further advance is expected, in consequence of the favourable nature of the report.—*Worcester Journal.*

HAMPSHIRE.

We are happy to learn that the South East Hants Association, recently established (and having for its object the encouragement of industrious and meritorious agricultural labourers), is likely to prove so highly beneficial. We rejoice to find not only the landed proprietors and yeomanry, but the clergy and other classes, contributing so liberally to its support, and sincerely hope that it will continue to exhibit as respectable a subscription-list as it does this year. It is highly satisfactory to find that the candidates for the premiums offered by the association this year are not only exceedingly numerous, but are highly meritorious characters, and there cannot be a doubt that there are to be found amongst the poor of every parish, persons whose conduct is worthy of every encouragement, and which a society like this, by its honourable and valuable rewards, will exhibit for the imitation of others.—*Hampshire Telegraph.*

At several points between Winchester and Southampton the Southampton railway is proceeding with much rapidity. Considerable progress is making in the rising ground west of the King's House Barracks. The principal excavation in hand is below Showford, between which and Compton the quantity of earth to be removed is immense. The

excavation between Winchester and Southampton will exceed 1,200,000 cubic yards, the whole of which is to be accomplished by the spring of 1830. Similar activity has been displayed on the line near London, the excavation over Wandsworth Common being completed, and the completed line is rapidly approaching the terminus near Vauxhall bridge. The great chalk embankment between Basingstoke and Odiham proceeds rapidly; the bridge over the canal is completed, as well as another. The elevation of this part of the road above the level of the valley is from eighty to one hundred feet.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

The Tomb of Offa.—A curious piece of antiquity has lately been discovered in the churchyard of Hemel Hempstead. In digging a vault for a young lady of the name of Warren, the sexton, when he had excavated the earth about four feet below the surface of the ground, struck his spade against something solid, which, upon inspection, he found to be a large wrought stone, which proved to be the lid of a coffin, and under it the coffin entire, which was afterwards taken up in perfect condition; but the bones contained therein, on being exposed to the air, crumbled to dust. On the lid of the coffin is an inscription, partly effaced by time, yet still sufficiently legible to prove it contained the ashes of the celebrated Offa, King of the Mercians, who built the Abbey of St. Alban's, and died in the eighth century. The coffin is very curiously carved, and altogether unique of the kind. The church was built in the seventh century.

The monthly meeting of the trustees and managers of the Hertfordshire Savings' Bank was held at the Town Hall, on the 7th September, at which the accounts were examined. The Board was opened on the first Wednesday in February, and down to the end of last month the deposits amounted to 10,463*l.* 3*s.* 7*d.*, of which 146*l.* 9*s.* 3*d.* had been returned, and 9800*l.* had been invested with the Commissioners of the National Debt, agreeably to the Act of Parliament. The average amount received weekly during the last three months is about 135*l.* We are glad to find that several of the Benefit and Friendly Societies have deposited their funds in the Bank, and it is very desirable and proper they should do so. These societies are valuable auxiliaries to a Savings' Bank, having similar objects in view; and the managers of them will, no doubt, be glad of the opportunity of investing their funds in a place of safety, and with the certainty of receiving their interest.

LANCASHIRE.

The Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company have opened their new tunnel, at the entrance of the railway at Liverpool, to the public. The tunnel is a mile and one-third in length; it is 21 feet high, and the span of the arch is 25 feet. The tunnel, from one end to the other, is cut out from the solid rock, which, in some places, rises as high as the spring of the arch. The crown of the arch is composed of very strong brickwork. The cost of this laborious undertaking amounted to 150,000*l.* It will be attended with great convenience to the public, as the former station was about two miles from Liverpool. It occupies about six minutes for a full train to pass through the tunnel.

The members of the Church of England, residing at Liverpool, being dissatisfied with the mode of teaching pursued in the Corporation Schools, have, *in seven weeks*, subscribed 10,670*l.* in donations, and 420*l.* in annual subscriptions, for the erection and endowment of new schools, where the course of instruction will be more accordant with their principles.

WARWICKSHIRE.

The late half-yearly meeting, being the sixth, of the London and Birmingham Railway Company, proved satisfactory to the subscribers. The receipts, up to the 30th of June, had amounted to 1,955,608*l.*, the disbursements to 1,492,100*l.* With a balance of 463,507*l.* it was supposed they would be enabled to push the works vigorously. The greatest difficulties were stated to have been surmounted in the tunnels at Kensall-green, Primrose-hill, Watford, and Kilsby, which are nearly completed. The first 21 miles from London are to be opened by next spring, and the whole is to be finished in two years from this time.

YORKSHIRE.

The only link that was wanting to complete the railway communication between the north and south of England, and between all the manufacturing dis-

tricts, is now supplied by the Hull, Lincoln, and Nottingham great junction line, which meets the others at various points, and will unite London with Hull by a journey of eight hours; Hull with Birmingham, by a journey of six hours; Hull with Nottingham, by a journey of about three hours; and thus open the Baltic and the German Ocean to the raw and manufactured produce of all the great districts of the kingdom.

Railroad Iron.—Bills have been obtained this Session of Parliament for nearly 1100 miles of road, which will require for rails, chains, carriages and other works, at least 220,000 tons of iron, independent of the iron wanted for roads, for which Bills had been previously obtained, and which are now in active preparation, which will require about 70,000 tons, making a total of about 290,000, which will probably be supplied in the next four years. To this must be added what will be required for several very extensive ones which are now in course of survey, and for which Bills will be solicited in the next Session of Parliament. When the iron required for railroads in this country is added to what will be required for railroads now in actual progress in the United States and on the continent of Europe, we think that the iron-masters of this country may fairly look forward to a greatly increased demand for this produce during the next few years. With respect to the United States railroads, the following extract from the "American Railroad Journal" will give our readers a tolerable idea of their extent: "Railroads in the United States, either actually under contract or in progress of being surveyed, amount to more than 3000 miles. Each yard of rail weighs 62½ lbs., consequently to lay a double line this distance will take 750,000 tons of iron." The whole of this iron must be taken from the English market. We may, therefore, confidently expect a long continuation of the present prosperous state of the trade.—*Liverpool Times.*

New System of Rating.—The Parochial Assessments Bill, which has passed both Houses of Parliament, and received the Royal Assent, makes an important alteration in the whole system of parochial rating. The Bill enacts that, at any period after the 21st of March next, the Poor Law Commissioners may, upon the representation, in writing, of the Board of Guardians of any Union, under their common seal, direct that no rate for the relief of the poor shall be allowed which has not been made upon an estimate of the *net* annual value of the property rated; that is, upon "the rent at which the same might reasonably be expected to let from year to year, free of all usual tenants' rates and taxes, tithes composition and rent-charge, if any, and deducting therefrom the probable average annual cost of the repairs, insurance, and other expenses." There is little doubt that, after next March, the Commissioners will bring this Bill into general operation; or, at least, that they will order the adoption of its provisions in all those districts where Unions have been formed. The effect of the measure will, of course, vary in different parishes; where the rate has been assessed on a fair proportion of the value of property throughout, the alteration will be only nominal; it will not enable the collectors to dip deeper into the pocket of any one; but where, through ignorance or design, one person has been assessed at one-half, and another at two-thirds, of the value of their holdings, justice will step in and fairly adjust the weight of the burthen between them. The only objection to the measure is, that it will, in many instances, render necessary a new valuation; a proceeding which will throw additional expense upon the rate-payers, and this too, as experience shows us, without adjusting the disputes to which such a general alteration is likely to lead.

A King's letter has been addressed to the Bishop of each diocese, for sermons in aid of the funds for promoting the enlargement, building, and repairing of churches and chapels. This society has, since its formation in 1818, by voluntary contributions, provided additional church room for 313,500 persons, of which 233,925 are free sittings.

Horatio Smith.

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